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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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FRENCH  
CREATIONS  
BY LONJAY

CARL SHREVE





# THIS BUSINESS of Being BEAUTIFUL

## World's Luxurious Beauty Salons

### are Contrast in Styles

### WHAT ONE SEES ABROAD

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

To the woman globe-trotter, the beauty parlors of the nations afford fascinating contrasts in styles and customs.

One can compare London's fragrant Bond Street with the stately Place Vendome and the Rue de la Paix in Paris, New York's Fifth Avenue, where the atmosphere is so expensive that one expects to be asked to pay for breathing, the elegant Kärntnerstrasse of Vienna, where every woman you pass is so beautiful.

GREAT names in the beauty world—American, French, Italian, Viennese—whose international activities are as vast as those of the Bank of England or Thomas Cook's, have made face massage and permanent waves possible in desert-surrounded Iraq or tropical Trinidad, and they lend an exotic glamor to the fashion centres of the world.

The business of being or trying to be beautiful makes the cosmetics industry one of the largest in the world, and provides a perfumed girdle of beauty parlors round the earth.

Beauty can cost a lot of money. Many English women pay as much as £5 for a shampoo and hair-set in their own homes.

In the great salons prices are graded in impressively high figures. Coiffures are frequently such works of art that they must be reset four or five times a week. Tips are graded accordingly.

Rich women sometimes give their regular hairdresser big presents—a car they no longer need themselves, the use of a country cottage for a holiday, a new winter coat.

#### Social Clientele

THERE is dignified but intense competition among the different salons to secure the patronage of

Royalty or of fashionable women. Their patronage means not only regular and big-spending custom, but attracts others who follow a fashionable clientele.

Antonio, the young Italian hairdresser who waved the Duchess of Windsor's hair for her marriage, is now so much sought after by fashionable women that he has been able to open a big salon of his own in Paris.

In Bond Street, Elizabeth Arden's lovely old Queen Anne house is suffused throughout its four floors with the famous Arden pink, panelled in genuine old Queen Anne wallpapers and reached by an old crinoline staircase.

From the figure-culture floor under the plink-curtained glass roof of Miss Arden's, you can look over the rooftops to Phyllis Earle's, where three clients are so well cared for that a uniform attendant takes away your car and brings it back when required for a fee of two shillings.

Nearby, in fashionable Dover St., is the ultra-modern French beauty salon, Antoine's, where clients sit in rows under the drying machines or at the manicure tables—Mrs. "Hyphen-Jones" next to Lady Furness, or pretty



CONTRASTS in beauty parlors are provided in these three pictures. Circle: The cocktail bar in a luxurious New York beauty parlor. At left: Hollywood actresses have their own beauty treatment provided by the studio. Below: A famous London beauty expert models her reception-room on the graceful charm of an old English manor house.



Australian Lady Horlick, or a year or so ago, met Simpson.

All the young girls who dispense glamor at Antoine's wear false eyelashes—so long that they curl up over their eyebrows; the young men who set your hair wear pale grey smocks; and M. Alexis, Antoine's London manager, wanders about with a cloud on his aristocratic brow, a cloud of thought about the new hair-styles he will create for his spring hairdressing parade.

Since English women began to realise that the famous English complexion was becoming a tradition rather than a fact, they are devoting more and more time and money to their faces. Their facials are a dignified leisurely ritual.

#### Parisian Chic

IN Paris in the great international houses, and in the smaller houses where the modest exterior and furnishings give no indication of the expert and expensive treatment available, a facial or a hair treatment is a more dramatic adventure.

All the staff cluster round to view the transformation wrought on madam. Time—either madam's or the ministering staff's—is no object. Art knows no laws of time.

The French love to experiment, and in Paris more than anywhere else you will meet women, with navy-blue or mauve hair, perfectly groomed and very decorative, tattooed cheeks, and false eyelashes.

Probably nowhere else in the world except, perhaps, America are there so many consistently well-groomed heads as in Vienna.

Nearly all Viennese women are blondes, their hair shines in glorious sleek waves and curls, and their hairdressing styles are individual and becoming.

The Viennese hairdresser has a unique way of setting the hair. Each wave is created with what seems like a figure-eight action with the comb in the under layers of the hair.

Probably the greatest contrast to the shrine-like calm of England's beauty houses is the gay, almost public, atmosphere of Italy's beauty parlors.

Madam strains her ears to learn some more Italian vocabulary from the staff's voluble chatter, and looks rather enviously at the dark, flawless beauty of the Italian handmaidens attending her.

Most of Italy's beauty parlors are on the street level and look out through open doors on the busy

life of the street, on the leisurely coffee-drinkers reading their papers in the street cafes under the trees, and the fountains playing in the squares.

#### How U.S. Does It

WHILE the experts of different countries may challenge each other's prowess as parfumeurs, hairdressers, or beauty culturists, America can claim to set the standard in luxury both in American cities and in their overseas branches.

Max Factor's work is internationally famous. His luxurious much-windowed buildings in Hollywood and New York now have counterparts in London and Paris.

In the pastel-tinted salons of Helena Rubenstein, in New York, you can spend a beautification day—with figure exercises and treatment, coiffure, manicure, pedicure, and facial treatment—for £15. Special diet luncheons are served, and there is a fruit-cocktail bar.

Peggy Sage, who first put color into nail-lacquer 21 years ago—the appropriate shade for an opera star playing in "Carmen"—specialises in manicure and makes regular visits to Europe to learn the new fashion color-trends.

Some of America's most famous modern artists and designers were recruited to redecorate her salon in moonlight-silver, palest greens, and yellow chintz.

America's less expensive salons set the pace in speed and efficiency. In many of them you can have any two items on the programme for a dollar—about five shillings—a shampoo and hair-set, a manicure and hair-wave, or a pedicure and hair-wave, and so on.

In these salons Madam is no longer an exquisite work of art to be tended, or a lay-figure on which to work miracles of transformation.

She becomes "honey" or "dear," and discusses all the subjects dear to women's hearts with the attendant manicurist or hairdressers.

In Hollywood's beauty parlors film make-up is administered to hundreds of faces, but rarely to film stars. The film stars have their own trained experts or pay fabulous sums for experts to visit them.

But the Hollywood hairdressers have thought of something a long way ahead of the rest of the world.

For a shampoo the customer is fitted with cardboard "ear-muffs" to keep out the water, and the "ear-muffs" are so successful that you don't mind looking like Mickey Mouse.

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



#### Physical Culturist

MISS MARY WIMBERLEY, representative of the League of Health and Beauty headquarters in London, who was in Australia for some time, and then went back to England, has now returned to Australasia.

On her last visit abroad she studied German physical culture methods, which rely on loose movements and relaxed muscles for their success. Miss Wimberley is now in New Zealand, where she will be stationed for some years.



#### Head of British Army

GENERAL VISCOUNT GORT V.C., D.S.O., M.C., the new head of the British Army, has had a distinguished military career since his first commission in the Grenadier Guards in 1905.

His family name is John Sturges Surtees Prendergast Venetia. He succeeds Sir Cyril John Denville as chief of the British General Staff.



#### Young Composer

MISS PEGGY GLANVILLE HICKS, young Melbourne composer, who has been abroad for some time, had one of her works chosen for performance at the International Festival of Contemporary Music in London in January, a rare distinction for a young composer.

A travelling scholarship awarded by the Royal College of Music, London, enabled Miss Hicks to spend last year studying in Vienna, Milan, Florence, and Paris.

#### "Fairy godmother" gives aid to beauty



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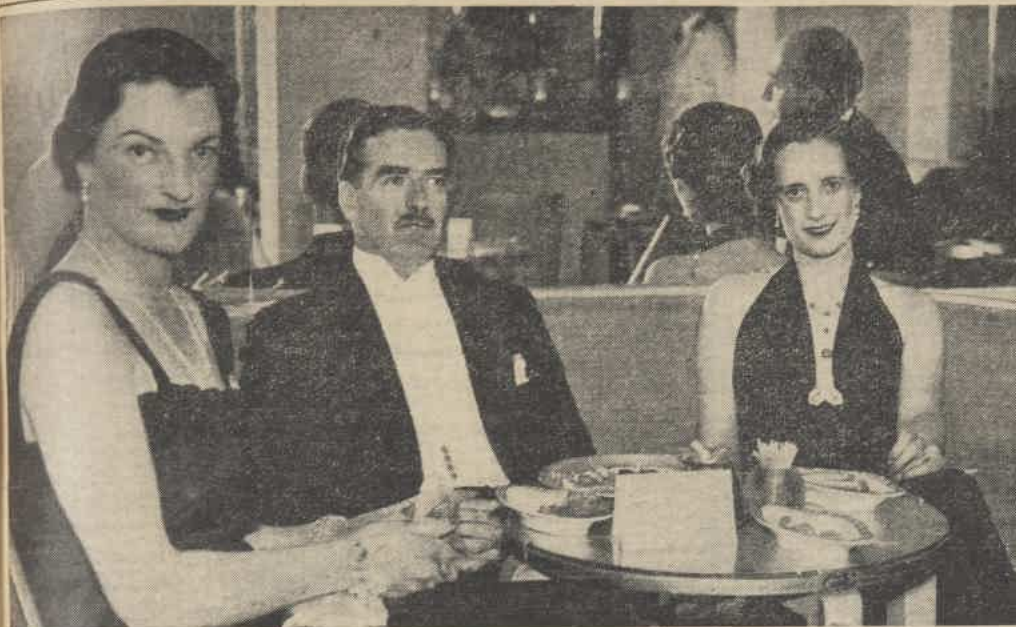
Erasmic Vanishing Cream 2/6 Jar, 1/- Tube. A delightful protective powder base. Erasmic Cold Cream, 2/6 Jar—softens and nourishes as it cleanses.



AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

57,52,51





A SOCIAL OCCASION, from which diplomacy may call him at any moment. Mr. Eden, with his wife (left) and the Comtesse Constantinos at a London night club.



MR. ANTHONY EDEN—and attache case—arriving at No. 11 Downing Street for a conference.

# This MAN EDEN

## Australian Women's Weekly Obtains Intimate Story About Diplomat Now Holding the World's Attention

Anthony Eden has been the first name looked for in every newspaper, in every language, at every breakfast table in the world for the past week. He is Public Interest No. 1.

Like the hero of an Oppenheim thriller, he lives in an atmosphere of plots, counter-plots, international intrigue, spies, threats, wars, shadowed and guarded wherever he goes.

His impeccable manners and taste for dress have given him a reputation as the perfect English gentleman. Here is the real story of his life, romance, marriage, and brilliant career.

By MARGARET LANE  
Noted English Author

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly from London,  
by Special Cable Arrangement

ON a June morning forty years ago, a son was born to Sir William and Lady Eden, at Windlestone, near Ferry Hill, South Durham. He was the fourth child and third son of that remarkable pair, and so (to them) not especially remarkable.

Sir William Eden was a man of violent and unpredictable temper, and Robert Anthony, like his brother before him, grew up in wholesome terror of his father.

In his calmer moments he taught his sons to box, ride, shoot, and paint in water-colors, while Lady Eden instilled into them a code of manners which had nothing in common with her husband's.

As soon as he had graduated from the care of a governess, Robert Anthony was packed off to a preparatory school in Surrey—Sandroyd School in Cobham, where King Peter of Yugoslavia was sent thirty years later.

Here he passed the five uneventful years between nursery and public school, when he went into Mr. E. L. "Jelly" Churchill's house at Eton.

Here the future Foreign Secretary endured the fate of all small Eton boys. He became a fog, and spent his

days scrambling to answer the summons of a boy not so many years older than himself.

His duties included making tea, running errands, tidying the study and emptying the bath-water of this lordly creature, who, after the manner of his kind, was not slow to punish any symptoms of slowness or absent-mindedness in young Eden.

It was not many years, however, before Anthony Eden began to be something of a lion himself. He worked averagely hard, earned the praise of his housemaster and the jeers of some of his contemporaries by winning the Brinkman Divinity Prize, and—what is infinitely more profitable in the career of a public school hero—distinguished himself as a capable all-round athlete.

### Against Hitler

HE got his house colors for football, acquitted himself creditably at cricket, and was in a fair way to get his school colors for rowing when the Great War broke out, putting an abrupt end to all such pleasant and peaceable activities.

He left Eton immediately and enlisted.

From 1915 to 1919 he served in the King's Royal Rifles, being awarded the Military Cross and becoming a Brigade Major by the time he was twenty.

His elder brother was killed, and he himself fought on the Somme in the same engagement as a young German corporal by the name of Adolf Hitler—a fact both of them were to discover some seventeen years later over a Berlin dinner table, when one had become Britain's travelling peace-maker and the other the Nazi Führer.

The war over, Anthony Eden at twenty-one became an undergraduate at Oxford, choosing Oriental Languages as his subject.

During the years at Oxford his interest in books and painting had deepened, but he had developed another stronger than either—politics.

His tutor, Professor R. Paget Dewhurst, is credited with a prophecy that the handsome young man would be Foreign Secretary before he was forty, and encouraged by such heartening pronouncements and by his own ambition, young Eden, as soon as he had "gone down," went back to his native Durham as Conservative candidate and fought his first by-election.

He was defeated, but in the course of the contest learned much, and posted off immediately to stand again as Conservative candidate for Warwick and Leamington.

### Inspired Confidence

IT was in this year (1923) that the Anthony Eden the world knows today made his first, half-fledged, but promising, appearance.

Tall, dark, good-looking, with a quiet, persuasive manner and smugness that were a complete reaction from his father's blustering flamboyance, he inspired liking and confidence in every audience that he addressed.

He inspired, too, something more in the breast of Miss Beatrice Beckett, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Sir Gerrard Beckett, whose mother-in-law, Frances Countess of Warwick, had been adopted as Labor candidate for the same division, and so was his political opponent.

In the heat of the election campaign he proposed to Beatrice Beckett and was accepted, and from that moment the Warwick by-election bristled with family as well as political complications, for his opponent, Lady Warwick, was not only a relation of his fiancée's, but also (though this is difficult to follow) his nephew's (now Lord Warwick's) grandmother.

The Anthony Edens were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, only a couple of days before the election. The wedding, which was to have been in the morning, was postponed at the last moment for three hours to avoid clashing with Bonar Law's funeral in Westminster Abbey. The Edens were anxious to escape both the crowd and the melancholy omen.

Their two days' honeymoon was cut short by polling day, at

the end of which young Mr. Eden was gratified to find that he had defeated Lady Warwick by a handsome majority.

His political career had begun happily and auspiciously, and he settled down to domestic life in Mulberry Walk, Chelsea, and to busy sessions in the House of Commons.

It was now that the handsome looks, the engaging manner, the obvious sincerity which have since become famous began to stand him in good stead.

People noticed him, approved the good sense and good style of his

speeches, liked his punctilious politeness and air of apparent ease that spelt good breeding.

Young members with charm of personality as well as brains, with sincere enthusiasm as well as aristocratic appearance were all too few, and Anthony Eden was appreciatively singled out by his party seniors.

Continued on Page 4

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HE began to be spoken of as "one of the most promising of the young Conservatives," and later, when they had had time to weigh his possibilities, as "the coming young man." The Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin, observed young Eden with a paternal eye. The Foreign Secretary, Sir Austen Chamberlain, marked him for his own.

In 1926 Sir Austen made him his Parliamentary Private Secretary, and Anthony Eden began his apprenticeship at the Foreign Office—a three years' period that was to bear useful fruit.

In the first year of this appointment he employed his leisure (which was little enough) in writing a book. In the preceding year he and several other young M.P.'s had taken a trip to the Anglo-Perman oilfields, and the experience (in which his fluent Persian had been a Godsend to his companions) had whetted his already considerable appetite for travel.

Some time before he had visited Australia, New Zealand, Ceylon, and the South Seas, and the things he had seen had simmered in his mind until they began to take the form of a book.

He called it "Places in the Sun,"

# This MAN EDEN . . .

Continued from Page 3

and made it a kind of travel book of the Empire and Dominions. Mr. Baldwin, as a mark of approval, wrote a preface.

These were exciting years, both in work and at home, and the Anthony Edens—perhaps with some premonition of what was to come—made the most of them.

Their first baby, Simon, was emerging from the nursery stage and becoming interesting, and the Edens spent what leisure they could together.

## Started Fashions

THEY read a great deal and discussed what they read, went to art galleries together and bought pictures. These were the last few years in which Anthony Eden's career allowed him any real home life and private pleasures.

From the beginning Mrs. Eden had been determined to keep their home life as intact as possible. As handsome, as attractive and almost as tall as her husband, both wisdom and inclination warned her away from the pitfalls of personal publicity.

Her presence is a dignified and reposeful one. She appears at her best

on private occasions. She hates the limelight.

This retiring policy of hers was the happiest thing possible for her husband, for in the years that followed he possessed what many men in public life do not—a home that was a refuge from political affairs, not merely a social annex to the Foreign Office.

In his first National Government, to nobody's surprise, Anthony Eden was appointed Foreign Under-Secretary. In 1924 he became Lord Privy Seal, and sprang suddenly into the imagination of the general public.

From this appointment date his famous diplomatic tours abroad, and foreign capitals hailed him with delight as the classic figure of that picturesque myth—the Perfect English Gentleman.

He was young, which was rare enough in successful politicians. More, he was handsome, which is rarer still. His easy, engaging manners charmed the embassies, and his clothes rapidly developed into a legend.

Like his father before him, though less exuberantly, he developed a striking, one could almost say an arrogant, taste in dress.

His black hat, appearing at an ele-

gantly careless angle in Rome, Berlin and Paris, cropped up in tens of thousands in the Continental capitals. His fur collar, worn with the easy air of an aristocrat who can afford to be conspicuous, provoked envious sighs in the bosoms of foreign ambassadors.

## Romantic Legend

HIS white cloth waistcoat, worn at morning sessions at Geneva, started a vogue which few had the figure or the self-confidence to follow.

He began to appear in the political cartoons of the world's Press as a young man of correct but undeniable magnificence, and tailors' dummies all over Europe began to bear him a suspicious and unflattering resemblance.

The foreign Press, impressed by his appearance no less than by his office, began to refer to him with respectful incorrectness as "Lord Eden." He appeared first in this foreign railway terminus and then at that foreign airport, as the Government's disarmament emissary he dined with Hitler and Mussolini and Stalin and everywhere that he went he contributed (unconsciously but surely) to the building up of the romantic Eden legend.

Considering present achievement and remembering past prophecies people began to wag their heads and say that before he was forty he would be Prime Minister.

He is forty now, and as the youngest Foreign Secretary England has had in eighty-four years, passed through the most difficult and critical period of his career.

The history of Anthony Eden in the last two years is too well known to need any summary here. It is a history that has been written in headlines all over the world—history in the greatest as well as in the personal sense; a history difficult, dangerous, and in some ways disillusioning to a man who cares so passionately for peace.

Italy Abyssinia Spain Japan sanctions threats warnings rumors conferences. And in the midst of them an anxious, tired-looking man of forty, still immaculately dressed, still unfailingly courteous, but a man who has almost forgotten what it is to be at ease in his own home with his wife and his two sons, playing a quiet game of tennis or amusing himself with his water-colors.

His day, as often as not, is sixteen

hours of unremitting work, and his wife has learned to smile at the nickname "diplomacy widow."

He is up at seven, and from eight to nine (taking breakfast by the way) he reads the newspapers and deals with his own correspondence.

By 10 o'clock he was at his out-patched room in the Foreign Office, with the famous Foreign Office "red" bawled before him. In these little caskets, locked and labelled, are his daily confidential reports from foreign capitals, which have ticked through (often in code) to the Foreign Office during the night.

Take a man at the centre of a network of international despatch agencies, he sifts the morning's evidence and gauges the temperature of international politics.

Letters, telegrams, communiques, memoranda . . . and always in the next room a foreign ambassador or a confidential envoy waiting. A meeting here, a conference there, a speech to be made in the House, the Prime Minister to be consulted.

If he gets a fortnight's holiday in the year he counts himself lucky, and takes a sheaf of memoranda along with him.

## Home Life Gone

FOR all his love of home and cultured leisure, his life as a private individual has dwindled to vanishing point. He is a man given up to a strenuous job in a dangerous time, and, since he is passionately devoted and conscientious, the job has claimed him.

If his doctor orders him a few days rest for the sake of health, the newspapers of the world comment on it. If he falls a victim to some simple ailment (he had chicken-pox some time ago) and prudently keeps his bed for a day, the foreign Press refers to his disappearance as "epidemic."

When, last year, he was awarded the D.G.I. by the University of Oxford for his work for peace, the Prime Minister described him as a man who "like a second Hercules, had battled with lions and dragons."

It is hard to say how long a normal man can support the strain of a life such as Anthony Eden's has been in the past two years, but one thing is certain—the wrestling is far from finished, and the lions and dragons, far from being vanquished, are likely to multiply.

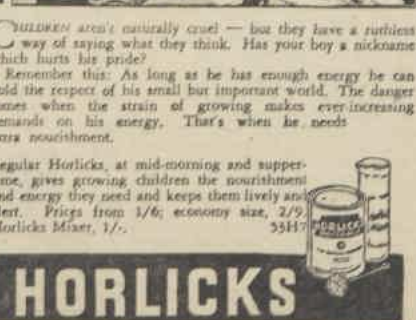
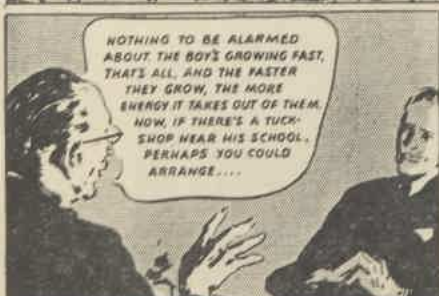
There are still more difficult years, almost certainly a greater and more onerous position, waiting for Anthony Eden.

(Copyright)

## THEY CALLED HIM WEARY WILLIAMS



and it seemed that the nickname would stick. His parents couldn't blame it on overworking, for John wasn't built that way. Then they tracked down the source of the trouble . . .



## NEW Marriage Laws for FRANCE

### Now Women Need Not Obey

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

A new era has dawned for the married women of France. Many of the legal disabilities under which they have labored in the past have been removed.

For the future, a French wife can handle her own money, inherit money in her own right, dispose of her property as she pleases. No longer must she promise to obey her husband.

SMALL wonder the Journal Official containing the provisions of the new civil marriage code became in a day the best-seller in Paris.

Despite its dry, legal phraseology, women are reading with avid interest this new Magna Charta of the Married. For it they have to thank the increasing influence of the suffragette movement sweeping France.

Following the official publication of the provisions of the new law, the French Government sent out instructions to every Justice of the Peace in France that he must eliminate the word "obey" from the civil marriage ceremony.

A particularly interesting clause stipulates that where a wife has a job or is the possessor of an income she is obliged to contribute her share towards the family expenses. If either party fails to fulfil the obligations in this regard the wife (or husband) can go to a Justice of the Peace and obtain a lien over the property or salary of the offender.

According to the new law a French wife will no longer need to pledge herself to follow her husband wherever he goes. She obtains the right—common to England, Australia, and America, but revolutionary for France

—to have her own bank account, to sign her own cheques, and to make contracts without her husband's permission.

She may also inherit in her own right and dispose of her possessions where she wishes.

## Husband's Rights

IT is paradoxical that France, allegedly the freest country in the world, should, in 1932, decide that a married woman has the right to her own money. But women in France have hitherto had few legal rights, though, generally, in practice, there are few countries where women have had such complete authority in the home, and where their indirect influence on public affairs has always been rated extremely high.

To-day the Paris Press is taking glee in reminding women of their new prerogatives, and so great was the rush for the "Journal Official," which is devoted to printing dry legal facts, and usually has only a business and legal circulation, that the Government printers had to work overtime to satisfy the orders from the news stands.

The new law also gives a husband certain rights. He is still the legal head of the house, and may choose the place of residence.

Regular Horlicks, at mid-morning and supper-time, gives growing children the nourishment and energy they need and keeps them lively and alert. Prices from 1/6; economy size, 2/9; Horlicks Mixer, 1/-. 35417

**HORLICKS**



# GIRL CONTROL

Complete  
Short  
Story

By...

Richard Howells Watkins

An exciting story of an intrepid airman who worked his most successful stunt when fate sent his machine into the Atlantic.

**W**HAT time's she due, Bill?" Val Holiday yelled, above the seaplane's roar.

"What?"

"What time's she due, I say?" Val held the wheel casually with his hooked elbow to lean towards his friend and ex-instructor. "The Normandie—here—off the Bishop light?"

"Eleven o'clock."

Bill Clintock shouted back. "Keep your hand on that

wheel."

"What time's it now? About ten?"

"Yes."

"Supposing we fly out to meet her?"

Val smiled to himself as he said it, knowing exactly how Bill would react to this inspiration.

Bill Clintock obviously shuddered. His deeply-tanned face had long borne the expression of one who expects the worst and has no hope that his expectation will fail.

Boasting through space with Val Holiday at the controls of a seaplane was, as a matter of fact, quite enough to make anyone's bushy, dark hair stand on end. It was a severe training in courage, forbearance, and homicidal restraint. All the more so to Bill Clintock; he had taught Val to fly.

"It's a big ocean, Val!" Bill protested, hopelessly, as they sped on above emerald sea, below turquoise sky.

Val grinned and opened the throttle a bit. His light brown hair fluttered unheeded in the wind-stream.

They were taking a brisk, south-west breeze on the nose, over the Scilly Isles—those indomitable, sea-defying pin-points of granite set at the mouth of the English Channel. Before them, the Bishop rose from the green water. Bill seemed to study it glumly; perhaps, he was wondering if this was the last light-house he would ever see.

Then he suddenly gripped his seat. They had been heading straight out to sea, but Val had now changed his mind. With wheel and rudder bar he had thrown the ship into a steep bank.

"Look down there!" he cried gleefully.

Bill looked.

Below them were rock-rimmed islands, and there were heather-purple slopes, guardian rocks, sandy beaches and—yes, there was also a girl. A girl in a blue bathing suit—there on that fine, sheltered beach on the eastern side of the narrow, twin-hilled island of Samson, a scant half mile in length, directly below the reeling plane. It could only be a girl, that bright blob of blue. Trust Val to have seen her!

Knowing Val as he did, Bill shuddered.

"Go on—fly out!" he yelled. Towards the Normandie. She may get in early! Plainly he snatched at the lesser of two evils.

"Nothing doing!" Val's grin broadened.

Desperately grasping a wicker basket at his feet, Bill raised it imploringly. "Your roses!" he cried.

"Val—the roses! Remember, you're flying out to drop roses on her boat—comes for the girl from home. The only girl that you've ever loved!" It was a direct quotation.

But Val made no reply. He was watching the beach, did not show that he had heard. He still grinned.

"What's a blue bathing suit, anyway?" shouted Bill.

"Heaven, sometimes; who knows? Don't worry. Not going to land. Just pass round the girl a bit—put some sunshine into her life."



Illustrated by  
WYNNE W.  
DAVIES

Without warning he went into a sickening nose dive towards the shallow water in front of the beach below. He was humming a tune. If he was carefully keeping the swooping plane far enough from the girl to avoid frightening her, that was the one and only caution he showed during the next ninety seconds. There was nothing particular in that, of course, to comfort Bill.

**P**LAYFULLY—motor full on and ship standing on end—they proceeded to ring the hundred-foot hillock on the north of the island. Then, over the shallows, they did four more vertical flipper turns, with lower wing-tip travelling, a hundred miles an hour close to the water. This achievement was followed by a zoom. After that, Val swept into a climbing turn that gave them sufficient room for a power dive.

"This one will be tough!" Bill Clintock groaned.

Bill's habitual sense of doom whenever he flew with Val deepened as ship and sea leaped towards each other in their headlong plunge. Instinctively he was pulling against a non-existent wheel before him. All that stood in the way of his seizing Val's controls was his knowledge that there was one thing even worse than a man stunting a seaplane—and that was two men.

Making determined demands of the possible, rather than of the

probable, Val somehow got out of the dive. The plane's bottom would just have about burnt the water if it had touched, as they levelled off.

Next Val lifted the nose of the boat to the vertical, and then forced it in up until it had passed the perpendicular. The seaplane soared over on to its back.

Bill counted centuries while they hung suspended upside down, before they shot earthward on the second half of their loop. Right side up again, nearing the water, they dashed closer than ever to the green surface.

"Can't loop a plane, eh?" cried Val, joyously.

And then they hit. It was a real smack. The boat's bottom slapped the sea and broke into matchwood. The engine creaked dangerously in its bed, but—thanks to two over-worked guardian angels—held fast. Val felt his safety belt nearly cut him in two.

The hull settled quickly. The lower wing went under. A dash of salt water splashed into Val's face, choking and blinding. Quickly un-snapping his belt he looked blankly, with smarting eyes, at the half-submerged empty seat beside him.

"Bill!" he called out. "Bill, Bill, where are you?"

There came a sound of floundering struggle in shallow water close to shore. Freed from his belt too soon, and neatly catapulted out of the hull, Bill had gained at least thirty feet head-start to the beach.

Standing there, he was still making queer, ineffectual motions with his hands—motions like those pilots made at the controls.

Val struck out toward him, but help was already on the way. The girl in the blue bathing suit had plunged into the water. Her white arms flashed in the sunlight, close to Bill's head, as Val drew near.

"Cheerio!" she called. "All right and tight?"

"All hands accounted for," answered Val. He discovered that she was pretty. Much more than just pretty, indeed; she was absolute perfection—a thousand times more than a man might have dared hope for in a blue bathing suit glimpsed from the sky.

"Now, then, hand on my shoulder!" she ordered Bill. "No, no; the other one. Right!"

She started to lead him to shore. Val solicitously drew up on Bill's other side.

"Now, just put your left hand on me—" he began.

**T**HEN he stopped suddenly. Something—it felt like a boot—had caught him painfully on the shin, under water. At the same time, he saw a strange glint in Bill's eyes. He said no more.

On the beach, Bill managed to walk to dry sand. Then, when the girl in the blue suit had withdrawn her shoulder, he abruptly collapsed.

"Poor boy!" she murmured, and dropped on her knees. She brushed back his hair, took his hand gently in hers and pressed it.

Bill, presently, opened his eyes. The one farthest from her, Val believed, had never been more than half-closed. Weakly he studied the

She started to lead him to shore. Val solicitously drew up on Bill's other side.

wreck in the water, then turned his gaze on Val.

"He—he did it!" he muttered. He once more collapsed. Now Val was sure that he caught a wink.

"Quite!" said the girl in blue, glaring at Val. She still held Bill's hand.

"Never again—" began Bill, and then paused to groan.

"Never again will I fly with that criminal! He's the sort that kills widows and orphans. I'm going back home," he added, turning to look tenderly into the girl's eyes. "You'd like my home?" said he.

She was an utterly unbelievable girl, thought Val. A glorious, vivid girl, who made all others cease to exist. Staring at her now with worshipping absorption, Val found he could hardly recall the name of the girl from home who was in the Normandie. What if he had planned to shower her with roses? Perhaps fate had willed it so, only that he might thus come, at last, to this island beach.

For the bright eyes of this heaven-sent girl were incredibly blue and her hair was a raven black. She was slim, too—and young and small—and the tang of British woods had brought her skin the soft bloom of roses.

What if he had chanced to escape crashing his ship—had gone on unknowing, just to toss a few handfuls of mere flowers upon the unfeeling funnels of a boat? Even to think of it made him shudder.

The girl, too, was shuddering, as it happened. Looking at him as she did it.

"You—you—you beast!" she hurled at his head.

At the same time she rose to her feet in a single quick movement of breathtaking grace.

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# AN Infamous ARMY

... A further long instalment of our brilliant historical serial

Illustrated by  
WYNNE W. DAVIES

## The Story So Far:

ON the eve of the Battle of Waterloo, the EARL OF WORTH, Army General, and his wife, JUDITH, the Countess, are in Brussels, where most of England's social lights have gathered.

Included among the prominent members of the English aristocracy is LADY BARBARA CHILDE, notorious flirt, famous for her beauty, newly engaged to COLONEL CHARLES AUDLEY, brother of the Earl, and aide-de-camp to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, who has recently reviewed the Dutch-Belgian army at Nivelles with King William of Orange.

The Duke found the Nassau troops excellent; the Dutch Militia good but young; and the Cavalry, though bad riders, remarkably well-mounted.

The engagement of Barbara Childe to Colonel Audley is a surprise to their relatives and mutual friends, particularly Judith, who had hoped to marry Charles to LUCY DEVENISH, heiress, and M. DE LAVISSE, wealthy dandy, in love with Barbara.

However, LORD CHARLES ALASTAIR, debonaire brother of Lady Barbara, arrives in Brussels, and pays Lucy much attention.

Meanwhile, although the military situation is growing more tense, the Duke of Wellington gives a brilliant party to distinguished personages, including LORD UXBRIDGE, newly-appointed commander of the British and German cavalry. NOW READ ON.

MAY came in, bringing trouble. There seemed to be no end to the difficulties for ever springing up around his lordship.

On May 6 his lordship was able to tell Lord Bathurst that King William had placed the Dutch-Belgian Army under his command. The appointment

had been delayed on various unconvincing pretexts, but at last, and when his lordship had reached the end of his patience, it had been made. Things should go better now; he could begin to pull the whole Allied Army into shape, drafting the troops where he thought proper without the hindrance of having to make formal application for permission to His Majesty.

The balls, the concerts, the theatres continued, but picnics were added to the gaieties now, charming expeditions, wild flowery muslins, squires by hot scarlet uniforms; the ladies in open carriages; the gentlemen riding gallantly beside; hamper of cold chicken and champagne on the boxes; everyone light-hearted; flirtation the order of the day. There were reviews to watch, fetes to attend; day after day slid by in the pursuit of pleasure; days that were not quite real but belonged to some half-realised dream. Somewhere to the south was a Corsican ogre who might at any time break into the dream and shatter it.

But the merry-making went on, uneasy under the surface, sometimes a little hectic, as though while the sun continued to shine and the Ogre to remain in his den, the civilians and the soldiers and the lovely ladies were being driven on to cram into every cloudless day all the fun and gaiety it could hold.

The Duke gave ball after ball; there were Court parties at Laeken; reviews at Vilvorde; excursions to Ath, and Engelen, and Ghent; picnics in the cool Forest of Soignes.

BARBARA HAD A SENSE OF MOVEMENT

on the frontier; a tremor of fear ran through Brussels. Count D'Erlon was marching on Valenciennes with his whole corps; the French were massing on the allied front, a hundred thousand strong; the Emperor had left Paris; he was at Conde; he was about to launch an attack. It was false; the Emperor was still in Paris, and had postponed his meeting of the Champ de Mai until the end of the month. The ladies and the civilians, poised for flight, could relax again; there was nothing to fear; the Duke had told Mr. Creevey that it would never come to blows, and was holding another ball.

The Duke knew as well as any man what was stirring beyond the frontier, for he had got Colonel Grant out in charge of the Intelligence, and no one knew better than Grant how to obtain desired information.

MORE reliable than the data collected by Clarke and his French spies were Grant's brief reports sent in to General Durnberg at Mons, and forwarded on by him to Brussels. Grant told of bridges and roads being broken up in the Sambre district as though for defence; of Count D'Erlon's Corps lying between Valenciennes and Maubeuge in four divisions of infantry; of Belle au Seigneur, with five infantry divisions and three

cavalry; of Vandamme between Mesieres and Rocroi; and of Count Lobau, at Laon.

THE Duke of Brunswick arrived, with his Black Brunswickers: men in sable uniforms, with a skull and crossbones on their shakos, and

Barbara, herself, drove in a phaeton to this brilliant assemblage, with a tiger perched up behind.

they were all of them agog to fight under his lordship, flatteringly deferential, and eager to be of use. Blucher moved his headquarters from Liege to Hannut, drawing closer to the Anglo-Allied Army; De Lancey arrived from England

with his young bride, taking Sir Hudson Lowe's place. With a Deputy-Quartermaster-General he knew and could trust to do his work, without for ever wishing to copy Prussian methods, his lordship found his path smoother. He still had General Roder with him, but meant to drop a word in Blucher's ear when he next saw him.

On the 29th May, a day of blazing sunshine, the Duke reviewed the British Cavalry in a natural theatre of ground on the banks of the Dender, not far from Grammont. It was an event that drew the fashion-

ables from Brussels and Ghent on horseback and in carriages; ladies in their newest gowns, gentlemen very natty in polished topboots, long-tailed blue coats, and skin-tight pantaloons.

Worth drove his Judith there in a curricule-and-four.

Lady Barbara herself drove in a phaeton to this brilliant assemblage, with a tiger perched up behind; the Vidals came sedately in their carriage; the amazing Sir Sydney Smith, newly arrived from Vienna, and looking so like a mounsebank that it was almost impossible to see in him the hero of Acre, sat beside his lady in an open barouche; Sir Peregrine Tavernier rode out on a mellicompe bay, like a score of others; and a host of French Royalists flocked out from Ghent to gaze, gasp, fling up their hands, and exclaim to see such magnificent troops, such glittering accoutrements!

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WYNNE W. DAVIES





Ceil Harmley stood before Mary, his gun in his hands.

# DUST

*A human drama  
of a sun-scorched valley where men  
went crazy for the taste of water.*

**F**RISBEE CORN-DECKER looked up the arid, yellow road and watched the swaggering figure of Ceil Harmley kick a dusty, deliberate, unswerving path toward him. He let the pitchfork he was resting on fall to the ground and watched its impact raise a small, yellowish-red cloud of dust.

Dust . . . ground . . . grass . . . leaves of scorched herbage; and sand, finely sifted, heated sand that had once been moist, soft earth; earth pregnant with greenness and coolness, with wheat and fertility.

Corn-decker stood in the centre of the road, his thumbs hitched in the belt loops of his trousers, a tense, sunbaked, leathery enigma. He wore an old felt hat caked with mud, a khaki shirt and high earth-splattered boots. Ceil Harmley carried a rifle. Corn-decker watched its long, dull barrel glisten in the sun like a deadly, rigid snake. The figure came nearer, so near Frisbee thought he could see the cold, unblinking eyes of the man; so near he could see the flexible stick of ivory, that was a finger, curled threateningly around the trigger; so near he could look down into the gaping maw that was the small black hole of the rifle mouth; he could

look down into its depths and the depths were the depths of what most surely must be Death.

"I'm heah to tell you again, Corn-decker, for the last time I ain't got no water to share with you!"

"Put down your rifle, Harmley. That ain't gonna do no good."

"You got a gun on you?" There was insolent disbelief in the tone and it hurt Corn-decker down deep. Ceil Harmley asking him whether he had a gun on him like that.

Heavens!—Good Heavens! Something had happened! The whole valley had gone plumb crazy. Crazy for the taste of water. It was their gold, their grass, their cattle, their barns, their children, their wives and their lives. And here, standing before him, was Ceil Harmley, his friend, his neighbor, his boyhood chum, the person closest to him in the whole world, but for Mary his wife, standing before him with a rifle thinking, too, that he, Frisbee Corn-decker, would shoot him down in cold blood.

"You know darned well if I had a gun it wouldn't be hidden like a snake behind a rock, Ceil!" The words dropped one by one across the void separating the two men, and Harmley, suddenly looking abashed, snapped the safety catch of his gun and flung it aside.

"They ain't no other way we can settle this thing but by a gun, Frisbee. You know how much stock I

got and just because your spring runs out ain't no reason for your cattle to come lowin' down my place."

"My spring was fed by your stream up there. What you want to dam it up like that for, Ceil? You ain't bein' neighborly. Listen to that . . . they turned their heads and met the wind and like some miserable, pitiful dirge heard the pathetic whine of thirst-crazed stock."

"Hear that, Ceil? Them's my head up there nooin' around the ground and sniffin' nothin' but sand and dust all the time. I've already lost eight head this week and you got the only water hereabout. Part of that water belongs to me, Ceil Harmley, and well you know it! You ain't got no right to dam up that stream. Part of it runs through my place and if you dam it up there I don't get no water. I'm tellin' you, Ceil Harmley, we ain't even got water for to cook with. What's wrong with you, anyhow?"

**"M**AYBE it'll rain soon. But I ain't lettin' you have no water offen my property. I just got enuf for myself."

"Rain . . . Why, hang you . . . you know it ain't gonna rain. You know it hasn't rained in months! You gonna stand there and let my cattle die, let Mary get sick . . . and . . . let my place be buried in sand and dust? Ceil Harmley, I onetime thought you my closest friend, but the next time we meet I'll be strappin' a gun!" Abruptly he turned on his heel, picked up his pitchfork and turned off the road. He walked unswervingly toward the house and reaching the porch

stamped heavily upon its paint-battered surface so that Mary came out and looked at him.

"I was watching from the window, Frisbee, and it sort of scared me. What did he say?"

"He's gone crazy, Mary. Plumb crazy like the rest of them."

"What are we going to do?"

There was a pathos in her voice that reached out and hurt Frisbee Corn-decker. He turned his face away and as far as his sight could see there was nothing but dust and sun—relentless, burning, scorching sun cracking the earth.

But, Ceil Harmley! He trembled within at thought of all they'd been to each other. Of the boyhood pledges they'd made and of the love each had known for Mary Russell. After Frisbee married her, Ceil had gone away; returned when his father died and took over the Harmley farm and things had gone on as before. Ceil bore them no malice—it had been a question of the best man winning out and he had won—but something had to be done. Something had to happen soon.

He had to get water! Water! Water! . . . the place was a Sahara of glistening sand; of heated wind that blew its hot breath upon his face, plastered his clothes against his skin though there was no perspiration. There was no sweat!—only heat, inviolable, flesh-wrinkling heat. He had to get water! Though all the Ceil Harmleys in the world stood before him he had to get water. Mary was suffering. Mary was brave—poor, stoical Mary. And he could only sit there on the paint-battered, scorched porch in his im-

A Complete  
Short Story  
by  
**EDWARD  
CURRIE**  
Illustrated by WEP

potence and cry down in his soul at his own helplessness.

Determinedly he rose from his seat and tried to pass Mary with lowered head so that she might not read across his seamed visage his intent, but she sensed and let him pass. There was little she could do. He was a man. This was his property, and she could not let him sit and listen to the bellowing, muted tragedy of his stock, and so she let him pass. She moved away from the porch so that when he came out, a rifle under the crook of his arm and several sticks of dynamite in his loose hand, she was nowhere to be seen. Frisbee managed a weak, half-smile. She knew, and he knew that in her knowing she was hoping and praying for him. He knew she knew there was nothing else to do. His arm tightened against the gun stock and as he walked up the arid, yellow road he bound the dynamite together and inserted a short fuse.

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# BLOOD and GOLD

A thrilling story  
of the days of the  
highwaymen and  
of Galloping  
Larry, the prince  
of them all.

By  
VAN  
HARRISON



AS from time to time these chronicles have shown, Galloping Larry was an inveterate, reckless and most unlucky gambler. Indeed, his love of dice and cards had several times brought him within shadow of the gallows, for any fellow gambler who knew the tall lean man with the hawk nose and fiercely upturned mustachios for Ludovic Coverdale, one-time captain in the Green Dragoons, might further know his more recent rakehell nickname.

And Galloping Larry, boldest and swiftest highway rogue in England, was worth six hundred pounds, dead or alive. Which, to any broken gambler, was a reward big enough to turn hell into heaven if only for a night.

However, to the swaggering highwayman life itself was but a series of hazards. So, despite the risk of recognition, it came about that one evening he sat in his favorite haunt, Marco's gaming-house in Berkeley Street, optimistically holding the bank at bacarat and cheerfully losing a week's toll of the Queen's highway.

What's one man's poison is another's meat, so they were very contented gentlemen who lounged around that green table taking golden fortune at the flood. All save one.

The only player whose luck had been consistently worse than the captain's was a young exquisite, foppishly wigged, laced and jewelled, and strikingly clothed in pale blue silk with slashes of claret.

Out of these fripperies an immature face showed pale and drawn, the eyes hopeless and frightened, and lips occasionally quivering with agitation.

THE youth had been losing steadily all the afternoon and evening, and it was obvious to all that he was now trying the gambler's forlorn hope of plunging to recoup.

Coverdale, who had but lately taken the bank, was losing himself, and could in no wise feel responsible for the young fool's desperation, though he felt sorry for him.

"When the luck's in, ride it," he hinted, as he dealt the boy two cards; "but when it's out, leave it!"

"And when I need advice, sir, I'll ask for it," came the peevish answer. Captain Ludovic shrugged.

Two hands later the youngster cursed and pulled a flashing ring from his finger.

"That diamond," he said, passing it to Coverdale, "is worth two hundred guineas. Will you take it as stake for a hundred?"

The captain frowned.

"I am no pawnbroker, sir," he pointed out, "an' if I might risk another rebuff for tendering advice, I'd counsel ye to cut your loss for to-day. I ha' found that fortune may not be forced."

"My luck will change. I feel it will!"

Coverdale, a gambler himself, could sympathise with the old illogical argument. When the fever is on, he reflected, naught can stay it, and to judge from the youth's tone of voice and stubborn expression, 'twas useless to try.



Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER

Larry knelt that  
an innocent  
traveller on the Great North  
Road would pay for his  
gambling losses in London.

beardless boys should not be admitted."

"Pah, pah, sir, waste not your sympathy. Young Raythorpe can well afford it."

"Young Raythorpe?"

"Aye, nephew and heir to old 'Miser' Courtenay of Longleatham Hall."

Coverdale knew the name but for a few seconds could not recall where or when he had heard it. Suddenly he remembered.

"Demme!" he exclaimed, "but was there not a son, Ralph Courtenay, a lieutenant in the Greens?"

The other nodded and laughed. "Yes, but his sanctimonious and niggardly father, Old Miser, heard o' the lad drinking an' gambling an' cut him off with a mag. Said he'd see his money did not go across a green table or down a too-thirsty throat."

"It seems the nephew is no better."

"He's worse, egad, but his uncle don't know it! An' he did, Master Basil would be cut off without a mag, and Old Miser 'ud leave his wealth to church an' charity."

Not interested in the prospects of young Raythorpe or the will of his pious uncle, Coverdale gave his attention to the devilish way the cards were running for the bank.

In the meanwhile, Basil Raythorpe was in conversation with a friend he had encountered on the way out.

"Ooms! I've been plucked like a pigeon, Coates," he grumbled. "Twould seem the cards were dealt by the foul fiend himself."

Coates glanced across at the table his disgruntled friend had left.

"They were!" he said with a smile. "At least some say he must

be in league wi' the powers o' darkness."

"Who must?"

"Why, the dashing gentleman in black an' silver who holds the shoe."

"Who is he?"

Coates dropped his voice to a whisper.

"Galloping Larry, the highwayman."

"Eh, demme! Galloping Larry here? You're jesting. The villain 'ud never dare!"

"He'd dare anything," replied Coates, "and anyway, he's safe so long as no tipstaff sees him; and tipstaves are not popular in Marco's."

"But there's a big reward on his head. How is it, if he be known here, that no one informs?"

"'Twould be small chance an' informer 'ud have o' enjoying that blood money. An' Larry did not kill him afore he was taken, he has friends aplenty who would do so afterwards."

"Y'see, Raythorpe, Galloping Larry's the unluckiest gambler Marco's is blessed with an' since he brings plenty o' guineas an' can always get more, there's no man 'ud risk trying to kill the goose that lays so many golden eggs. Not for a paltry six hundred pounds!"

"I see," said Raythorpe, thoughtfully.

"Are ye going my way home?" asked Coates, turning towards the door.

"No, I'll remain a while an' watch the play."

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# Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



**PUBLICAN:** Hi! What's the idea. You come in here, order a glass of water, and then calmly go to walk out!



**She:** Our friendship ripened quickly, didn't it?  
**He:** Yes, we got to know each other in the wink of an eye.

**SANDY:** Hoots, mon, what do you expect me to do? Stagger out?



**"You're lost, eh?"**  
**"Yes, I should have known better than to go out with Sam—he's always losing something."**



**"Known Elsie long?"**  
**"Oh, rather. Ever since we were the same age."**

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## BRAINWAVES

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

**HE** wore plus-fours, and carried a large assortment of golf clubs. "Yes," he said to the girl in the train. "I've had an awful day. Rained all the morning, and by lunch time the greens were in a shocking state." "Really?" said the girl. "We had asparagus and that wasn't very good either."

**"YOUR** son did research work at the University, didn't he? Did he make any discoveries?" "Only one," said his father, grimly. "He discovered what he calls his scientific paradox. He succeeded in demonstrating that debts can be expanded by contracting them."

**THE** head of the firm was scowling over a letter. Calling for his chief clerk, he said: "That new typist, you certainly did not engage her on account of her grammar!" "Grammar!" said the clerk. "I thought you said 'glamor'."

**INSURANCE SALESMAN:** You'd better let me write you an accident policy. Prospect: No, sir! I'm not any too safe at home as it is.

**"WHATEVER** the outcome of the trial," said the defendant, "I am certain that this experience will make me a better man." "In what way?" asked the judge. "In striving to live up to the speech made by my lawyer," was the reply.

**JUNE:** Is your husband a book-worm?  
**Joan:** No, just an ordinary one.

**EXPERIENCED TOURIST:** Yes, at Monte Carlo the odds are nearly a hundred to one you'll get the wrong number.  
**Friend:** I shouldn't mind that—I'm using a telephone all the time.

**SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER:** Supposing you found yourself on a desert island, and could only have one book, which book would you prefer?  
**Smart Boy:** Boat-building for amateurs.

**NEWLY-MARRIED GIRL** (to shopman): You gave me a key with this tin of sardines. But there's no keyhole in the tin.

**PLUMBER:** I remember your little boy, lady; he was in the infants' class when I went to do a job at the school.  
**Lady!** Indeed! And what class was he in when you finished?

**THE** bar had just been opened, and the clank of the bolts being withdrawn had barely ceased to sound when the first customer hurried in. Draping himself over the counter he huskily murmured:  
"Same again, please, miba."

**HR:** May I throw you a kiss?  
**She:** Don't be so lazy.



"—and I don't seem to be so kitchen-tired either, since the woodwork was finished with 'QUICK' Enamel!"

Needs only a whisk with a damp cloth to be kept immaculate. Its sparkling colours reflect joy and happiness—and it is so easy to use!

**"QUICK" ENAMEL DRIES IN FOUR HOURS!**

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"QUICK ENAMEL IS A 10-66 PRODUCT."



# An Editorial

MARCH 5, 1938.

## FASHION IS NOT FRIVOLOUS

WHEN a woman says she hasn't a thing to wear, her husband takes one look at a wardrobe crammed with dresses, hats, shoes, and wraps, and then snorts expressively.

But the wife's statement may be, and probably is, perfectly reasonable. For the only clothes a woman can wear with pleasure and without a certain loss of prestige are those that are in fashion.

Unthinking critics may argue that this is foolish and uneconomic; that clothes should be worn till they're worn out, and that fashion is a futile frivolity.

But fashion is neither futile nor frivolous—it is an extremely important human habit.

*Fashion is a symbol of the human mind, with its restlessness, its craving for beauty and variety, its recognition of changing seasons and changing moods.*

It is also—and this is important—an acknowledgment by the individual that she or he belongs to a human community, and wants to share in the communal habits and tastes, while preserving individuality.

*But above all, fashion is a means of escape from the monotony inevitable in modern mass life; it is a stimulus to the imagination; it bucks us up, makes us more confident to be dressed in smart new clothes.*

Fashion doesn't mean extravagance. The sensible woman can always utilise the bulk of her discarded clothes in make-overs for a later season, and what she does spend on new things is amply repaid by the results.

Apart from the psychological aspect, being fashionably dressed has its definite value socially and in a career.

From a national aspect, fashion stimulates industry and trade, keeps money in circulation, and encourages the artistry of designers and dressmakers—which is of cultural value.

*And finally, apart from all these logical justifications, fashion is nice; it's fascinating; we like it! So let's have it and count as well spent the money spent on keeping in fashion.*

—THE EDITOR.

# POINTS OF VIEW

## On the Thin Air

ANYONE who doesn't believe in ghosts these days is doing them an injustice. What mortal being could have gone through the processes of being exorcised, chased, made fun of, exploited by novelists, summoned by mediums, photographed by spiritualists and still survived.

And now the B.B.C. is going to broadcast a ghost!

This wretched spirit haunts a house at Bethnal Green, and manifests itself in moans and screams.

If the indignity of being made a public show doesn't lay a ghost, nothing will.

But maybe there'll be a sequel. The B.B.C. business manager, alone in his office, will feel a ghostly touch and hear a spectral voice inquiring: "How about a cheque? A BLANK cheque?"

## "She"—And Us

THE mysterious white woman who, like a character of a Rider Haggard novel, has been found ruling a tribe of 6000 blacks in Northern Transvaal is enjoying Romantic Career No. 1, some would say.

But would the average woman exchange her comfortable, if unexciting, home for an exotic but hardly luxurious kaffir palace?

The romance would soon pall when dirt and ants began to get in everything.

She'd be a queen—and among African savages, a queen really rules.

But for ninety-nine per cent. of women the throne of a white goddess would hold no appeal like that of a suburban armchair.

## Doctor's Dilemma

LORD HORDER, the King's Physician, laments the loss of caste suffered of late by the Family Doctor.

But surely it's an inevitable corollary of the loss of caste suffered by the family?

We don't live in little Englishmen's castles any more, retaining the services of doctors, cooks, and tutors in perpetuity.

We live in a highly organised community, and the professions, even as the trades, have to adapt themselves to the change.

Modern people are inclined to pass over "the man one knows" for the man one knows is good, even if he's a complete stranger.

## Tribute To Our Thinking

SIR JOSIAH STAMP, after addressing a conference here, declared Australian women were "evidently alive to the necessity for centralising thinking without losing individual independence."

He put his finger on the very essence of democratic civilisation in that sentence.

We must co-operate, but we must preserve our right to our own opinions.

Let us hope it is true that Australia preserves this ideal, and that Australian women in particular have achieved the difficult art of thinking together yet remaining free.

## LYRIC OF LIFE

### WARM NIGHT WIND

The wind is sweet and wild, night ridden  
And damp with the salt sea-spray,  
And strangely with infinite promise  
It has blown my fears away.  
All the little, unspoken terrors  
That burned in my heart before  
Are futile and suddenly pointless.  
I am free . . . I am young once more.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

## Grisly and Grimm

LONDON has banned Walt Disney's "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" from exhibition to children, pending a committee's decision.

The argument is that it's too frightening. Yes, indeed—these modern ideas must shock the older generation, whose childhood entertainments consisted of:

"The Babes in the Wood" . . . froze to death.

"Little Red Riding Hood" . . . wolf ate Grandma, nearly ate the child.

"Hansel and Gretel" . . . threatened with being cooked in oven, they cooked the witch.

"Three Little Pigs" . . . two were eaten by wolf; third boiled wolf alive.

The Struwwelpeter stories . . . children who play with matches are burned alive, etc., etc. Those dear old days!



AN ATTRACTIVE new fashion note launched by Marjorie Dunton, a clever young English designer, is featured in this air mail photo from London. Hat and scarf made with navy and lavender satin ribbons with pleated edges.

## Must We Flog?

DARWIN police, concerned at the increasing frequency of attacks on women and children by aborigines, have recommended flogging.

They claim—and all who know support them—that blacks regard mere gaol as a holiday.

"The blacks have been pampered and petted by anthropologists and missionaries," declared one officer, "and now our women and children are paying the penalty."

But surely there is some middle course between pampering and the barbarity of flogging?

We can't have lawlessness, but we don't want brutality, either.

## He Walks in Beauty

MEN'S clothes, say London experts, are to be even more colorful.

Midnight-blue for tails now as well as dinner suits; ox-blood for business as well as the golf suits; stripes of varying widths in the one suit; startling tartan shirts.

All very merry and bright, isn't it?

But do women really like it?

Don't they really prefer that men's clothes should remain drab and restrained as a foil to their own gayer plumage?

# Fashion's New Lines and Colors

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

*The Paris collections are over, and at last it is possible to sort out those lines and colors that appear again and again until there can be no doubt of their lasting influence.*

FIRST, and most important, is the universal acceptance of the corrected line stressing the rounded contours of the body above and below a tiny waist, and the general emphasis on waist and hip treatments.

Next most vivid impressions are the general unaffected charm of day clothes, slender and colorful, with narrow tailored skirts, or with flared or pleated ones that swing from the hips, the terrific use of stripes and spots, and sectional color effects, and the sheer romance of evening frocks, whatever their outline.

To sum up:—

SUITS have closely-fitted jackets, wrist or seat length, with tiny waists. Molyneux does mid-thigh length tubular jackets and slightly-longer-than-bolero coats curved at the front and dipping at the back.

Waistcoats are important and jackets are buttoned back to show them. Stripes and checks overpower everything else, and there is a feeling for contrasting jackets and skirts. Inset sections, mannish details, and narrow revers rolling down to the waist.

SKIRTS are straight, with small side slits, pleated, or gently flared—always with a fitted hipline.

Schiaparelli does a high curved waistline gauged into the side seams, and Creed puts tucks and seams across the front of the hips.

BLOUSES are neatly tailored in white Surah or tie silk. Some are done in small prints with scarf necklines.

Pastel colored lingerie blouses have soft lace-edged jabots, and Mainbocher does white organdie shirts with front bands of embroidery.

COATS have straight shoulders, slenderly moulded waists and hips, and flared skirts that swing open to show contrasting dresses.

Most of them have narrow revers outlined with contrasting scrolls, sometimes with centre back panels to match the scroll, while others have collars and jutting forward fronts cut in one with the coat.

Colors are boldly combined, as in Lelong's straight full length red coat with a pale blue panel at the back, worn with a black wool lace frock with insets of red at the waist and blue at the throat.

DRESSES.—Boleros abound, and Schiaparelli does short ones which end at the side seams, leaving a plain back, while Mainbocher reverses the idea with straight fronts and bolero backs.

Hip sashes, pleated skirts set in at a high hip-line, straight tunics, contrasting satin sashes, and two-in-one dresses, plain at the front, with printed or pleated backs from neck to hem, are outstanding.

NECKS are high and round, Chanel does a rather low fluted line. There are V and square necks. And both Schiaparelli and Mainbocher do low cowls with plain vests.

SLEEVES are very short and puffed; short with gauged panels; elbow length and very plain, or wrinkled up just below the elbow.

COLORS: Navy, grey, wine, royal, oatmeal—and later on, salmon-pink, hydrangea-blues, and oatmeal. Favorite color combinations—mauve and turquoise, slate blue checked with puce or green, red and green, navy and grey, yellow with white and dregs of wine.

EVENING COATS have been ousted by boleros, but there are some full length redingotes in Ottoman silk, some full length or half length taffeta capes, and full length sleeveless coats, with flared yokes, exactly like Victorian dressing-gowns.

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . By WEP





# DAME RUMOR—How The JADE WORKS



## L. W. Lower Tells of the Things That are Said Behind His Back

Dame Rumor seems to have been having a busy time in Europe lately. You must have thought so yourself when you read some of the cables that have been contradicted every morning by special correspondents in Vienna and Madrid.

If you want to know how these rumors get about, you have only to take my own case.

THERE'S a lot of rumors going around about me. It's pretty tough when someone stops you in the street and exclaims in an astonished voice: "Hullo! My word you're looking well, considering."

"How did they treat you out there?"  
"Out where?"  
"Well, I don't want to be tactless, old man, and I'm sure you didn't do it. It was a miscarriage of justice; that's what it was. When some of those coppers get into the witness-box they'd swear your life away. When they told me you'd got six months

... By ...  
**L. W. LOWER**  
Australia's Foremost  
Humorist  
Illustrated by WEP

you could have knocked me down with a feather."

"But I haven't been in gaol! I've been sick."

"Yes! Yes! old boy. You stick to that story. There's a lot of miserable people about who'd snub you the moment they saw you. I'm not like that. Once a pal, always a pal. That's me. It was a pretty slick job, though. Although I suppose a man shouldn't talk about it. If you'd have been wearing gloves they'd never have caught you."

"All the same, son, I'd give it up if I were you. It doesn't pay. They get you in the end. Well, I've got to get along now. Keep your chin up old boy. (Hearty poundings on the back.) And remember (clapping of hands), just because a man slips once, that doesn't mean he's done for."

Then he goes away, leaving you thoroughly stunned. Later he is to be found in a hotel somewhere in the city.

"Met poor old Lower to-day. He's out of gaol. Looks pretty fit on it, considering."

"Go on! What was he in for?"

"Burglary, I believe—or arson; I'm not sure."

"Fancy! I never heard about it!"

"Oh, he's in the newspaper game and they hush things up you know."

"Of course. I suppose he'd been at it for years ..."

### Passing It On

AND later on the second man meets another man. "Did you hear about Lower? Escaped from prison."

"No!"

"Yes. Resourceful devil. Knitted a rope ladder out of his socks and watched his chance. A hue and cry was raised ..."

"A what?"

"A hue and cry. It's something they raise when a prisoner escapes. Probably a flag, or something. Anyhow, he's loose."

And the barmaid who has been pretending not to listen, says to a customer during the afternoon, "Do you remember Mr. Lower? Used to come in quite frequently. Seemed such a nice man, too. You never can tell, can you?"

"What happened?"

"Haven't you heard? He murdered a girl with his sock. Strangled her. He's escaped from the death cell. A woman's not safe. I don't feel like going home alone."

"What time do you knock off?"

"Oh, really, I didn't mean THAT! We're usually finished about half-past six."

OR on the other hand, we have the jolly old club life.

"Don't sit over there old chap. That cad Lower is over there."

"Really!"

"Yes. Beats me why they allow him in the club. It seems, from what I can hear, that he's a bounder—a proper bounder."

"A chap to be avoided, eh?"

"Decidedly!"

"The club must be slipping."

"Not what it was, old boy. Not what it was."

"The old generation is dying out. Remember old Harry Smith? A

DAME RUMOR is having a lively time with L. W. Lower. "But if I should tell all I know," he says, "I would surprise you."

gentleman. Always good for a five, and never worried you about paying back. And now we have these escaped murderers in the club! I've a good mind to write a stiff note to the committee."

AND then the victim is sent for by the managing-director.

"Listen, Lower. This has got to stop!"

"Yesir!"

"It can't go on; do y'hear!"

"Yesir!"

"Well, cut it out—see!"

"Yesir!"

"Well, all right, then. What's this

I hear about you being an S.P. agent in the office. And there's been a number of overcoats missing lately, too. I'll give you one more chance. Pull yourself together, OTHERWISE ..."

"Yesir!"

"All right. Get out. And remember, the straight way is the only way."

"Yesir!"

But if I should tell all I know! I'm not one to talk, but there are some things I could tell about certain people—you know who I mean—which would surprise you.

## The Greatest GOLD MINE



EDWARD HAMMOND HARGRAVES

IN the year in which the A.M.P. Society was founded (1849) Edward Hammond Hargraves, a cattle-raiser at Gosford (near Sydney, N.S.W.), disgusted with the returns from cattle, went to California in search of gold. He was reasonably successful and, satisfying himself that similar country existed in New South Wales, returned in 1851, went to the rough valleys beyond Bathurst, and, on 12th February, 1851, washed the first pan of gold-bearing gravel in Australia.

It takes gold to win gold; often more gold than is won; but not in the A.M.P. goldmine. A.M.P. policies are a goldmine from which men (unless they cease working it) always take out more than they put in; even the most inexperienced of men and women.

About £21,000 every working day is paid out to A.M.P. policyholders in Australia and New Zealand; about £6,500,000 a year. The A.M.P. is the greatest goldmine in the South Pacific; a goldmine in which one family in every two has profitably invested. Have you invested in it, reader? Are you going to draw good cheques from the A.M.P. when your policies mature? Are you enjoying the peace of mind that comes when your life is adequately assured?

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## A.M.P. SOCIETY

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## Why not SLIM & Improve your Health

JUST think how smarter you'll look if you're slim—and how much healthier, fresher and fitter you'll feel if you "slim while you sleep" with the aid of Bile Beans.

Slenderness can be yours without starvation diet or violent exercise if you take Bile Beans. Just a couple nightly before getting into bed. The very next day you'll feel better in yourself, and soon you'll notice a difference in your weight.

So start on the sure way to health and slenderness by taking Bile Beans regularly at bedtime.



"After taking Bile Beans nightly for six weeks I am delighted to tell you that I have lost fourteen pounds. Another result is wonderfully improved health, and I feel brighter and more energetic than I have been for years."—Mrs. K. E. Baskalier.

"I never go to bed without taking Bile Beans. They bring that perfect health which makes you feel years younger. They have improved my figure, made me sleep better, given me more energy, and made me cheerful and happy."—Mrs. E. King.

## BILE BEANS

SOLD EVERYWHERE



# BE glorified BY GOSSARD



Gossard's GLORIFIER is a NEW idea in foundation beauty and comfort. Entirely of elastic batiste, the front panel stretches up and down to follow every twist and bend and stretch of your torso; thus it provides a never-failing lift to the bustline. The GLORIFIER is shown here with the famous MisSimplicity back. Other one-piece Gossard garments also have this GLORIFIER feature.

the GOSSARD  
Line of Beauty

GOSSARD FOUNDATIONS  
ARE SOLD AT MOST LEADING STORES

## Can YOU do this? Sleep like a top every night?

Sleep—the true food of the Nervous System. The secret of deep refreshing slumber lies in a regular clearance of poisons from the system. Keep regular—regular as the clock. Remember your Beecham's Pills.



Yes! -if you take  
**BEECHAM'S**  
"Worth a Guinea  
a Box" **PILLS**

## BLOOD And GOLD

Continued from Page 8

HIS friend regarded him curiously. It was unlike Basil Raythorpe to kill time in a gaming-house when he lacked the means to gamble. Still, it was none of his business, so he departed homewards alone, leaving Raythorpe a prey to the devils of temptation, doubt and fear that a few idle words had put in his mind.

Dropping into a chair by the fire, he leisurely and carefully formulated his new-born scheme.

Two hours later Captain Ludovic rose, stretched stiff limbs, collected hat and cloak, and started for the door.

He had ten guineas left, and was whimsically musing how many innocent and unsuspecting travellers of the Great North Road would have to pay for this expensive evening, when a slightly built figure in pale blue and claret accosted him.

The highwayman recognised the effeminate young man who had lost the diamond ring. Until that moment he had forgotten the ring, which was still in his pocket.

"You did me a handsome favor to-night, sir," began Raythorpe.

"I regret it did not help ye more," returned the captain, politely.

"That was no fault of thine, sir, an' I take the will for the deed in such case. In return I would do ye a turn."

Coverdale's eyes narrowed. For some reason he mistrusted this glib and smooth-tongued fop.

"I know who ye are," continued Raythorpe.

"The deuce you do!" drawled the highwayman. "In that case, me brave, 'twould be healthier for you to forget such dangerous knowledge."

"No, no; you misunderstood my intentions. I but desire to repay your kindness of to-night by putting you in the way of picking up a trifle of five thousand guineas."

"Oho!" murmured Coverdale. "Tis vastly considerate o' ye. How may I have that pleasure?"

"Next Friday morning," said Raythorpe, softly, "a private coach will leave Longleitham for Newchester. As you are no doubt aware, 'tis a full day's journey for a heavy carriage, and I happen to know it will unhitch for a meal at the Green Mann Inn at Littlefield. Since it cannot get there until high dark, and will stop but an hour—"

## DUST

ON each side his gaze rested on withered shrubbery, scorched, shrivelled raspberry bushes and now and then the carcass of some calf fallen beneath the fierce onslaught of the sun, and he strengthened his stride and shoved his body through an opening in the barbed wire fencing Cell Harmley's property. Through the pasture he went—here was grass that bore some semblance of greenness. It had at least some resistance to the sun, a resistance fed by water, water that had been a trickling stream, then a small thrifty lake and now came sluicing out of the tankard that was Harmley's dam.

He hastened forward now and pointed straight for the wide, circular dammed stream that footed the sloping rise of the pasture. As he did so he caught sight of another figure, a figure hurrying toward him, a rifle clutched meaningly in one outstretched, waving hand. He had to hurry now. The strike of a match and one energetic movement of his hand and the dynamite would do the rest; would loosen the bulwarks separating his thirsty livestock, his wife, his farm, his all, from the life-giving fluid they needed. Then it would be too late to repair the damage. It would take weeks and in that time he could fill a lake himself.

He was running now. He glanced overhead and the brownish clouds had become dark and menacing. It looked like another added outburst of dust; like the bag of a vacuum cleaner bloated, inflated with minute particles of suffocating atoms. There was an ominous, rumbling noise in the distance that his ear half caught, then rejected. There was thought of nothing else. Before him lay a stretch of water—placid, fresh, cooling water.

Now he knew how thirsty he was and he cried as he ran, hysteria mounting in his chest. But what was that standing there just before the dam? Mary! What was she

"You mean," interrupted the captain, "there'll be plenty o' darkness in which to lose five thousand guineas 'twixt Littlefield and Newchester. How shall I know this coach?"

"Tis an old-fashioned barouche painted bright yellow, w' red wheels an' drawn by two nags."

"An' loaded w' five thousand guineas, eh? What else?"

"But an old coachman outside and more ancient traveller within, neither of whom will offer much resistance."

Captain Ludovic twirled his mustachios in reflective manner.

"Sdeath!" he swore lightly, "but it sounds too good to be true; too like a fairy coach to be travelling the North Road."

Abruptly his tone of voice changed from airy banter to harsh demand.

"What do you want out o' this venture?"

"I—I," the startled youth stammered, "I want nothing."

THE captain was puzzled. Though in his time he had often profited by similar information, it had come in the main from greedy innkeepers and servants with an eye to percentage of the spoil.

But never before had a man of the social class of Basil Raythorpe played the Judas, and, unless he wanted money, there seemed no reason for it.

"Nothing?" echoed Coverdale. "Then why go out o' your way to tell me o' five thousand pieces roaming the highway?"

"To repay ye for—"

"Bah! It's not me you're considering; it's yourself. An' if you don't want a share o' the loot, it must be hate or revenge that's driving ye."

Raythorpe paled; his eyes flickered under the highwayman's intent stare.

"No, not those," he faltered at length. "Since you press me I'll confess 'tis money. I'm sunk to the eyes in gambling debts and have raised the limit on my prospects w' the Jews. An' I don't find money soon, I'll be thrown into the Fleet."

Please turn to Page 18

Continued from Page 7

doing there? Waving her arms. What was it? He stumbled over a tree stump, fell, bruised his knees.

He was there. Too late. Cell Harmley stood in front of Mary, his gun in his hand.

"You throw that dynamite, Frisbee Corndecker, and I'll shoot you dead 'n a stump!" The voice was level, menacing.

"Don't, Frisbee. Don't!" That was Mary's voice now. "It's no use, Frisbee. Let him have his water. Don't!" He could see her lips. Cracked, dust-cracked lips and parched mouth and she was standing on the brink of what was water—what might soothe those lips and ease the torture of dry, arid mouth. He could hear his stock growling, lowing, crying their tragic cry from his sand-ridden pasture. And he could hear, too, the faint hiss of the fuse in his hand. Again that low, ominous rumbling monotone that was strangely familiar, and the sight of some canopy of burning, puffed, alien clouds hovering directly above his head.

And then it came. RAIN! It poured out of the heavens and sent him into a hysterical, nervous elation so that even as the clouds burst his hand rose above his head and hurled the sticks of dynamite down, way down to where the dam held back Frisbee Corndecker's water. There was a deafening roar, drowning out Cell Harmley's cry; a roar of timber and water shooting skyward. A roar that was at once prayer and answer. And then a silence, broken only by the slapping of long, liquid strings of silver rain that beat about their heads, that sent them down to their knees, that lifted their faces to heaven. Mary was crying. Bobbing tears of happiness. Frisbee Corndecker looked across at the sobbing figure of Cell Harmley.

"Sorry, Cell. I had to throw it."

"Yep!" . . . I guess maybe I would of, too," he said—and three tattered, mud-splattered, rain-drenched marionettes prayed to their God.

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REPORTERS FROM THE PAPERS  
CALLED ON DASHING BLONDE MISS BROWNE



"WE'VE MADE YOU QUEEN OF BEAUTY  
MAYOR IS WAITING WITH THE CROWN"



THEN THEY SAW HER HANDS WITH HORROR—  
STAINED BY CARBON, GRIME AND INK



"CALM YOURSELVES SAID CLEVER BLONDE  
SOLVOL CLEANS THEM IN A WINK!"



"HARD-WORKING" HANDS TO GLAMOUR  
GIRL'S HANDS IN 30 SECONDS—WITH  
SOLVOL. THE PENETRATING LATHER  
EASES GRIME FROM THE PORES, BANISHES  
STAINS—LEAVES HANDS SOFT AND WHITE.  
AS GENTLE TO THE SKIN AS FINE  
TOILET SOAP.



**SOLVOL**  
cleans hands  
in 30  
seconds!

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# FASHION PORTFOLIO

March 5, 1938.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

First Page

## WINGED VICTORIES...

*Flown  
from  
Paris*



### PARIS Snapshots

**L**ININGS are going gay. Plaid satens, crepes and taffetas are being used to line the most severe-looking coats, while shot-taffetas and the softest printed silks are lining skirts in tweed, broadcloth and other heavy materials. Some of these interiors are so fetching that one longs to wear the frocks turned inside out.

**P**ATCHWORK is coming into its own again. All the fascinating and intimate little lingerie shops along the Rue Fauberg St. Honore are showing delicious patchwork dressing-gowns to match patchwork quilts. Quilts and dressing-gowns are lined with wine-red, jade, or sky-blue velvet.

Another lingerie notion is a patchwork stock scarf to tie round the neck and tuck inside rather mannish pyjamas of royal-blue or wine crepe. Favorite colors for slips and panties are lilac, mauve, and a glorious shade that is a mixture of apricot, flame, and tomato.

**V**ICTORIAN hats are the mode of the moment. On every boulevard one sees them—mad little "boaters" that were worn by the cycling belles of about sixty years ago. They are tilted over the nose and decorated with gay flowers under the brim at the back.

- **TOP LEFT:** Marietta Hardy created this hat of black felt trimmed with pheasant's plumes.
- **TOP RIGHT:** Piquant little model from Suzy of black felt with white plumed trimming.
- **CENTRE:** A Poiret model whose classical inspiration shows in every line, the veil providing an ultra-modern note.
- **AT LEFT:** Madame Agnes made this tall beret of black felt; its only trimming is the flower fastened at the side.

THESE photographs were selected in Paris by Mary St. Claire, our London fashion editress, and forwarded by Air Mail.



# MARCH of THE MODE

## AUTUMN FIRSTS INCLUDE

- *Corselet Lines*
- *Sweeping Backs*
- *Cunning Fullness*
- *Soft Decolletes*



● INTERESTINGLY dispersed ruching gives a smart accent to this draped bodice. Mist-blue georgette over a straight taffeta slip. Three diamante clips provide a jewel accent. The skirt is slim-fitting and full at the hem.

● VERY effective and new is this classically-swathed girdle in the same white crepe as the frock. The violet of the contrasting bands is repeated in the twisted shoulder straps. A matching posy completes the smart coiffure.

● THREE features which are outstandingly new in the red crepe frock—the corselet section, the soft neckline drapery, and the very slimming ruched skirt, which is cleverly cut to achieve fullness while retaining a slimming line.

● THREE godets achieve the sweeping back fullness of this honey-colored taffeta frock, with a deep swathe at the waist. Quite backless, except for narrow crossed straps, it has a high, soft decollete line in front.



# The Fashion Parade by Petrov



## Autumn Fabrics

THREE examples of evening fabrics and three of woollens for day. Mostly of French manufacture, those for evening are Persian in design. The figure on the extreme left is covered in an embroidered silk so colorful on the WRONG side that Petrov has shown this side on the floor. Next is a cloque lame printed in a colorful design. Across the top of the page is a Persian slipper satin showing processions of camels.

For day wear are shown three woollens (incidentally, the woollens are mostly far more expensive than the silks, ranging between 30/- and 40/- per yard).

The coat is a crepey woollen with woven dots of brilliant plaid, and the dress is a brown angora interwoven with tiny beads. Across the bottom is a very loosely-woven Rodier fabric.

Actual fabrics were used by the artist to compose these designs.



# FASHIONS IN PHOTOGRAVURE

## SO SIMPLE . . .



● ABOVE: This morning ensemble from Traquair is in brown mixture tweed with a multi-colored cord belt and fringed pockets, yoke and cuffs. These are finished with dark green cord lace-ups, the latest fastenings for sports, morning and country wear. The suede glengarry cap which matches shoes and gloves is in a lighter shade of green.

● ● ●

● TOP LEFT: Model suit in lightweight greyish wool. Note the clever cutting of the pockets and the revers. The simply-cut skirt is slim-fitting and slightly slit for freedom of movement.

● ● ●

● LEFT: A smart and serviceable ensemble in reseda wool. It comprises a neatly-tailored frock, simply trimmed with buttons and belt with sashed ends, and a hip-length coat lined with silk in a light shade. Note the simple lines of the collar and the snugly-fitted shoulder effect.

These photographs were selected in London by Mary St. Claire, and forwarded by Air Mail.



### CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

### RARA AVIS

How refreshing and how rare it is to meet a person who is capable of making prompt decisions. So often we hear the expression: "I really can't make up my mind."

It may be the choosing of a new hat, or the acceptance of an invitation, that they linger over. If everyday trifles call for so much thought, how can we expect them to act promptly when the house catches fire, or someone is drowning, or in some similar important situation?

To make prompt decisions in small matters is good training for bigger emergencies, where quick thinking is essential.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. L. Smith, Gatton, Qld.

### MENTALLY SICK?

CONSIDERING the intense interest most people of to-day take in their health, it is surprising how few realise that physical condition is not largely a matter of uncontrolled chance.

The cause is often mental. Medical science has proved that fear, jealousy, and worry are the direct causes of many forms of sickness.

When this is universally recognised, let us hope that mankind will learn to eliminate disease by destroying its cause.

Miss O. Thompson, 151 Fisher St., Ennis, S.A.

### FILM MATERIAL

THERE is a very rich field to be explored by an Australian film producer in Australian history.

Some may say the film industry is too "young" to attempt an historical film yet—but the American film industry was just as young when it produced those two great epics, "The Covered Wagon" and "The Birth of a Nation."

Wake up, Australia, before your own rich store of stories is plundered by others.

Peg Haxall, Little Bega Street, Bega, N.S.W.

### CAUSE OF DIVORCE

RECENT articles in the Press regarding the choosing of one's life partner by scientific means have aroused widespread interest.

Prior to this, there was a discussion in your columns regarding the proposal that schools should be formed to test persons to see whether they were suited for matrimony.

The divorce court records seem to

### Public Vandalism

MANY people display a lamentable lack of thought in their treatment of "the other fellow's goods."

Rented cottages are the worst examples of this vandalism. A cottage, just because it is not your own is not an article to be abused, as is so often the case. Why should there be shabby gardens, broken gates and fences, and dirty walls?

Tenants who thus neglect property have no sense of fair play.

Jean Graham, 59 Bland St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

prize that the modern person is not as capable as his predecessor in choosing a life partner.

Whether the cause lies in the character of the people themselves, or whether it is the time in which we live, I hesitate to say, but it is obvious that something must be done to end this state of affairs.

The remedy lies in the hands of the people. Perhaps some reader can supply the answer?

Mr. C. Portway, 1 Stanley Street, Chelmsford, N.S.W.

## Is Life Without Children a Poor Thing?

LIFE is no better for the single woman, Mrs. Ryan (12/2/38). I am unmarried, have a profession which enables me to live in comfort, and gives me permanent financial security. Yet I am not happy.

I envy women who have preferred a family to a business career. They may miss the comfort and luxuries that I enjoy, but their reward is in the love of their children, which is more precious by far than my financial security.

If I had my life over again I would unhesitatingly choose marriage as the right career for a happy life.

Patricia Sellars, 9 Allison Rd., Kensington, N.S.W.

### Continuous Struggle

THE single woman is much better off than the mother of a family, whose every moment is occupied with caring for her children, and who must sacrifice herself continually for their sake.

The endless struggle of the married woman to manage her limited income—to buy clothes, school books, and to pay the doctor's bills for the children, in addition to other financial worries—takes all the sparkle from life and makes it one long anxiety.

There is no doubt about it—the life of "single blessedness" is best of all.

Mr. Donald, 30 Robey St., Maroubra, N.S.W.

### Life is Empty

DO not delude yourself, Mrs. Ryan, that a single woman is having a better life than you.

Once had the chance of a home, but I refused it for a career, and now, when I look around at my friends happily married, with their children about them, I regret my choice.

Life is empty unless one can serve one's loved ones.

Miss G. Silvan, P.O. Warburton, Vic.

### Must Have Love

IT is woman's natural birthright to marry and have children. Until she does her life is incomplete.

However, the woman who marries a



Life's greatest joy

man she does not love, merely for the sake of being a wife and mother, never realises that happiness and sense of fulfilment which love only can create for her.

Miss D. J. Wells, Queen St., Korumburra, Vic.

### No Worries

I HAVE had many offers of marriage, but have found contentment in my work as private secretary.

I have many outside interests—playing tennis, motoring and swimming.

I have practically no worries; no heart throbs, as most of my time is fully occupied; and I would not exchange my life of freedom and independence for the best husband in the world.

Miss Alisa Jennings, c/o Mrs. R. Wood, 421 Sandgate Rd., Albion N3, Brisbane.

### Completely Happy!

MRS. RYAN wonders if business women regret the absence of children.

I don't. After twenty-eight years of business life alone, I can truthfully say that I am increasingly thankful that I am childless and single. Loneliness so far has not been one of my experiences.

Probably if I had little to occupy my mind, I would want children.

I. A. Stevens, 37 Enmore Rd., Newtown, N.S.W.

## Teaching Girls Man's Point of View

I DO not agree with Mrs. Saxton (12/2/38) that marriages go wrong because of wives' ignorance of man's point of view.

It takes the combined efforts of both man and wife to make a success of marriage, and it is a great injustice to put the onus on the woman, as so many of both sexes do.

Man's nature is basically selfish, and it is often his fault that a marriage does not turn out successfully. Women already subjugate themselves too much to their husband's opinions in the cause of peace.

D. M. Atkinson, Belgrave, Vic.

### Save Heartache

DEFINITELY, something should be done towards a better understanding between the sexes, Mrs. Saxton.

If a man and a woman are planning to spend their lives together, I think it is most essential that they

### Should Boys Leave Home?

IT is generally thought that the boy who strikes out in the world for himself becomes more self-reliant, resourceful, and successful than the youth who remains in the shelter of his home.

But I would suggest that it is much wiser for mothers to be near at hand, to watch and advise the son, as he grows to manhood.

I wonder how readers feel on this matter?

Mrs. A. G. Blackburn, Woorwoon, Girraween Grove, Ashgrove, Qld.

should understand each other, and that they should be able to learn some established scientific course.

Anybody can learn how to cook, sew, keep house, but think how few people understand each other's emotions. Think how much heartache would be saved if only girls knew how to treat their men.

First-class psychologists would be the ones to give the advice, I suppose.

Maude Fraser, Merrima St., Hollywood, W.A.

### Wants to Learn

I UNDERSTAND that in America there are schools where girls may study how to manage a husband as well as how to run a home.

Doubtless in time these schools, if they prove successful, will come to Australia.

I myself am awaiting anxiously that happy day, for I would be very glad of a few basic hints on the management of men, whose actions and reactions I find quite inexplicable.

I think it is very necessary that a knowledgeable person should be available to advise women on the treatment of men.

And of course there should be a school to teach men the management of women.

Miss Perks, Elizabeth St., Hobart.

### Impractical

MRS. SYLVIA G. SAXTON states that our girls should be taught something of men's nature before they marry.

But who would be suitable to give such information, and how would it benefit any woman to have copy-book knowledge about men? After marriage she would still find her own man a conundrum which she would have to solve for herself.

Mrs. E. Wall, Fullagar Rd., Wentworthville, N.S.W.

### Individual Study

IT is a good idea to teach a girl to manage both a husband and a home before marriage. The only difficulty lies in the fact that, although most homes are managed in a similar manner, most husbands are not.

So it seems that each individual girl must study the nature of her own husband.

Miss Emmy Wiseman, Morven P.O., N.S.W.

## No Regrets for Passing of our Teens?

NO, we need not regret the passing of our teens—Mrs. Bushnell (12/2/38). Life does grow richer as we grow older. Most of us have realised the dreams of our youth and



Those self-conscious teens!

have our husband, children, and home to plan and live for.

We may not have the romantic dreams of youth left, but now we can appreciate more fully the realities of life.

Mrs. W. Lyons, Robinson St., Melbourne, Vic.

### Unhappiest Period

I AGREE with Mrs. Bushnell when she deplores the self-conscious teens. In many cases, especially with sensitive young people, the teens are the unhappiest period of their lives.

Although I am barely out of my teens, already I can look back and laugh at the mistakes, shyness, and ignorance of my younger self.

Miss L. Forbes, 14 Talbot Crescent, Balwyn, Vic.

### "Something Sad"

HOW true were Mrs. Bushnell's statements.

And yet, who can help regretting the passing of those exhilarating days when we were first trying out our wings in business and romance?

We can smile at those silly heartaches now, but is there not something sad, just in the fact that we no longer experience such depths of sorrow and heights of joy?

Margaret Fitzgerald, Torrens Rd., Cheltenham, S.A.

### LETTERS WELCOME!

Grouch, praise, novel viewpoint, topical comment, any interesting thought is welcome to this page. But, KEEP LETTERS SHORT. Our address is at top of page 3 of this issue.

### MATERNAL INSTINCT

RECENTLY a woman doctor stated that University training robs women of their maternal instincts.

In my opinion, education has no bearing on the matter. If the doctor's statement were correct, then there must have been proportionately more good mothers when women were uneducated than now.

Only a very bold person would say that to-day. And how shall we explain why some animals are better mothers than others? One cat frets for her drowned kittens, the other forgets hers in a few hours.

We are as we are born. Our maternal instincts may be strong or weak. In either case a University training is good, because it helps us to be guided less by instinct and more by reason.

Mrs. Ray Randall, Room 5, Second Floor, National Mutual Building, Queen Street, Brisbane.

### LUCKY OUTSIDER

AUSTRALIAN girls seem to find it difficult in obtaining splendid positions abroad, while in Australia, the English, Canadian, or American girl can land a job with more ease than the Australian.

What is the reason for the preference shown to "the outsider"? Is it a case of the prophet having no honor in his own country? Perhaps it is that business men appreciate the pluck of the immigrant or traveller, and realise that the young woman who has sufficient faith in her capabilities to rely on them for support during her travels, must be worthy of her hire.

Miss N. C. Armstrong, 21 Come Crescent, Newcastle, Launceston, Tas.

### BLESSED WORK

MANY people look upon work as a thing to be avoided if possible. Yet labor is one of our greatest blessings.

Every living thing is compelled to earn a livelihood or die. The fulfilment of this essential condition of life brings to organized beings their highest enjoyment. With man it is not eating which gives the maximum of pleasure, but the labor and excitement which the chase entails.

G. Kelm, 168 McKean St., North Fitzroy N7, Vic.



## Dizziness and Palpitation

early symptoms of

## INDIGESTION

A few doses of De Witt's Antacid Powder will relieve you of dangerous excess acid

When flatulence is the cause of those spells of dizziness or frightening bouts of palpitation, you must realise that your stomach needs urgent attention if you are to save yourself from dyspepsia or gastritis—the result of continued stomach irritation.

Flatulence is caused by the food fermenting in the stomach instead of digesting. Too hastily-eaten or unsuitable food will do this, and the gas given off will cause the stomach to swell, pressing against

the heart. The heart flutters in a most alarming way and often causes spells of dizziness.

De Witt's Antacid Powder not only gives immediate relief, but has been compounded to remove the cause of continued flatulence—the too copious output of acid. A short course with De Witt's Antacid Powder will soon rectify this trouble, and once again you can enjoy and digest your food as a healthy person should.

Be sure you get the genuine

## DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Of all chemists and storekeepers, in handsome sky-blue canister, price 2/6



## A friend of genius...

"How do I look?"  
The applause of the great audience drifted into her dressing room. She was restless tonight.  
"How do I look?" asked the great artist.  
"Madame looks beautiful. The new Charmosan face powder gives Madame's skin something of the Powers."  
"A new glamour. A sweet enchantment. Charm. Youth."  
"Go, Madame, and sing. Your audience awaits you."  
O, the thrill of your skin made young. O, the witchery of a pretty skin. Be, Charmosan face powder—quick.  
"Charmosan face powder is the favourite of world-famous women of the stage and film. A powder SIMPLY HAS TO BE GOOD to satisfy them."

## Charmosan face powder from Paris

Stays on hour after hour. In all shades and tints. Big double size box—no economical. 2/6. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores, including N.Z. Give your face its "good night" message with Charmosan Cold Cream. Removes "make-up" dust, etc., from skin and pores to way soap and water can never do. This cream goes right into pores and out again, cleanses beautifully, and leaves skin supple and smooth. This regular nightly massage assists greatly in keeping the skin free from wrinkles, crow's feet, pimples, blackheads, and open pores. It also tones up skin and muscles, and prevents sagging flesh. Boudoir jars 2/6. Tubes 1/6. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers, and stores, including New Zealand.

## TRUST YOUR DENTIST -he says KOLYNOS

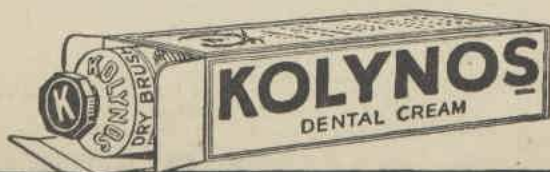


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KOLYNOS — the proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing tooth paste—fulfils the requirements of modern Dental Science. It is entirely free from gritty abrasives or harmful bleaching action, and removes all unsightly stain and tartar, cleaning and brightening the teeth without injury. With their natural colour

restored, teeth sparkle with a new lustre. Being highly concentrated, KOLYNOS is most economical in use. Use only half-an-inch, preferably on a DRY brush, twice-a-day. It will keep your teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy. Get a tube today. Of all Chemists and Stores.

DENTISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD RECOMMEND KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM



REDUCED PRICES NEW DOUBLE SIZE  
1/9 NOW 1/3 2/- PER TUBE

# BLOOD And GOLD

Continued from Page 12

the following Friday evening, Galloping Larry stood beside his horse awaiting the coming of the yellow barouche.

He had chosen his ambush in the cover of trees just off the road and on the summit of a short steep hill three miles from Littlefield. The night was dark, the moon not yet up, and conditions in every way ideal for the highwayman.

Yet Captain Ludovic was as nearly worried as his sanguine spirit would allow.

There was, he reflected, something devilish queer about the business. Here was a young man of means and position voluntarily making himself accessory to the robbery of his uncle. Even fear of the Fleet did not seem adequate justification for such an act.

Moreover, since he was Old Miser's heir by will, he was in reality robbing himself of four thousand guineas. Jasper Courtenay could not live more than a few years; by all accounts he was on his last legs now.

In view of such prospects, 'twould be unlike shrewd Lombard creditors to seize the boy's person and so forfeit their money.

Raythorpe had not mentioned his relationship to the intended victim, nor had Coverdale told him he knew; but for a paltry thousand guineas—

The reward, even to a desperate boy in the hands of the Jews, was not enough to warrant such treachery. Especially when his debts were more likely to be in tens of thousands.

However, there was no reason to doubt the information, and that was all that concerned the highwayman. Young Raythorpe would know his uncle's plans, and to Galloping Larry four thousand guineas was a prize worth snatching and not to be met with every day. Deuce take idle speculations and feminine fancies!

From where he stood the road ran straight down into the valley of Littlefield, and though the night was too dark to see far he kept sharp watch for carriage lights.

Though a few vehicles passed while he waited, none was a barouche, and the captain let them go unmolested and all unconscious of the black-cloaked and masked figure that watched from the roadside trees.

At last two twinkling yellow lights, roll of a heavy carriage and rattle of eight trotting hoofs made him swing into the saddle and guide Nero to the edge of the road.

The coach had to slow for the stiff climb, and as it rolled ponderously nearer the captain grunted satisfaction and drew a long pistol from its saddle holster. The lumbering four-wheeler was an ancient barouche; the lantern light was reflected on bright yellow paint.

A touch of the knees and the big grey stallion leaped forward to bar the road.

"Ho there, driver!" challenged the captain. "Pull up an' deliver!"

Uttering a yell of fright, the coachman heaved on the ribbons and the barouche slithered to a standstill.

"Keep still an' you won't stop an ounce o' lead!" advised the highwayman, and riding to the window looked inside.

A mean-looking old rascal—wrinkled, shifty-eyed, and with a woollen nightcap over one eye—glared up at him.

"Good even to you, Master Courtenay!" said Coverdale.

Old Miser, trembling with fear of the huge horse-pistol and the sinister mask behind it, fumbled in his pockets and produced a purse.

"Here!" he wheezed. "Take it and go!"

The highwayman took it but did not go. Hefting the purse in his left hand, he laughed.

## Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause which is German blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendaco, starts to work in 2 minutes, killing the Germ cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and work and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist today. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you.

"Tut-tut, Jasper, you old skinflint, there's not thirty guineas here," he chided, "and I'm looking for five thousand from ye. Where is it—under the seat—on the box? Answer quickly, man, for my trigger finger's getting shaky!"

With his thumb he pulled the hammer of his pistol from half to full cock, and the ominous metallic sound brought a gurgling cry from the shivering old wretch.

"In that purse is all I have," he gasped. "All, I tell you—all!"

"You have five thousand somewhere," snarled Coverdale, "and I'll have it if I must pull you and your old rattletrap to pieces!"

"Five thousand!" repeated the miser wonderingly. "I've no such sum in the world, good sir. And if I had I'd think I'm such a fool as to carry it along the highway in the dark?"

"Get down in the road!" ordered the captain. "I'll find it for you—and myself, demme!"

But after a few minutes of rigorous search he had to confess himself beaten. There was nothing in the barouche and, having forced the driver into the road, he searched the box, peered beneath and all round the carriage, and cursed in angry amazement.

"Swounds! When next I meet that young popinjay I'll ha' the pleasure o' cutting his comb!"

"Eh?" said old Courtenay.

"Get ye gone on your way," growled Coverdale.

Sitting motionless on Nero, he watched the driver climb stiffly up to his seat, and Courtenay heave himself inside and slam the door.

Something had gone wrong and it was no use bewailing. It appeared as though Raythorpe had befooled him; but for what reason?

Morosely the captain watched the barouche pull slowly up the hill before wheeling the stallion and riding towards Littlefield. 'Twould not be safe to go the same way as the coach he had robbed, and anyway, he intended staying the night in Warrenby Wick, which was past Littlefield.

He rode leisurely, his thoughts occupied with conjectures as to the unaccountable absence of the guineas. The idea of a secret hiding-place he had dismissed after one glance around the ancient box-like carriage.

BUILT of plain inch-boards, with no ornamentation, there was no room for a sliding panel or concealed cavity. Perhaps old Jasper had changed his mind about carrying such a fortune; maybe he—

Suddenly he reined Nero, twisted in the saddle, and gazed back along the black road. From behind had sounded the unmistakable report of a pistol.

After a brief interval a second shot shattered the stillness of the night, and, impulsively turning the grey, Coverdale let him out at a flat gallop the way they had come.

Those shots might have some bearing on the puzzling affair, for assuredly no casual rumpard would waste powder and ball on a profitless coach, and neither old Jasper nor his coachman had picked enough to put up a fight.

Galloping at breakneck speed around a sharp bend he came on the barouche without warning. It was leaning over at a precarious angle with the two rear wheels in the ditch and the horses rearing and plunging with terror.

Except for their frightened snorts and tramping hoofs there was no sound or sign of life, but not until Nero shied did Captain Ludovic realise why. Close to the stallion's forefeet sprawled a motionless human body.

The highwayman dismounted and bent over it. It was the coachman, shot through the head.

"Dead as a bone!" muttered Coverdale, and pulled open the door of the carriage.

Slumped in a grotesque huddle over the front seat was old Miser Courtenay. He, too, had been shot in the head, and apparently the ball had smashed through both temples.

"Killed like the driver at a few inches' range," deduced the captain, "and good pistolling it was to be done!"

He tensed as from far down the road drifted the clatter of hoofs. Travellers were coming, and it would not do for Galloping Larry to be found beside a wrecked coach and two corpses.

Leaping astride the stallion, he clapped home his heels and went thundering through the darkness in the direction of Littlefield.

Please turn to Page 20



Make delicious, coloured, flavoured Junket as easily as this

Coloured, flavoured Junket is the newest solution to the weather dessert problem. All you have to do to have tempting, delicious sweets is to prepare Junket in the usual way, flavour it with Chocolate, Coffee, Vanilla or any berry, place to set in individual dishes and decorate with whipped cream and fruit, jelly or nuts. Serve this sensible summer treat often.

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS



Make Ice Cream at home—half price!

What a great thing for the kiddies! Your home-made ice cream is pure, wholesome, and easy to digest, because you know exactly what goes into it—just mix Hansen's Ice Cream Mix with milk and cream, and freeze in your refrigerator or hand-churn. The kiddies' favourite flavours, too: Vanilla, Strawberry, Chocolate.

HANSEN'S ICE CREAM MIX



Use just a few drops—enough to cover a single hair.



# What Women Are Doing

## Belgian Medal

A CHARMING English visitor to our shores is Matilda, Lady Williams. She is much interested in politics and for 40 years has been a member of the Women's Conservative Organisation.

For several years during the war Lady Williams conducted the Belgian Food Fund. For her work in this connection she was presented with a bronze medal by Queen Elizabeth, of Belgium. Her husband, the late Sir William Williams, was for 40 years Master of the Devonshire House.

## To Do Post-Graduate Work Abroad

NINE women doctors, fellow graduates at the University of Sydney, were guests at the bon voyage party given in Sydney last week in honor of Dr. Ella Windeyer, who is a passenger in the Orion for England.

Dr. Windeyer is a daughter of Professor and Mrs. J. C. Windeyer, of Sydney, and is accompanied on the trip by her mother. She plans to do post-graduate work in Manchester, specialising in women's work, and will probably be away a year.

## American Cowgirl and Artist to Ride in Australia

A PICTURESQUE personality to arrive in Australia last week was Mrs. Pearl Elder, American cowgirl and artist. With her husband, Mr. Ted Elder, she has come to Sydney to ride at the Royal Easter Show. They will go to Mr. T. MacFarlane's station property, at Merriwa (N.S.W.) to train horses for their trick riding events. Very proud of her title, "Champion Cowgirl of the World," Mrs. Elder is confident at trick and fancy roping, as art attempted by few women. She came third in a recent contest in America for the best roping, in which she was the only woman competitor. Mrs. Elder's cowgirl costume is a resplendent scarlet suit embroidered in white.

A graduate of the Pine Arts Institute of Kansas City, Mrs. Elder is a clever artist, specialising in the painting of western subjects, and has held several successful exhibitions in America.

**All UGLY HAIR gone**



**in only 3 MINUTES**

In less time than it takes to slip into your bathing suit you can get rid of that disgusting hair. Have velvety smooth arms and legs without a trace of hair or stubble. Simply apply this dainty scented cream—wash it off—the hair is gone as if by magic. It's just as easy as that. No mess or bother—absolutely no unpleasant smell. This amazing discovery is sold everywhere under the trademark "New Veet." Get a tube to-day and say goodbye to superfluous hair troubles for ever. 2/6 and 6/ (double size), at all Chemists and Stores.

**Soft smooth ARMS and LEGS without a trace of hair**

## Training in Leadership

TO encourage the art of leadership among its members is one of the aims of the Agricultural Bureau Movement of New South Wales. With this object, it has been decided to experiment with a week's concentrated training in camp for women members of the bureau. Beginning on March 14, the camp will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Cavanagh, Roanoke, Curlew, N.S.W., general president, and president of the women's section.

The N.S.W. Department of Education is co-operating in providing the services of a home-trained economist for the home management section. Public speaking and general community leadership will also be included in the course. The scheme is similar to those being carried out in America and Scandinavian countries.

## Y.W.C.A. Residence Secretary for South Australia

AFTER ten years' service as secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association Hostel in Adelaide, Miss Miriam Potter has retired and Miss Vera Catt has been appointed to fill the vacant position. Miss Catt has been connected with the Y.W.C.A. for many years, working with the association in Bendigo and Singapore, where she was residence secretary of the hostel, and more recently in Rockhampton.

She will take up her new appointment as South Australian residence secretary early in March. On the way down to Adelaide from Rockhampton Miss Catt planned to spend several days in Sydney and Melbourne, studying the methods of the Y.W.C.A. permanent residences there.

## Busy Life in Outpost of China

LIFE in the isolated "out-back" of China can be full of interest, according to Mrs. A. G. Nicholls, who with her husband, Rev. A. G. Nicholls, of the China Inland Mission, and their two sons, has returned to spend a year's furlough in South Australia after 19 years in China.

Their home is in the hills of West China, inhabited by the Miao tribes. These primitive people, of whom there are 70,000, are not Chinese, but a distinct tribe, said to be the aborigines of China, driven into the hills by invaders at the time of Confucius.

They are peaceful farming folk. Since Mr. Nicholls, who has lived there for 40 years, began his missionary work among them, many thousands have become baptised Christians. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls do all the medical and dental work for the district, and as well are their own dispensers.

They also act as mediators in tribal disputes. Besides all this there are wild boar, wolves, and leopards almost in the backyard for company, Mrs. Nicholls says.

## Principal of Kindergarten School and Amateur Actress

KINDERGARTEN work and dramatic art are the chief interests of Miss Marian Askew, of Brisbane, who was this year appointed principal of the Alexandra Kindergarten, Asnot, Brisbane.

Miss Askew trained at the Brisbane Kindergarten Training College, and after gaining her diploma opened a kindergarten and primary school at Yerronga, Queensland.

Later she went to Melbourne for further kindergarten and dramatic work.

At the Alexandra Kindergarten Miss Askew has charge of thirty children, ranging from two and a half years to eight years of age. The tiny tots are assisted to develop through sense training, games, songs, poetry and stories, and the older children receive a thorough training in primary work in a manner made attractive to them through the "playway."

Miss Askew is a member of the Brisbane Repertory Society and Twelfth Night Players, and has, with great success, taken a number of parts.

## State Bowling Champion For Second Time

MRS. F. L. SMERDON, South Australian who recently won the singles championship of the Women's Bowling Association for the second time, is a member of the only women's bowling club in South Australia which can boast its own green—the Glenelg Oval Club.

Mrs. Smerdon has been playing with that club since she came to Adelaide from Perth, six years ago, and this season is skipper of the club team, which is heading the list in the pennant matches.

While in Perth, Mrs. Smerdon played with the Loton Park Women's Bowling Club. Her bowling trophies include the Centenary Silver Cup for the singles championship, played during Perth's anniversary celebrations.

## Young Artists to Study and Paint in England

TWO young South Australian artists, Misses Lorna Schiunk and Mary Hackett, booked to leave Adelaide in the Orion this Thursday to continue their art studies abroad. Although their plans will not be finalised until they reach London, the two girls intend to travel around England, painting places of interest as they go, before starting any definite art course.

Miss Schiunk will concentrate on water-colours, while Miss Hackett is especially interested in oils and portrait work. While in England Miss Schiunk is hoping to meet Miss Shirley Schofield, another South Australian artist, who is at present studying at the Chelsea Art School, and with whom Miss Schiunk held an exhibition in Adelaide 15 months ago.

## Her Own Jeweller

MAKING hand-wrought jewellery is the fascinating and unusual hobby of Mrs. Hugh Dent, wife of the well-known English publisher, who is at present visiting Australia. Of course it is an expensive taste, but is very interesting. Mrs. Dent says, and it enables her to make delightful gifts for her friends. She has all her own tools—for cutting the stones and for hammering out gold and silver—and goes about the job in a most businesslike manner. Mrs. Dent says that for the observant there are jewels for the picking up strewn about some of the beaches on the coast of Cornwall. Two-thirds of the stones on these beaches contain either rose quartz, rock topaz, moss agate, or amethyst quartz, which, when cut and polished, look charming in antique silver settings.

## Actress and Manager of London Theatre

MISS KATHLEEN ROBINSON, of Sydney, who last year took over the direction of the People's Palace, a theatre in the East End, London, will return to Australia in April after a long stay abroad. Always interested in the theatre, Miss Robinson, who comes of a New South Wales pastoral family, studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, London. She made her first stage appearances in Australia with Dame Sybil Thorndike.

## Most of Her Life Spent Travelling

FOR over 30 years, Mrs. Reginald Cannon, of London, who recently paid a flying visit to Australia, has travelled almost continuously, and experienced adventures such as fall to the lot of few women. When she was 18, she says, she first felt the call of adventure. She ran away from home to Africa, where her brother was then living, and with whom she stayed some time before returning to England.

Her brother, Mr. H. C. Patrick, of Sydney, did not see her again for 30 years—until her recent arrival in Sydney.

Mrs. Cannon married twice, and her second husband was a keen big game hunter. With him she joined in an African expedition led by the world-famous hunter, Cornelius Johannes Van Rooyen, who acted as interpreter for Cecil Rhodes when he discussed the annexation of Rhodesia with Lobengula, King of Matabele Land.

When on a trip to the West Indies last year, Mrs. Cannon met Mr. Kulera, a noted big game hunter, and second mate of the Girl Pat after the vessel had been taken over from the original crew. Mrs. Cannon had lunch on board the famous little ship.

## Has Devoted Many Years to Nursing Soldiers

MATRON BENNIS, who is in charge of the Anzac Hostel at Kangaroo Point, Brisbane, has devoted many years to the care and nursing of A.I.F. soldiers, and the word "Digger" brings an affectionate smile to her face. She trained at the Brisbane Children's Hospital. In 1915 she was at the 8th Australian Hospital, waiting to go on active service. The call came in 1915 and Matron Bennis was in the war zone for three years. On her return to Australia, she went to the Enoggera Hospital, Queensland, and then on to Rosemont. For the past ten years she has been at the Anzac Hostel, so it is easy to understand her feelings "for the boys."

Looking after the soldiers takes up nearly all matron's time, but she enjoys a game of bridge and finds much pleasure in doing fancy work and knitting.

## Charity Worker Celebrates Eightieth Birthday

ALL members of the committee of the Carlton Creche, Melbourne, gathered together recently to honor their president, Mrs. W. Cook, on the occasion of her 80th birthday.

This grand old lady has done a great deal for various charities in Victoria.

She has been a member of the committee of the creche for twenty-two years, and is also a most energetic member of the executive of the Victorian Association of Creches.

## Queensland University Graduate's Varied Interests

MISS JEAN RITCHIE, of Brisbane, who obtained her B.A. degree with honors in English at the Queensland University last year, has since been coaching a number of students for public examinations. During her schooldays at Charters Towers she concentrated on English, and won several literary prizes at the Charters Towers Juvenile Bistedford. Last year she was president of the Brisbane Women's College Social Club, where her duties consisted of organising the social activities of the club, and helping to entertain visitors. She was also vice-president of the Women's Club at the University. She enjoys tennis, and has played in interstate matches at Sydney and Adelaide. She was a member of the sports committee, and vice-president of the tennis club.

Miss Ritchie's literary talent was given a chance at the University when she was joint editor with Mr. Jack Richardson of the University magazine, "Gaimahra."

## Enthusiastic Worker for Victoria League in N.Z.

A PROMINENT worker for the Victoria League in Auckland, New Zealand, Mrs. F. R. Charlton, passed through Brisbane recently on a visit to the East. Mrs. Charlton is on the council of the league as well as being a member of the sewing, ball, lecture, and ever-ready committees, and is enthusiastic about them all.

Every Monday members of the sewing committee meet and make clothes for needy people in the Province of Auckland. Mrs. Charlton says that the success of their particular work is entirely due to Mrs. J. B. Macfarlane, who originated the scheme. The ball committee organises a ball once a year, as near the date of Queen Victoria's birthday as possible.

The "ever-readies" are aptly named—their title speaks for itself. They are always ready to help other societies, and are often called upon to assist in street collections and bazaar.

## Plans for New Mothercraft Training School

WITH alterations to the future school building under way, the committee of the Mothers and Babies' Health Association in South Australia is forging ahead with arrangements for its new training school for infant welfare nurses. According to the secretary, Miss Kathleen Hilfers, the school, which is to be on South Terrace, Adelaide, will be ready for occupation in July.

There will be accommodation for at least six trainees, who will be divided into two groups—those studying infant welfare, and mothercraft students. The infant welfare course will be open to double-certified nurses and will take three months, while students wishing to take the mothercraft course need not have any previous nursing experience. The latter course will take either twelve or fifteen months, according to the decision of the committee, and will deal with the diet and development of the normal child.

Dr. Sandford Morgan, medical director of the association, will be medical officer of the training school.

## Day-long Freshness



HOW lovely and fresh you feel after a bath with Wright's Coal Tar Soap! - Its more costly materials and rich antiseptic lather cleanse pores thoroughly, removing every trace of dirt and danger. Wright's leaves your skin really clean; gives you day-long freshness. Wright's is the only toilet soap that's gained the Blue Seal of Merit, highest award of the Institute of Hygiene. It is the toilet soap that doctors themselves use more than any other.

**WRIGHT'S**  
Coal Tar Soap



**E**AGAD! It had been a night of surprises, and on top of the puzzle of the missing guinea was now piled the grimmer one as to who had wantonly murdered two feeble and harmless old men.

Riding recklessly over the black highway, he racked his brains for a solution of the problems. In some fashion, he fancied, they were connected. Ah! By the Lord Harry—

Something struck him across the chest and lifted him bodily out of the saddle.

Instinctively he kicked his left foot free of the stirrup, but the right twisted and stuck. Then he was falling, and knew an instant of agony before roaring blackness closed around him.

Though feeling sick and dizzy, Captain Ludovic forced back the groan that was on his parched lips and cautiously raised one eyelid just far enough to see where he was.

Years of watchfulness and hazard had made him wary as any old dog fox, and in the first painful minute of reviving consciousness he had been aware of voices near him and that he was bound tightly to a chair.

He was in a rudely furnished hut—a gamekeeper's by the look of it—and sitting at a table just in front of him were three men. Two were roughly dressed, stolid-faced countrymen, the third was Basil Raythorpe.

For a few minutes the captain sat quietly, while the throbbing of his head lessened and he found himself able to reconstruct the happenings of the night and connect them with the plight he was in.

'Twas evident that young Raythorpe had played a more cunning and daring game than he had given him credit for attempting. And he, Galloping Larry, who had outwitted and defied all the tipstaves and red-

coats ever sent to catch him, had been taken like a silly mouse in the trap set by that simpering, overdressed weakling.

Zooks, but he was sillier than the silliest mouse, for no rodent would be caught by a non-existent bait!

Well, 'twas done, and if he didn't use his wits to better effect in the very near future, he'd find himself taking his last ride on the three-legged mare of Tyburn.

"Ah, me young friend," he drawled, "so we meet again."

Raythorpe turned, his girlish face twisted into a sneering grin. "Awake at last, Captain Larry, are ye? Then you're just in time to see me start to bring the thief-takers. Since they'll want to view the coach and your victims, 'twill save time if I bring them to you instead o' taking you to them."

Although in a most venomous temper at being taunted by this mincing fop, Coverdale kept silent and Raythorpe went on:

"These brave fellows and I took you red-handed, and it's little chance you'll have o' wriggling out o' the noose this time."

"You took me red-handed doing what?"

"Murdering my poor uncle, and his coachman, you bloody-minded villain!"

"Oho! so I did that, did I? May I inquire if you saw me, or what proof you have?"

"We did not see you in the act, but your hands and clothes are blood-stained; we caught you coming from the wrecked coach just after the shots were fired, and in your pocket was my uncle's purse. Methinks, me dashing rumpad, that such a weight of evidence will be enough."

# BLOOD And GOLD

Continued from Page 18

"'Twould appear so," acknowledged the highwayman, "but one never can be sure. Tell me, an' you will, how you came to take me so neatly."

One of the yokels, a short squat fellow with wicked little eyes, broke into a laugh.

"Ho-ho, but that were my notion, Cap'n, an' as smart a one as ever was. We did but stretch a rope from tree to tree across 't' road an' wait for ye ter ride slap-bang into us."

"'Twas breast high," supplemented Raythorpe, "an' brought ye a rare crash—better 'sooth than we had hoped, for your foot remained tangled in the stirrup an' your nag dragged ye some yards."

"**C**ERTES, ye are masters o' strategy," commented Coverdale admiringly, "an' 'twould seem also of anticipation. How came it you were so conveniently there?"

"I was nervous of my old uncle travelling so far," declared Raythorpe, "but, being ever a head-strong man, he would not listen to my suggestion of a guard."

"So I decided to escort him without his knowledge and engaged these good fellows to ride with me. Unfortunately, we let the barouche get too far ahead in the dark, and the first intimation we had o' something being amiss were the pistol shots."

"Then, hearing someone racing back, we tied a rope across the road an' captured Galloping Larry."

"You had the foresight to provide a rope for the purpose," marvelled Captain Ludovic. "Egad, 'tis a genius of a prophet you must be,

me handsome liar! And is that the pretty story you intend telling the catchpols?"

"Aye, is it; and more'n enough to top ye for a murdering rogue!"

"Tehah, the tipstaves will not need that," murmured Coverdale lightly. "They know enough o' Galloping Larry to string him up a hundred times—when they catch him!"

Raythorpe rose. "I'm off now to fetch 'em," he said. "I ha' learned that the two constables specially commissioned to lay you by the heels, Captain Larry, are at the Warrenby Arms at Warrenby Wick waiting for ye to show up. It seems that inn is a favorite haunt o' yours."

"'Tis amazing how much you know," commented the highwayman with mock admiration, "and wonderful, demme, how perfectly you ha' planned. One might almost imagine you had expected your uncle being murdered to-night!"

The young man smiled complacently.

"I hold all the aces," he bragged, "and am no fool."

"Not so big a fool as you look, perhaps," admitted Coverdale, "but, nevertheless, you have a lot to learn. Mayhap, me brave, afore this game be played I might teach you that a joker trumps any ace."

"Pah, save your breath for the hangman's noose," sneered Raythorpe, and turned to his men. "I'll be back in two or three hours w' the catchpols. Guard him well, Ben, an' you, Hal, see he don't work his hands loose."

Hal, a tall sinewy ruffian, the antithesis of his ape-like comrade, grinned confidently.

**B**E easy, y'r honor. I larned them 'itches I the smuggling lay, an' would defy an' eel ter wriggle through 'em!"

Raythorpe nodded and without more ado went out and slammed the door behind him. A few minutes later, the three in the hut heard his mount clattering away into the night.

It took but a very short time for Captain Ludovic to discover that the hitches "learned in the smuggling lay" were all that was claimed of them. The more he pulled and twisted, the tighter they gripped.

At last his wrists, feeling on fire with the friction and strain, he gave up the futile attempt and began to consider other ways to freedom.

"How much are you being paid for—your night's work, me friend?" he affably began.

Ben eyed him suspiciously.

"That's our affair," he replied. "There's a reward o' six hundred for me," said the highwayman merrily, "but the tipstaves will gra most o' that I imagine."

"Eh?" cried Ben. "But 'twas us copped ye."

"Aye, but 'tis the accredited officers o' the law who'll claim the reward."

The two rustic vagabonds stared in angry surprise at the suggestion. They were stupid-looking, sheep-faced creatures, thought the captive, and 'twould be strange if he could not play upon their country-bred distrust and ignorance.

"That's not what Master Raythorpe said," growled Hal sullenly, "an' 'e's not like to go back on 'a promise to us."

"What did he promise?"

"Hold that tongue, Hal!" interposed the more cautious.

Please turn to Page 21



"MY LIFE'S A MISERY

## Can't I get Relief?

Says this woman who has slipped into the habit of constantly taking medicine.

**YES!**

says this famous American scientist.

"But not if you are daily forcing your system to act by taking a harsh medicine. Experimental studies on a group of women in various stages of health showed that the continued use of bran was thoroughly satisfactory. Unlike cathartics it did not lose its effect and restored each woman's system to normal regularity. Laboratory analysis also proved that Kellogg's All-Bran supplies vitamins B and iron as well as sufficient 'bulk' to keep you regular."



**YES!**

says this 48 years old mother.

"I thought that the daily use of a medicine was the only way to keep regular. Three months ago my condition became so serious I had to go to the doctor. I was astonished when he told me that I was heading for the operating theatre if I didn't stop the dangerous habit of taking medicine every day. He recommended All-Bran as a means of getting 'bulk' into my diet. That was three months ago and I haven't had a 'nervy' day since. I'm convinced that the daily use of purges is a thing of the past."



**YES!**

says this 29 years old solicitor.

"Because I had so little exercise and was careless in my diet I tried to keep regular by taking medicine every morning. However, I soon woke up to the fact that I was completely dependent on the daily use of harsh medicines to keep me well. Then I read about All-Bran. The idea of getting 'bulk' into my diet seemed a good one, so I got the wife to have a packet sent over from the grocer. Now both of us are convinced that it's the only way to keep well and it's certainly more satisfactory to know that we're keeping well the way Nature intended that we should."



### TAKING A HARSH MEDICINE DAILY IS DANGEROUS

Ask your Family Doctor. He will tell you that it is extremely dangerous to attempt to cure common constipation with a daily dose of harsh medicine. Common constipation is due mainly to lack of "bulk" in your diet. If you force your bowels to act every day with some kind of medicine you will gradually weaken your intestinal muscles.



Soon your bowels will not act without larger and more frequent doses. The safe way is Nature's way. Add "bulk" to your diet and build up your intestinal

muscles so they function naturally. Unfortunately most of the food we eat, such as white bread, meat, fish, milk, eggs and butter contain little or no "bulk". "Bulk", the fibrous element found in rough grains, vegetables and fruits, is essential. In Kellogg's All-Bran you get "bulk" in a concentrated form, and since it does not break down within the system, it is actually more effective. Start eating All-Bran tomorrow—two tablespoonfuls for breakfast every day for a week. If you do you won't need any more medicine. Play safe—get rid of your constipation Nature's way. All grocers sell Kellogg's All-Bran.



## Good Night, Sleep Tight, Dear Little "Quins"



**B**EDTIME'S near for the "Quins." One of the most lovable pictures ever taken of the Dionne quintuplets. It is one of a new series specially obtained by The Australian Women's Weekly and sent from New York by air mail.

[Copyright]



# GHOST of the "CRASHER" PILOT



## Tragedy of Four Australian Airmen Told by Lord Halifax

No. 7 in Our Thrilling True Ghost Series

This week Lord Halifax, in continuing his series of true ghost stories, leaves the atmosphere of country houses and haunted abbeys to give us a modern ghost—a ghost of the air.

He tells of a ghostly "crasher" pilot and the part he played in the deaths of four Australian airmen.

WHAT power was behind this malignant force for evil—this ghost of a young boy who took his own life then sought those of his comrades? The amazing story of the "crasher" pilot was told by Mr. Charles Dundas, of India, in the library of

HE SAW THE ghostly figure of the boy pilot behind him in the observer's seat.

Hickleton Hall—the Yorkshire seat of Lord Halifax.

Lord Halifax is connected with the Dundas family through his sister Alice, who married the Hon. John Charles Dundas, son of the first Marquis of Zetland.

Mr. Charles Dundas, who was the eldest son and thus a nephew of Lord Halifax, told the story in the following manner:

I must first tell you how I came to hear this story told.

Probably you all know that in 1919 we had a war with Afghanistan.

That war was brought to an immediate and sudden end by the fact that we had a very big aeroplane called "The Old Carthusian" out in India at the time, which was ordered to go and bomb Kabul.

This was shortly after the murder of the late Amir Habibullah Khan, in which ex-King Amanullah was supposed to have had a part.

The main object of bombing the city was to alarm the mother of Amanullah, a result so sufficiently attained that immediately afterwards a message came to the effect that the Afghans wanted peace.

Between our outposts and Kabul there is a mountain some 6000 feet high (more than 2000 feet higher than Ben Nevis), and the men in the aeroplane had the greatest difficulty in returning.

They only cleared the top of the mountain by ten feet and crashed on the other side, doing themselves a certain amount of damage.

The pilot was a little man about 5ft. in height, named Halle, a well-known flying man, and with him was a fellow aviator named Villiers who had served in France but had retired from the Air Force and was in business in Calcutta. When the war with Afghanistan broke out he had rejoined.

Not long afterwards I was coming home to England and met Villiers on board the P. and O. liner.

I did not then know that he was a flying man, but about twelve o'clock one day I was talking to him and two senior colonels of the Indian Army, acting as brigadiers in Mesopotamia. We were in the Red Sea at the time.

The conversation turned on Gallipoli and Mesopotamia, and especially on the behaviour of the Australian troops in both these theatres.

### Strange Story

VILLIERS then said he could tell a curious story of the Australian Flying Corps.

At that moment, the weather being hot, I suggested a whisky and soda, but he refused, saying, "If I take it you will certainly not believe the story I am going to tell you."

He had, he said, been quartered in France at a flying camp next door to an Australian squadron.

As everybody knows, most of the pilots in France were young men of from nineteen to twenty-four years of age, and were sometimes even younger than that.

The Australian airmen were especially daring, but when they were off duty the pilots and observers led the wildest of lives and spent their time in gambling, drinking, and other forms of dissipation, on the principle of "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

It was the war atmosphere and in this the Australians were no different to any other troops.

One night a game of poker was going on among four young pilots

### Uncanny and True

THE Halifax Ghost Book, from which these stories are taken, is a most remarkable collection of tales of ghosts, dreams and premonitions and other eerie happenings gathered by the father of the present Lord Halifax, British Cabinet Minister.

The stories are authenticated by some eminent personage, and published exclusively each week in The Australian Women's Weekly.

belonging to the same flight, who were all due to go up the next morning.

Since they were all heavily in debt the game was carried on largely on credit.

The heaviest loser was the youngest pilot, who, at the end of the evening, gave L.O.U.'s for his debts, saying, "I cannot possibly pay you to-night, but I will pay you all to-morrow."

Next morning the weather was fair for flying, and the youngest pilot was due to go up first.

His machine had hardly got to a height of 300 feet when it suddenly spun into a dive in a way that was impossible unless it had been forced into it by the pilot. At least it was not how a plane out of control would fall normally.

### Killed on Spot

THERE was a crash and the pilot was killed on the spot. He was the young man who had said he would pay all the others on the next day.

The next to go up was another of the four poker players.

He was flying a dual-control machine with a seat for an observer, but the observer's seat was empty.

When he reached a height of nearly 500 feet his machine suddenly stalled and crashed to the ground. The pilot was not killed on the spot, although he died a little later.

When he was asked how the crash had happened, he replied that the boy who had already been killed was sitting behind him in the observer's seat and had jammed the controls and pulled him down.

The third member of the poker party of the night before was the next to go up. He was alone, and had reached about the same height as had the other when the same accident happened to him.

As he was killed on the spot, it was never known how he had come by his end.

By this time the pilots in the squadron, in the current expression, were "getting the wind up." Two men had already been killed outright and one had been mortally injured.

The fourth poker player now went to his flight-commander and asked to be excused from taking a machine up that morning. His request was refused on the grounds that someone had to go up, and each must take his turn.

So he went out, and when he had risen to about 500 feet for some reason his machine stalled and crashed like the others.

He was alive when he was picked up, and lived just long enough to tell those about him that the young pilot had been sitting behind him and had wrenched the controls away.

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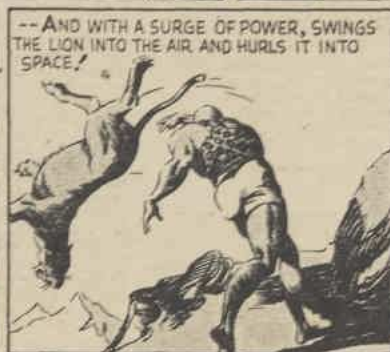
# Mandrake the Magician



## THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and  
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are endeavoring to  
rescue  
M. DUCHAMP: Eminent Parisian chemist, who, under the  
evil hypnotic influence of  
THE COBRA: Wizard of hypnosis and telepathy, has kid-  
napped  
SUZETTE: His own lovely daughter, and taken her by plane

to the fastnesses of Tibet, and the cavernlands of  
The Cobra.  
Mandrake and Lothar, learning that they have gone to "the  
source of the five red rivers," a waterfall in Tibet,  
follow, and at the entrance to the Cobra's country en-  
counter a fearsome dragon. Mandrake, however, fear-  
lessly walks up to it and through it, thus proving it  
to be merely an illusion to frighten off curious natives.  
They continue on their way. NOW READ ON—







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# BLOOD And GOLD

Continued from Page 20

"WHAT do it mat-  
ter?" answered Hal. "Tis but fair  
wages for t' risk we ran, which  
nobody can deny."

He turned to address the captain.  
"A hundred apiece from he, an'  
all the reward to divvy atween us."  
"Which," said Coverdale slowly,  
"is about four hundred pounds each  
—if you get it!"

They were silent, but it was evident  
that their native mistrust of London  
thief-takers and town methods was  
thoroughly aroused.

"Four hundred, if you get it!" re-  
peated the captain with emphasis.  
"Whereas, if you'll cut these cords  
an' let me go, I'll give you a thous-  
and apiece!"

That startled them. A thousand  
was a sum so huge that they could  
not conceive it. It was beyond their  
simple minds to compute, but  
well within their gross imaginations  
to visualize the vista of ease and  
pleasure such a fortune would bring.

"Lawks!" breathed Hal dazedly.  
"A thousand pun'!"

"Tchah!" he'd not pay," scoffed  
Ben. "Promises is easy, but once  
astride 'is prancer 'e'd let us whistle.  
Sides I don't no 'ow believe as 'ow  
'e's got two thousand pun'—even ter  
save 'is life!"

"Oh, yes I have!" asserted the  
captain, "an' what's more, me brave,  
you should know that Galloping  
Larry's word is good for more than  
that, an' what he pledges he ful-  
fils."

"Aye, so they do say," agreed Hal,  
and cast a speculative glance at his  
associate. "It can be done, Ben,"  
he said, eagerly.

"To my way o' thinking I'd sooner  
trust Cap'en Larry, who, as every-  
one knows, 'as been ever a good  
friend to such as us, than them  
sneaking London tipstaves, who're  
no one's friends but their own."

But Ben, frightened of the con-  
sequences, was not to be persuaded  
so easily.

"That's all very fine," he argued,  
"but what'll we say to Maister Ray-

thorpe an' the thief-takers if 'e's  
gone when they come?"

"We won't be 'ere!" said Hal,  
simply.

"But them law 'ounds will find  
us, an' 'ang us! What good'll a  
thousand pun' be to us then?"

"No, cully, better ter get what  
we can lawful an' safe than ten  
times as much what we can't enjoy."

Here was deadlock, and while the  
two men glared at each other across  
the table, Coverdale cast about in  
his mind for some means to break  
it.

"Zooks!" he wearily grumbled, "if  
ye are determined to send me to  
Tyburn, ye'd best save me from  
dying o' thirst in this plaguy chair."

"Ye've taken enough guineas out  
o' my pockets to-night to warrant a  
few bottles o' wine or jack o' ale,  
an' if this hut's anywhere near where  
you caught me, the Green Man Inn  
can't be more'n a mile away."

Ben licked his lips and rose.

"Aye, it's a throat like sawdust I  
have meself. I'll go an'—"

He broke off as he perceived the  
intent expression on the face of Hal;  
the peculiar glitter in his eyes.

"No," he said, deliberately, "you  
go, Hal, an' I'll watch the cap'en!"

The tall ex-smuggler cursed.

"Ods death!" he bellowed, "Can't  
you trust me?"

"Ne'er mind 'bout that," replied  
Ben, obstinately. "I'm stopping  
'ere! You can do as you've a mind  
to."

Hal considered, and surprisingly  
his anger died.

"Aw right," he agreed. "I'll go!"

As he passed the captain he bent  
close and whispered swiftly: "I've  
got a plan—watch when I come  
back!"

Without a glance at the scowling  
Ben, he slouched to the door and  
was gone.

For a few minutes following his  
departure the hut was silent; then  
Ben asked:

"What did the twisty snake say  
to ye, Cap'en?"

"Naught!"

"Don't lie; I saw 'im whisper sum-  
mat!"

"He said nothing, I tell you!"

"The sly slinky weasel be plotting  
some devilry 'gainst me, so's 'e can  
let you go," muttered the squat  
rogue, uneasily. Abruptly he rose,  
went to the fire and shoved the  
poker into the glowing embers.

"When that's 'ot you'll tell me!"  
he said, with ominous and horrible  
meaning.

"You—you would torture me?"  
quavered Coverdale.

"The surly ruffian did not answer,  
but waited patiently until the iron  
was red-hot. Then he took it from  
the fire and held it so close to the  
bound highwayman's eyes that the  
lashes stung.

"I'll gi' ye two seconds to tell  
afore I sizzle yer peepers out!" he  
viciously declared.

THE captain  
strained at the cords; his face be-  
came convulsed with fear.

"Don't—don't—not my eyes!" he  
pleaded.

"What did 'e say?"

"He said—Oh, for mercy's sake  
take it away!—he said that when he  
returns he'll knife you in the back  
and let me go!"

"The cur!" gasped Ben, hoarsely,  
and flung the poker into the hearth,  
"the dirty dog!"

He dropped into a chair by the  
table, brooding darkly on the pro-  
posed treachery; while Coverdale  
inwardly congratulated himself on  
his recent acting.

Suddenly Ben blurted: "I sus-  
picioned 'twas summat o' the sort;  
never did I trust the damned smug-  
gler. D'yer think 'e'll 'ave a try ter  
knife me, Cap'en?"

"Assuredly; he'd knife a dozen for  
two thousand pounds."

Ben's eyes bulged at mention of so  
vast a fortune.

"Two thousand, says you?"

"That's what I promised, me  
brave; a thousand each! An' if  
only one of you is left he'll get both  
shares."

"An' 'e'd kill me for it—'e said  
so!" snarled Ben. "So why shouldn't  
I kill 'im, eh? W! Two thousand I  
could go anywhere—far enough from  
the Lunnion catchpols—be safe for  
life—live like a Macaroni!"

'Twas plain the seed was sown,  
and the captain was content to sit  
watching and waiting for the flower-  
ing.

Ben came out of scowling reverie  
to ask:

"If I cuts you loose it's a hanging  
matter, so I may's well do for Hal  
afore 'e does fer me, an' get the  
full two thousand."

"It's a very sensible fellow ye  
are," said the captain.

"When will you pay me?"

"At noon to-morrow, at any  
place you care to name."

Ben regarded him fixedly, and was  
satisfied Captain Larry would keep  
his word.

"Ye must 'ave plenty o' money  
'd away?"

"I have," said Coverdale, thinking  
of his bags of guineas in the priest's  
hole of the old Warrenby Arms Inn.

"Then I'll be near the gibbet on  
'Angman's' I'll at noon to-morrow,"  
decided Ben.

"So shall I—w! the money!"

BEN drew a long  
knife from his belt, passed behind  
the chair, and cut the thongs which  
bound the highwayman's wrists and  
arms. Coming in front he knelt to  
cut the ankle lashings, when the  
sound of footsteps outside the door  
brought him hurriedly to his feet.

"I'll loose yer legs—after," he  
hissed. "Shove yer hands be'ind an'  
pretend ter be still tied."

The captain was stiff in the chair;  
Ben sprawling at the table when  
Hal came in carrying four bottles  
of wine and a huge jack of ale.

"Wine's fer you, Cap'en," he said,  
putting his burdens on the table.

"Ben an' me like ale the—"

The sentence died gurgling in his  
throat. He shrieked, tried to turn,  
staggered a few steps, grabbed wildly  
at the air, and then crashed face  
downward to the floor.

Ben coolly cleaned the red blade  
of his knife on the murdered man's  
jacket.

"I know the spot to stick 'em,"  
he bragged. "Upward 'tween the  
lower ribs and w! a Spanish twist  
to the steel."

He wiped his hot face with his  
sleeve, picked up the jack of ale, and  
drank deeply.

"Abt that's better!" he sighed,  
and took another long swig.

A peculiar expression spread  
slowly over his face.

"It tastes main bitter," he re-  
marked, and stared at the captain  
with the fear of death in his wicked  
little eyes.

"Gord-a-mercy!" he croaked. "I  
forgot 'e lives nigh 'ere an' 'is cot-  
tage be overrun w! rats. 'E's been  
'ome an'—"

A spasm of pain shook him. He  
doubled up with hands pressed to  
his stomach, and screamed—  
screamed. Then he slumped to the  
floor, to lie writhing and kicking  
his life away in the blood of the  
man he had murdered—and who  
had murdered him.

Coverdale watched the doomed  
wretch's struggles for a while, and,  
with a shrug, bent to unpick the  
knots that held his legs to the  
chair.

There was nothing he could do  
for Ben. It was obvious from the  
swift and violent action that Hal  
had been devilish generous with the  
rat poison.

Free at last, Captain Ludovic left  
the hut with its sickening reek of  
the shambles, and breathed deeply  
of the cool night air.

To his delight he found Nero  
tethered to a nearby tree, and the  
great stallion nuzzled his shoulder  
affectionately while he took two  
pistols from the saddle holsters and  
slipped them into his side pockets.

BACK in the hut  
he discovered his sword and belt in  
a corner by the fireplace, and hat  
and cloak beside them.

Ben was dead, and he picked the  
body up, sat it in the chair he had  
himself so recently occupied, and  
lashed it into life-like position.

Hal he propped in a chair by the  
table with his back to the door.

Finally, the captain examined the  
flints and chargings of his pistols,  
shaded the lantern with a piece of  
cloth further to darken the dim  
room, adjusted sword belt and cloak,  
and settled himself to wait.

It was, he reflected with grim  
humor, almost time to take the odd  
trick with the joker.

An hour later his road-trained  
ears caught the sound of approach-  
ing horses. They would be bring-  
ing Raythorpe and the thief-takers.

The highwayman rose, glanced  
around the hut, at the dead men in  
their chairs, and took up his posi-  
tion so close to the door that when

## The Australian Women's Weekly

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received.

opened it would swing back to hide  
him.

From outside drifted voices, and  
a few seconds later the door was  
kicked open and Raythorpe swag-  
gered in.

Close behind him were the catch-  
pols and, peeping through a con-  
venient crack, the captain recognized  
his old and indefatigable enemies,  
Bridges and Trumper.

"Here we be, Hal!" cried Ray-  
thorpe, snatching the dead man  
jovially on the shoulder. "Every-  
thing—"

His jaw dropped, eyes dilated at  
closer view of the postured corpse.  
As in horrors of nightmare, he  
turned to encounter yet another pair  
of glassy unheeding eyes.

"They—they're dead!" he stam-  
mered.

The constables advanced into the  
centre of the room.

"Dead as mutton!" corroborated  
Bridges. "And, as 'e always is, that  
there Larry's gone!"

"But how—how? I left him bound  
tight in that same chair as poor  
Ben's in now, and they were both  
armed and resolute men. How could  
he get loose and kill them?"

Please turn to Page 26

"This is my corner, I'll have to  
leave you here... good-bye!"

"Oh! must you?  
... good-bye!"

"Why do you  
think Kerry  
is avoiding  
you, dear?"

"I wish I knew!  
He was so attentive  
and then..."

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LOVELY—BUT.....

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# Intimate Jottings by Caroline.

## DID YOU KNOW—

That Mrs. Keith Stanton and baby Susan returned from their holiday at Toowoomba on Thursday by plane? They also chose the aerial mode of travel when they left for the North.

That Lady Waley is staying with her daughter, Mrs. Victor Delaney, in Melbourne?

## Gay Adventure

WHAT a gay adventure Maxine Darrow's romance has turned out to be. Her fiancé, William Neil MacDonald, is the owner of Fossil Downs, Fitzroy Crossing, West Kimberley, a cattle station which measures just the mere 2,000,000 acres. It was part-owned by Sir Sidney Kidman, but William bought him out.

The bride has had no country experience, and can't ride, but is full of enthusiasm for her home. The house has been built of concrete blocks perforated with a large hole through which runs from piping from ceiling to floor to keep the place cool.

Some of the furniture suitable for tropical conditions has already been brought from Singapore, and the final bits and pieces will be chosen in Perth. Maxine intends keeping to bright coloring in cheerful greens and yellows.

The wedding will take place at St. Stephen's Church on March 21, with Jean MacDonald, Marjorie Kingsall, Yvonne Sandry, and Tom Fearnall as bridesmaids.

Mrs. Edgar Bainton is due back from her trip to Scotland this week. The first party given to welcome her home will take place at the Hotel Australia on Friday, with Mrs. Hope Gibson and Mrs. Harold Bott as hostesses.

## Country Wedding

FUCHSIA, mauve, and blue was the lovely combination of colors chosen for her bridesmaids and flower girl by Mrs. Adrian Sutherland, formerly Sally Ewing, of Bathurst.

The Sutherland-Ewing wedding took place at All Saints' Cathedral, Bathurst, on Wednesday night and was the social event of the week in that district.

The bride, who is slim and dark, wore a becoming gown of white shark-skin, long as to train and scalloped at the edges.

It's a far cry to Largs Bay, South Australia, but that is where Margaret Forster, daughter of the F. B. Forsters, comes from to study art in Sydney.

## Scottish Visitor

JEAN HARPER, a Scottish visitor, who has been with us for several months, has booked a suite on the Strathmore for her return voyage.

She has thoroughly enjoyed her visit here, but is naturally anxious to catch a glimpse of purple heather again. Jean's lovely old home is just out of Glasgow. Our visitor made a flying visit to Tasmania last month.

## "Debs." from W.A.

FIVE charming West Australians—Sonya Johnson, Joan Ewmy, Iris Carder-Fillars, Rio Chrysal, and Betty Moore—made their debut in Sydney on Thursday night.

They were presented, by Lady Julius, president of the Kindred Associations, at the ball given in honor of the 150th Anniversary Celebrations in the Town Hall. Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, president of the W.A. Association, and Mr. W. Taylor, Trade Commissioner for Tasmania, received the debutantes.

## Orion Sails

TREMENDOUSLY gay was the scene on board the Orion just before the whistle blew on Wednesday. Lord Nuffield, who had been quietly staying inognito at one of Sydney's most exclusive private hotels since his return from New Zealand, was, of course, the highlight of the passenger list.

Mrs. Tom Gibson, sister-in-law of Lang Gibson, was on board, en route for a trip to Tasmania. Many Sydney friends remember her as Ruby Brabazon, of Queensland, who spent her schooldays at Kambala. Mrs. Gibson will spend a few days here before returning to her home in the far north.

## Eyes Skyward

ALL eyes skyward on Saturday last for the first interstate aerial pageant arranged by the Royal Aero Club of N.S.W. Cars in their hundreds made for the Kingsford Smith aerodrome, where the events were held. I was surprised to learn that no women entered for the elimination contests in New South Wales, but Freda Thompson, of Victoria, and Esther L'Estrange, of Queensland, upheld the honor of the feminine sex. The two girls took part in formation flying, aerobatics, and landing.



A LAUGHING STUDY of Miss Edith Abbott, younger daughter of the Mayor and Mayoress of Newcastle. Alderman and Mrs. H. A. J. Abbott, whose marriage to Rev. John Watson, of Rangiora, N.Z., will take place at St. Andrew's Scotch Church, Rose Bay, on April 2.

## Wedding in India

WE are all agog to hear further details of Rosemary Shepherd's marriage to Captain Rex Madoc, of the Royal Marines. It is to take place this month in Madras, where Rosemary is the guest of the Governor and his wife, Lady Margery Erskine. Her fiancé is one of the Governor's aides-de-camp.

Although Rosemary met him when she was staying in India last year, it was not until she returned this time that any romance was thought of.

With Lady Margery Erskine, Rosemary is to spend some weeks in Burma just before her marriage, which will be held at G.H.



## Coming-of-Age Dance

ONE of the brightest of last week's parties was Dawn Jackson's coming-of-age dance at the Small Arms School, Randwick, on Tuesday. Dawn is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. R. E. Jackson, of Melbourne. For the past two years she has been living in the south with her parents, but as she has so many friends here, where she was educated, it was decided to hold her twenty-first birthday here. A charming frock of pastel-green organdie with a short, matching jacket was worn by the guest of honor, who pinned lily-of-the-valley to her shoulder and in her hair.

Dawn received lots of gifts, flowers, and heaps of birthday wishes from her many friends. She was assisted in entertaining by Colonel and Mrs. Jackson and her brother, Donald, recently graduated from Duntroon with the sword of honor.

Dawn and her mother, who have been spending a holiday in Sydney, will return to Melbourne shortly.

Mrs. Con Abbott and Pat and Peggy Leary are three Melbourne visitors at present staying at 32 Macleay Street.

## Passing of Norfolk House

I WAS interested to hear from London recently that Norfolk House, home of the famous Dukes of Norfolk for centuries and birthplace of a King, is being razed, and its priceless contents sold under the auctioneer's hammer to whoever wants to buy.

Recalling scenes of past splendor the lovely old place is full of treasures. The walls of the famous long drawing-room are hung with crimson silk damask, now faded and stained with years of London's soot, and many of the graceful old Louis XVI settees are in undignified need of repair. But a flavor of the past still permeates those rooms, and it seemed a desecration that the mechanics connected with the pushing of an age could not be carried on in a more suitable manner.

## Cheery Farewell

AFTER many changes of sailing dates Dr. and Mrs. Dan Thompson and daughter Lyndall, sailed in the Parakoola on Wednesday night. A bevy of friends and relatives came to the ship to give them a final cheer.

Flowers and interesting-looking parcels littered up the cabin and a perfect sheaf of telegrams awaited opening.

Mrs. Laurie Rutledge was a surprise visitor at the ship's side. She came all the way from Queipie, Queensland, to bid farewell to the travellers.

Molly Dye has just returned from Wellington, N.Z., where she was the guest of Mrs. Trevor M. Hinkley.

## Chinese Festival

NEVER have I seen such a concourse of people as I did at the Showground on Thursday night at the brilliant Chinese Festival. The torchlight procession succeeded in capturing the glamor of the East, and the much-heralded dragon was specially entraining.

Among those who had a view of the proceedings from the official stand and who received a rousing welcome when they arrived were Mr. J. M. Cunningham, Minister in Charge of Celebrations, and Mrs. Cunningham, Mr. D. G. McDougall, organising secretary, and Colonel Somerville, who made the R.A.S. Ground available for the festivity.

Consul-General for China and Madame Pao were also among the interested spectators.

Staying at Hadley's Hotel, Hobart, is Mrs. Robert Dixon, of Elwatan, Castle Hill.

## I LIKE—

The charming diamond brooch in key pattern being worn by Mrs. John Digby at present visiting Sydney from Tenterfield. It was recently brought from London by her father, Dr. Stephens.

## FASHION WISDOM . . . By Colette

If one formal must do for many—



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Do blot out the large mid-section by having purse and gloves blend with your costume. Wear your belt about two inches wide and have it match your dress. Brighten your costume with a gay boutonniere, etc.





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## "I'll tell you 'ow,"

put in Trumper mournfully. "Cause 'e ain't 'uman, that's 'ow! The owdacious piece o' villainy in England be that same Cap'en Larry, an' a real slap-up nib for never bein' where you think 'e is—"

The door slammed and all three jumped and whirled.

Standing with his back to it was a black-cloaked figure holding a long horse-pistol steadily levelled in each hand.

"Ga-galloping La-larry!" stutted Trumper.

Raythorpe stood in a palsy of terror as he read the inexorable message in the highwayman's cold eyes. Bridges cursed and recklessly dived a hand into his pocket.

Coverdale's left pistol flashed and roared, and the thief-taker was flung backwards with a ball in the right shoulder.

"I'm in no mood for trifling," said the captain. "Put those dead men on the floor and you, Bridges, and you, Trumper, take their places!"

"Over in yon corner, Raythorpe, ye'll find rope. Bind your new friends to the chairs—an' be right careful ye do it well!"

When the lipstaves were trussed

he turned again to the shivering youth.

"Sit ye in the remaining chair," he ordered, and dexterously bound him in turn. Then he pushed the pistols into his belt, sat on the edge of the table, and thoughtfully twirled his moustachios as he swung his legs.

"Give good heed to me, Bridges," he began, "for 'tis a rare tale o' blood and gold—aye, an' villainy, that I'm going to tell ye.

"Four men ha' died to-night, all done violently to death to further the scheme o' that damned simpering wastrel who brought ye here."

Bridges, though white and faint with pain of his wound, laughed.

"It don't seem no'ow likely that Master Raythorpe 'ud kill 'is own uncle," he said, "an' 'is certain as 'ow 'e didn't murder them two on the floor. No, Cap'en, it's—"

"You could never see past your gin-soaked nose," interrupted Coverdale, "but I'm going to make sure that for once you do!"

"Some nights ago Raythorpe told me that his uncle, old Jasper Cour-

tenay, would be carrying five thousand guineas to Newminster on Friday—which is to-night—to complete a purchase o' land.

"He agreed to take one thousand in payment for the information if I was successful in lifting the loot. That was but a crafty deceit to make the story more convincing.

"For I stopped old Courtenay's barouche to-night an' got only his purse o' twenty-five guineas for my trouble. There was no other money."

"So, feeling vicious, you shoots 'im!" suggested Trumper.

"No! I left him unharmed to go his way. His nephew shot him and, o' course, had to kill the coachman too, since the old servant had recognised him. Yes, young Raythorpe did it—and I fancy I know why!"

"Fancy, do yer? 'Twill be more than fancy yer'll need to prove it!" sneered Bridges.

"The murderer is going to prove it," said Coverdale softly. "I ha' lately learned a pretty method for loosening stiff lips."

He shoved the poker into the fire, and continued:

"As a rule I'm against putting men to the question, for they are apt to confess anything to stop their torture. But in this case methinks the truth, however 'tis got, may be easily verified."

He drew the glowing iron from the fire and approached the young ex-quisite.

"I have so heavy a score to settle w' you," he said icily, "that I don't care a Flanders curse whether you speak or not. 'Tisoot would gi' me pleasure to press the end o' this iron slo'—into your fishy eyes!"

Raythorpe felt the searing heat and shrieked. The captain smiled mirthlessly at the terrified youth's ravings, pleas and moans for mercy.

"'Tis the truth alone will save ye!" he said, and moved the red-hot poker nearer.

Raythorpe went frantic; babbling insanely, incoherently in the extremity of his terror.

"I'll confess," he screamed, his nerve utterly broken. "I'll tell all—'but take it away, take it away—!"

Coverdale withdrew the poker a few inches.

"Speak then," he invited.

THE words came in a gush of relief, while the speaker's eyes never left the poker.

"I was desperate for money an' fearful o' being cast into gaol, so threatening were my creditors. Then, as the last straw, someone informed my uncle o' my gambling and he told me he was going to his lawyers in Newminster on Friday to draw and sign a new will which would dispossess me entirely.

"So there was no hope for me after that, and I plunged heavier than ever while my credit remained—and lost.

"The night I played w' you in Marco's I learned you were Galloping Larry, the highwayman, and I saw a way to save my inheritance by—by killing my uncle before he had signed the new will, and—and—"

"Throwing the blame on me," finished Captain Ludovic. "Yes, so much is clear—go on!"

"So I informed you he was carrying five thousand guineas to Newminster, and you believed me."

The highwayman and tipstaves were intent. Told as it was by the wretched youth, the story was obviously true, and Trumper's involuntary: "Oh, wot a vicious young war-mint!" summed up the general opinion.

"I hired those—those two," Raythorpe nodded at the dead men on

the floor, "to ride with me, but instructed them to keep a long way behind the barouche, while I rode well ahead of it."

"Ah!" interposed Coverdale, "that was the one point I was dubious about. Then you were not with them when they took me w' the rope?"

"No, I followed you down the road. I sooth I think 'twas my horse's hoofs that made ye leave the carriage at a gallop; at least, I had planned it so. As ye now know, Ben and Hal were waiting w' the rope and so took ye."

"Was they aks—aksee—ossories?" inquired Trumper.

COVERDALE indicated the two still bodies with a sweeping gesture.

"What do accessories matter now?" he said and turned again to Raythorpe.

"'Twould seem then," he said, "that you kept just far enough ahead of the coach to hear me stop it. After I rode away, you came back to meet it and spoke to your uncle—possibly he even sympathised w' him on being robbed."

"How d'you know that?" exclaimed Raythorpe.

"'Twas a black night earlier on, afore the moon rose, an' such deadly pistolling must ha' been done at very close range—eh?"

Raythorpe did not answer.

"One last point," drawled the captain, and began to search the bound youth's pockets. From inside the flowered waistcoat he pulled a long document and scrutinised it with interest.

"As I surmised," he announced, "this is the will making you the old man's heir. He would doubtless be taking it to his lawyer to have his minor legacies copied into the new one."

"'Tis little I know o' law, but I believe that when a man dies intestate his son inherits. Well, demme, Jasper Courtenay did, an' his son will—"

He flung the document into the fire and stirred its ashes to dust with the poker.

"An' that," he remarked lightly, "is the brightest part o' this dark business. I knew Ralph Courtenay, the son—'tisoot he charged stirrup to stirrup at Blenheim. He was a likely lad, and a good brother-in-arms in fair days and foul.

"So I am gratified that I may e'en now effect a service for one o' the Green Dragons. Ralph will inherit, an' you, Raythorpe, will hang! Will he not Bridges?"

"As nice a neck ter a bit o' strong rope as ever I did see, Cap'en," replied the thief-taker; "but, ods bods! I'd rather 'twas yours I was a-takin' to the Frutes Tree!"

"Keep on persevering, me brave," laughed the highwayman, and drawing his sword, he passed behind Trumper's chair and half severed his wrist lashings.

"W' a bit of effort ye should work free in an hour or so," he hinted, and walked to the door. It opened, and into the hut above the pale light of the moon, forming a white oblong patch on the dirty floor.

Across it danced a long shadow passing into the dark. The door closed; the moonlight and shadow vanished.

To the ears of the three men straining at their bonds came a scraping of hoofs which grew to a trot, a canter, and then a reckless gallop dying into the night.

Galloping Larry was under the moon.

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# THE MOVIE WORLD

March 5, 1938.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

## Calling Australia! Moviedom News and Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and  
BARBARA BOURCHIER  
from New York and Hollywood

### Sued Again

CONSTANCE BENNETT is being sued again. This time it's the eminent artist, Will Pogany, who is suing her for £700. Connie refuses to pay for the portrait he did of her because she says it doesn't look like her.

Pogany claims he had trouble with her from the beginning. First he painted her with her legs crossed, but La Bennett decided her legs looked too fat that way, so he changed that. Then she had him lengthen the arms and legs.

"If," Pogany says, "Miss Bennett would stand up in the picture as it is now, she would be more than six feet tall."

But he doesn't mind that. He objects to her saying the portrait does not resemble her, because that reflects on his ability as an artist.

### Reinforced Frocks

FOR "Marie Antoinette," Norma Shearer will have to bear sixty pounds of dress on her frail shoulders.

Several of her costumes are built over a steel framework, and the trimmings of beads and passementerie weigh them down so they can hardly be lifted.

### Marriage a la Mode

LUPE VELEZ and Johnny Weissmuller have worked out a way to make their marriage more enduring. They occupy separate domiciles, and each one is free to go out with other friends.

Lupe's escort of recent nights has been Jon Hall. She has dinner with husband Johnny

### Gloria, Goodbye!

• All attempts to bring glamorous Gloria Swanson back to the screen have failed. The star of other days has finally decided to give up her mansion in Beverly Hills. She is dismantling the entire house and is saying good-bye to her friends at a farewell tea. She leaves for New York shortly to make permanent residence there, and her children will join her at the end of the school session.

Hollywood has been the scene of many triumphs for Gloria Swanson. It must be hard to mark the end of that happy era.

There is talk of her trying the legitimate stage in New York.

occasionally, but if he says he has an appointment she doesn't inquire with whom.

Lupe is most enthusiastic over this new marriage plan, and says that one thing she is sure of is that they will not divorce. She has had enough of such nonsense!

Johnny, like Tarzan, won't talk.



### Wisecracks in "Wise Girl"

• Gay comedy from R.K.O.-Radio, "Wise Girl" has a different plot for Miriam Hopkins, and a Bohemian setting. At top left, Miriam herself is seen with her two nieces, Betty Philson and Marianna Strelby, whom she wishes to rescue from the guardianship of the artists' colony.

Top right, one of the artists, Ray Milland, co-starred with Miriam. Centre, Guinn Williams, in the comedy role of sculptor, uses fists as well as chisel; and right, Miriam's duplicity is discovered by Milland. Bottom left, Ray lands in gaol as a result. Lastly, Henry Stephenson, as Miriam's father, has a moment of melancholy.

### Mixed Fathers

TWO Hollywood tenors have become fathers. Allan Jones was presented with a baby boy by his wife, Irene Hervey.

Dick Powell formally adopted Norman Scott Barnes, the three-year-old son of his wife, Joan Blondell.

The boy's real father, George S. Barnes, cameraman, consented to the adoption by the Powells, because he realises the disadvantages of a child of divorced parents. Besides, he thinks Dick is a swell chap.

### Secretary, New Style

ELEANOR POWELL is the first glamor girl to employ a male secretary. The stars have gone in for all sorts of fancy accessories, but Eleanor's young man is the first of his kind.

The pretty dancer is travelling from California to New York with her 23-year-old secretary, whose name is Sidney Luft. He looks more like a "swing" or rumba expert than a typist.

Manuel Irigoyen, the millionaire Peruvian who showered her with orchids, cablegrams, and costly gifts, is meeting her in New York. Eleanor says they are just friends.

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A large black and white photograph of a woman with dark hair, looking down and to the left. A single white flower is tucked into her hair. She is wearing a patterned garment. Below this, there is a smaller, rectangular inset photograph showing a man in a hat and a woman in a dark hat, both looking towards the camera.

Myrna, who found love and marriage at a comparatively late age, has all the level-headed wisdom, profound understanding, sympathy, and tolerance that it takes to make wedding life a success.



# FIGURE PLUS VOICE

## They Bring Fame To Lily Pons

By JOAN McLEOD, from Hollywood

**L**ILY Lily Pons (7 stone 6 pounds) owes her screen success to other assets besides her vocal cords and her vivacity.

*Although a grand opera soprano of high status, this little lady has a face and figure of captivating beauty.*

**O**N the operatic stage it is usual to see a baritone swearing devotion to a lumbering mammoth of womanhood, who may be easy on the ears, but is distinctly hard on the eyes.

Not so on the screen. Ever since Grace Moore's sensational emergence there has been a heavy demand for the singer with sex appeal. And though desirable divas are few, Lily is emphatically one of them.

Most singers, male and female, are battling incessantly to control their waistline. Yet with Lily the situation is precisely opposite.

The executives of her studio, R.K.O., are given much worry by the tiny lady's tendency to lose weight under the strain of high-pressure film production.

So, unique in this respect in Hollywood, she now employs three stand-ins, one for acting scenes, another for singing, and a third for dancing. These assistants relieve her of much of the effort involved by rehearsals.

### Indecorous Dress

**F**OR the tropical outdoor scenes of her latest film, "Hitting a New High," it was nevertheless necessary for her to go through long rehearsals herself.

In one bathing scene she had to spend forty hours in the water. Anxious to guard against the danger of illness, the studio used 8000 gallons of purified drinking water, heated to a temperature of 80 degrees, for the purpose.

As a result of her exceptional physical beauty Lily has been called on to appear in rather less decorous costumes than perhaps any opera star has ever publicly worn before.

In "Hitting a New High" she appears as a cabaret girl in saucy "lights," and also as a jungle bird girl in a brief costume of vulture and goose feathers, weighing six ounces in all.

Opera lovers were outraged by the news that Miss Pons was to sing certain classical arias in this revealing regalia.

In response to their clamor the arias were cancelled, though she still wears the costume.

For generations operatic sopranos have felt it their right to put on airs, as well as arias. Even Grace Moore found it beneath her dignity not long ago to sing while milking a cow.

But Lily Pons does not give a hoot for dignity or temperament.

In "I Dream Too Much," her first picture, to which she went straight from the New York Metropolitan Opera House, she included a hot song-and-dance number among her serious ones.

And in her new film she sings four lively modern tunes as well as four of her favorite operatic numbers.

So, although considered one of the greatest prima donnas of to-day, she is probably the least orthodox figure in the operatic world.

Gay and lively, she gets plenty of enjoyment from the comedy parts in which she excels. She is quite at home among such eccentrics as Edward Everett Horton, Jack Oakie, and Eric Blore.

Born in Cannes, in the south of France, Lily was unaware that her voice had any importance until she was seventeen years old.

At that age she married a certain August Maciste, 23 years her senior.

One day her husband, who was a musical critic, heard her sing a simple song. "You have a voice," said he.



### GALLERY OF STARS

*Lily Pons*  
(R.K.O.-Radio).

Her next film is "Hitting a New High."

"Oh, no," said Lily naively, "I play the piano." But her husband knew better and took her to a famous voice-teacher.

In due time she sang at provincial opera houses all over her native France.

Till one evening after she had sung in Montpellier, the mellow old university town in southern France, she was told that two important people from America wished to see her.

They were talent scouts from the New York Metropolitan Opera, and she left for America two days later.

Her success there was immediate. It was many a year since New York opera had employed a coloratura soprano with such vocal range.

From the archives of the house were dragged forth the dusty scores of operas which it had been impossible to present because no singer had been capable of handling them.

Lily's vocal range is indicated by the fact that she was the first to record a high E flat and F in talking pictures. Special recording apparatus had to be developed before such high, flute-like tones could be recaptured on the sound-track.

In New York she acquired a large fan-following, chiefly among young girls. On any night when she is singing at the opera there you can find in the audience many socialite debutantes and sub-debs wearing the silver-and-blue brooch of the Pons Fans Club.

Travel followed those first brilliant seasons in New York. In 1933, at Buenos Aires, Lily Pons was notified that her divorce had been finalised.

"I received the news with great sadness," she

told one of her friends. "Although my husband and I had separated in a friendly manner, I knew I would never see him again. I would never want to see him again."

One of the things that mark Lily as exceptional in Hollywood is her candor about her current romance with musician Andre Kostelanetz.

Most stars are continually issuing denials and disclaimers concerning their rumored affections.

### Devoted to "Kosty"

**B**UT Lily makes no secret of the fact that she is in love.

She met Kostelanetz in 1935 when he was musical director of a radio programme in which she was billed.

"Quickly I realised," Lily has told us, "that my work was to be with an extraordinary musician—original and meticulous."

"With me, Kostelanetz will devote in the practice of a song two hours over a single phrase alone."

"From the moment I met him I knew that all my unhappiness was gone, as if it had suddenly evaporated. So it has been ever since."

Kostelanetz has been musical director of "I Dream Too Much" and of her two later pictures.

As most of his work is done in New York, the conductor has found that the only way of seeing his fiancée each week is to fly to Hollywood and back.

He is estimated to have covered more miles by air on these tender missions than anyone else in the film industry.

Travelling last year between Hollywood and Manhattan, he flew 126,000 miles. He earned from four appreciative airlines a silver mug and the title of America's No. 1 air traveller.

Known as "Kosty," this smart, brisk little musician was once assistant-conductor in the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg.

He specialises in lush, full-blown arrangements of popular and semi-classical numbers and is a big favorite on the radio.

Recently he made a sensation with his new "streamlined" versions of famous symphonic works. In these he has reduced the pieces to a third of their normal length by eliminating all except the purely melodic passages.

A few weeks ago Lily Pons announced her intention of marrying and retiring after three more years' work.

"America will be my home," she said. "It was America that gave me my opportunities, and it is to America that I owe everything."

"I have a home in Connecticut, where we shall live, my husband and I. We shall live quietly on the farm and have two children, I hope."



# SOCIETY GIRLS CAN Become FILM STARS

## Rosalind Russell Is A Daughter of the Rich

Rosalind Russell is one of the few girls in movies who, despite the fact that she is wealthy in her own right, and of a distinguished family, has risen to the top rank.

*It is almost a rule in the theatre that in order to achieve success it is necessary to come to grips with poverty and hardship.*

**M**OST famous stars emerged from very lowly beginnings. Greta Garbo once worked in a barber shop. Joan Crawford was a poorly-paid model. Robert Taylor earned his way through school as a soda-jerker. Alice Faye lived in a New York slum tenement house.

And so on down the line.

In the movie world wealth and a social background are no advantages. The society girl who has succeeded through pulling of strings in getting a part is disliked by her co-workers, and is not apt to get co-operation; and the usual society girl takes up acting, not for the sake of art or a serious career, but as a lark.

It is all very well to get Father to invest money in some production and so get a desirable role. But that is not sufficient.

With her father's backing, the debutante thinks that success is inevitable,

and does not work and slave to perfect herself in her art. The usual result is a miserable failure in her first important part, so that no producer will risk giving her another good role, and she will gradually become disgusted with "walk-ons" and drop theatricals for some other diversion.

Work, nothing but stubborn, hard work, was the secret of Rosalind Russell's success. She has learned that only through adversity can one learn human nature in its various aspects.

Her gentle and careful upbringing had spared her the seamy, unpleasant side of life. But from the time Rosalind Russell was a little girl she was acknowledged a rebel. She did not conform easily, but was full of whys and wherefores, often to the embarrassment of her tutors. Fortunately, her parents were understanding, and did not undertake to curb her inquiring spirit.

When she announced to her family that she wanted to be an actress and devote the rest of her life to the stage, her father, a noted lawyer, did not oppose her. She was given free rein to study dramatics and try to make a go of it.

She plunged into the study of the drama, and studied acting with the best teachers she could find, until the day they told her she ought to go out and find herself a job.

She began with insignificant bits, but her exquisite diction, assurance, and vivid interpretations soon won her the leading part in a road show. The salary was low, but they promised that when they reached Los Angeles she would get a 50-dollar increase.

The show eventually hit Los Angeles, and the leading lady asked for her promised increase. The manager refused. Rosalind took a firm stand. She felt that if she failed to assert herself now they would never respect her. So she declared that either she get the increase or she would leave the cast.

Rosalind left the cast. She had gambled and lost, and she took it with a grin. Three thousand miles from home, she was stranded with eight dollars in her purse. Of course she could have wired home for the railway fare, or telephoned any one of a number of friends living in Los Angeles, but she determined to work her way back on her own.

That first evening in Los Angeles, the ex-leading lady pondered soberly on how to get out of the mess she found herself in. She strolled over to one of those lavish cafeterias in which Los Angeles abounds, and went in for a bit of supper. She noticed the waitresses in starched uniforms bustling along with trays, and it occurred to her that she might make a good waitress. She applied for the job and got it.

Early the next morning she moved from her comfortable hotel to an inexpensive rooming house and then hurried on to her new job. That day was one of the longest she ever lived, but when she came home at night, to soak her tired feet in a hot salt bath, she was thrilled at her new experience.

In the next two months the waitress met all kinds of people she had never

had the chance to meet before. There were tragic and homesick and heart-sick people, and there were amusing ones, too. She heard many a story of disillusionment and despair. She made no attempt to give advice, but her sympathy and understanding were gratefully received.

At the end of two months she had saved 125 dollars and there was no reason why she should continue carrying trays. She went back to New York again to take up her career.

She went back to her work with a new knowledge of human nature gained by first-hand contact with her fellow men and fellow women. Her sensitivity and tolerance were reflected in her work. When she got a role with Bert Lytell in "The Second Man" she was spotted by an M-G-M. talent scout.

Her recognition in films was immediate. Her first big picture was "Evelyn Prentiss," and after that the fat parts came thick and fast.

Rosalind Russell is still the serious thinker that she was when a little girl student puckering her brow over volumes on theology. She reads voraciously. She believes that a career and a hectic social life don't mix. She entertains about once a week in her beautifully-furnished home and delights in serving Turkish coffee and Oriental surroundings. Nightclubs do not attract her.

She is one of the most beautifully-dressed women in Hollywood, but definitely on the conservative side in her taste. Externally she is the true Park Avenue socialite; only her flashing black eyes and sensitive mouth reveal her vibrant, sparkling mind, and a warm sympathy born of true understanding.



●ALICE FAYE.—No rich girl this. She was born and bred in a New York tenement. But she won success, too.



●ROSALIND RUSSELL.—Riches and a social background did not stop her proving herself as an actress.

Inside Story  
OF  
FIGURE SMARTNESS

Many a woman has achieved a reputation for beauty purely because she took the trouble to achieve a lovely figure. Not such a difficult thing to do, either, if only you'll wear a Berlei. This Controlette, for example, will mould your body in curves of sculptured beauty, beauty that is alive with the suppleness of youth. The Talon fastener, you will note, stops at the waist to ensure complete comfort; lightweight hooks fasten the brassiere top.

**Berlei** FOUNDATION GARMENTS •



# PRIVATE VIEWS

## ★ LOVERS AND LUGGERS

Lloyd Hughes, Shirley Ann Richards. (Kinesound.)

ALL the world loves a lugger, but all the world is pretty bored by lovers—unless they are more out of the ordinary than Lloyd Hughes, Shirley Ann Richards, and Elaine Hamill.

Which means that if Kinesound had played up the comedy and pearly adventures and cut out most of the romance this would have been a better picture. It is the company's best show so far, all the same, though not above average by American standards.

Lloyd Hughes is a pianist who goes to Thursday Island to get a giant pearl for Elaine Hamill, a heartless London millionaire who does not even deserve a plate of oysters.

But Elaine takes the view that pearls are effeminate until they have done some pearl diving—no Lloyd has to go.

After this quaint prelude things are brighter when we get to the Island, largely because Sydney Wheeler, an old salt there, is an excellent comedian. Eff and confident—he has been called "Australia's Wallace Berry"—Wheeler gives a warm characterization.

Really the best straight acting in the picture comes from James Raglan, who plays an embittered pearl diver, and makes a lot of the part in a reserved style. Less conventionally handsome than Hughes, he acts and speaks more impressively.

Shirley Ann Richards is a pleasant

## OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars... no good.

ingenue, more natural than in her earlier films, though still without much camera personality. Elaine Hamill, in a preposterous role, is awkward.

The highlight of the action is an underwater struggle between two divers. The rest of the film could do with more violence of this sort; it is rather too talkative in the earlier stages.—State; showing.

## ★ LOVE FROM A STRANGER

Ann Harding, Basil Rathbone. (Trafalgar Films.)

A FAMOUS mystery story has been screened by this British studio in a leisurely but effective way. Ann Harding has been released from the job of depicting sad and wise matrons to which Hollywood condemned her.

Here she is charming as a girl who

# SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



OLIVIA DeHAVILLAND WAS BORN OF ENGLISH PARENTS IN JAPAN, BUT WAS RAISED IN CALIFORNIA



MAE WEST IS CONSIDERED THE HOTTEST TRAP DRUMMER ON THE COAST. SHE WAS TAUGHT BY DIRECTOR A. EDWARD SUTHERLAND

PAT O'BRIEN IS SO PROUD OF BEING IRISH THAT HE HAS PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING IN HIS HOME IN GREEN, EVEN TO THE GUEST TOWELS, SOAP AND SPONGE IN HIS BATHROOM.

# "DONALD NOVIS SINGS"

Your favourite lyric tenor, Donald Novis, supported by the String Symphony, reveals the glorious beauty of his voice and the wide range of his artistry in a new musical entertainment. Every song is a gem that shines with renewed brilliance when Donald Novis sings.

The Radio Singer Beyond Compare

2GB

Every Tuesday and Thursday 8.45 p.m.

proudly presents



## CURLYPET MAKES BABY'S HAIR GROW CURLY

Rub CURLYPET on Baby's Head each day to make Baby's hair grow from straight to naturally and beautifully curly. Harmless and antiseptic. CURLYPET helps to prevent dandruff and cradlecap. Tubes of a full month's treatment are 2/6 at all chemists and stores, or stamps or postal note sent to British Medical Laboratories, 40 Clarence St., Dept. A.C.I.C., Sydney, will bring your CURLYPET by return mail. (The method adopted by Royalty)

CURLYPET

reveals in emancipation from the type-writer, when freedom has come to her in the form of a winning lottery ticket.

The stranger she marries is Basil Rathbone, and he turns out to be a bad mistake.

She does not discover just how bad until near the end of the film, and the last sequences are genuinely thrilling.

The cast is patchy, but Rathbone is first-rate as the smiling villain. A pity the picture hasn't more dash in its first half.—Capitol, showing.

## THE RETURN OF JIMMY VALENTINE

Roger Pryor, Charlotte Henry. (Republic.)

JIMMY VALENTINE, burglar (retired), has become a law-abiding ratepayer, more anxious to sound burglar alarms than to burgle.

Here a newspaper competition starts a search for the ex-crackman, with Roger Pryor, a cheeky reporter, leading the chase.

But Jimmy Valentine is found without much trouble, and after that there is little suspense in the film. Gangsters and reporters wrangle round him without any originality.

Roger Pryor and Charlotte Henry make love's old story a somewhat stale chestnut.

Edgar Kennedy, who has been very funny in the past with his trick of slowly gathering fury, does not get into his stride here. Only now and again does he coax a smile.—Capitol, showing.

## Shows Still Running

★★★ Maytime: Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; opera. Liberty, 25th week.

★★★ The Life of Emile Zola: Paul Muni; historical drama. Century, 8th week.

★★★ The Awful Truth: Irene Dunne and Cary Grant; sophisticated farce. Regent, 6th week.

★★★ Dead End: Joel McCrea, Sylvia Sydney; New York drama. Plaza, 2nd week.

★★ Victoria the Great: Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook; historical panorama. Embassy, 4th week.

★★ The Firefly: Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones; romantic musical. St. James, 3rd week.

★ Ebb Tide: Oscar Homolka, Frances Farmer; South Sea adventure. Prince Edward, 3rd week.

Variety Show: Dick Powell; collegiate musical. Mayfair, 2nd week.

# HOT NEWS From ALL STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

Freddie Bartholomew has been granted permission by the court to suspend payments to his parents for the remainder of the year.

Freddie claimed that he was saddled with 96,800 dollars (\$24,200) of debts from his salary of 98,000 dollars a year. He was paying 20 per cent. of his salary to his father.

His debts are largely legal expenses.

BARBARA STANWYCK again gave good reason for her reputation as a grand girl. Her stand-in, Holly Barnes, was rushed to the hospital for an appendix operation.

Hysterical, the girl refused to go into the operating room without Barbara. So Barbara, together with the nurse, went through the scrubbing up procedure, put on a uniform, and held Holly's hand through the ordeal.

LUPE VELEZ, noted for her party impersonations of Simone Simon, has been cast with her in "Jo and Joette."

AUSTRALIAN Coral Brown is doing two jobs these days and nights. She is playing in "The Gusher" at the Princess Theatre, and working during the day on the pictures, where she is the "other woman" in the life of Victor McLaglen.

The scenario writer is no friend of mine. In one scene Victor has to throw a man in a horse trough—and it is full of water.

"Director Monty Banks has a devouring passion for accuracy in detail, and we had to do the scene three times. At the end I was certainly 'all wet.'"

Asked when she was returning to Australia, Coral replied: "I have been three years in London, and each year is supposed to be my last."

"I would very much like to return, but I have no plans that way at present."

SYDNEY HOWARD is teamed with Vera Pearce in a new British film, "What A Man."

CONRAD VEIDT off to Vienna to discuss with Prof. Freud possibilities of making a film of his life.



# THE LION'S ROAR

[A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion picture].

Jeanette MacDonald is, without a doubt, one of the finest entertainers the screen has ever known. With Nelson Eddy, she made "Maytime" the sort of M-G-M entertainment that picture-goers can't keep away from, for "Maytime" has had sensational engagements wherever it has been released.

Now comes "The Firefly," in which Jeanette's leading men are Allan Jones and Warren William. And there aren't enough words to describe the glorious delights of this truly great M-G-M picture.

Interwoven in the story of thrilling Napoleonic intrigue and espionage that takes its characters over the colourful countryside of Spain and France, are some of the most brilliant musical compositions which ever caught a public's fancy.

There's brisk action, dynamic battle scenes, thrilling excitement and spectacular dancing sequences (in which Jeanette proves herself as marvellous a dancer as she is an actress and singer!). But, just as much as you'll love these elements of "The Firefly," you'll be captivated by its songs by Rudolph Friml.

Jeanette sings "Love Is Like a Firefly," and "He Who Loves and Runs Away," and "When a Maid Comes Knocking at Your Heart." Allan Jones sings "A Woman's Kiss" and "The Donkey's Serenade." (The "Serenade" sequence makes new motion picture history! Don't miss it!) And together Jeanette and Allan sing "Giannina Mia" and the widely-popular "Symphony."

It's a veritable feast for the eye and ear, and "The Firefly" is now proving itself to be the outstanding entertainment treat of the season in its current Australian Premier engagement at the Sydney St. James!

Yours for the best in entertainment,

LEO, of M-G-M.

# Firm Flesh Turns to Fat

WHEN FOOD TRACT IS CONSTIPATED

A cause of unhealthy fat is often due to a congested food tract. Absorbing the fermenting wastes into your system will create the fat of ill-health. These digestive poisons account for the sick headaches, bilious attacks, flatulences, skin blotches and bad breath to which over-weight women and men are subject.

For constipation you should take Pinkettes. These little laxative pills are absolutely harmless. They effectively disperse the waste matter, keep the food tract clean and brisk, and exercise and strengthen the lazy bowels. Keep free from constipation and liverishness by taking Pinkettes, and you will keep free from the unpleasant, distressing symptoms and ungainly fat. Get Pinkettes to-day, 1/3 bottle at chemists and stores.

## THEATRE ROYAL

Com. Sat. March 5 J. C. Williamson, Ltd. proudly presents the return to the Sydney stage of the supreme musical success.

## "The Desert Song"

With ROBERT HALLIDAY as the Red Shadow, together with Margaret Adams, Marjorie Gordon and huge cast of favorites.



## NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of  
Skin Rejuvenator



Actual Photo. Mrs. Mavis Brentwood, New South Wales, after 10 applications of New Plasmic. Taken July, 1930.

ABSOLUTELY removes almost instantaneously WRINKLES, LINES, OPEN PORES, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, and all SKIN BLEMISHES arising from any causes whatsoever.

### NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC

Restores PERMANENTLY to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth.

### REJUVENATES THE SKIN TISSUES

Your complexion will look glorious even after the first treatment and will become satin smooth, clear, fresh, velvety and lovely.

Not a line. Not a blemish. No injuries after effects. Contains no astringent.

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Ladies unable to call can have a trial treatment posted free for one shilling and one penny stamp.

**JACK AFRAT, Pacific House,**  
236 Pitt Street,  
Next Bathurst St. 3rd Floor. Take lift.  
Also obtainable at Washington Hotel, Paddington's, and other leading chemists.

# BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

When Half a Neck Cramped  
an Autumn Wardrobe...

By BETTY GEE—By wire from Melbourne

If the Sydney horse, Lucky Kid, hadn't been an unlucky kid and been beaten by half a neck at Mentone last week, my wardrobe would have offered the wide choice necessary to Melbourne's whimsical climate.

It may be hot, or it may be cold, in Melbourne, and you've got to be prepared for anything. Still, I'm not so badly off.

I've got the very thing if autumn merges into winter too early—a slim, black velvet coat, which has stiffened revers of sapphire and Bougainvillea sequins.

Hidden panels of the same embroidery line the front openings on either side, while the hat is a high and transparent halo brim with a crown of gleaming sequins like dusky moonlight.

This I chose on a slight preference to an exquisite piece of handwork—a black frock embroidered all over with a pattern of black satin leaves and silken stems.

Sequins are definitely the vogue for Flemington's autumn. But I shouldn't say "definitely" should I? It is no longer fashionable.

Also, I have bespoken a three-piece suit of English frieze to keep me cool if it's hot, the skirt and waistcoat in deep brown with a wide cross-bar in broken brown and white. And how do you think I'll look in this irresistible hat straight from the Continent—a silky panne-velvet model, a true copy of a woman's riding hat?

Will that catch the bookies' eyes when I reach up from the scrum for a point over the odds?

## Trap for Punters

I've always considered the first days of these great carnivals an excruciating so far as punters are concerned. Odds on to the right of you, odds on to the left of you, the bookies thunder their cry of "I'll take." And mostly they do take.

I know lots of people who didn't go to Flemington for Saturday. "Too many good things," they proclaimed. "It's simply a trap for young punters."

Well, so far as I'm concerned, I would not care if they cut out these first days. They're quite useless to us small bettors.

And now for the rest of the carnival.

If you get this in time for the



Betty finds the head waiter a good source of information. He likes Fort Regal for the last day of the meeting.

second day, have a little on Egmont for the King's Plate. That's the "boots" tip. For the third day, on Thursday, he says you can put your foot on Fancifoot for the Elms, and that Courage is satin-lined in the Welter.

Rose Princess is my tip for the Hopeful Stakes. It comes straight from Mr. Guy Raymond, the owner, and he's on the V.R.C. Committee. What he doesn't know about horses isn't worth my trying to find out.

I'm sticking to my old college chum Young Crusader in the Australian Cup. They'll bust themselves like fat suburbanites after a morning train chasing him.

And don't forget Beechwood is for the Leonard Stakes, the six-furlongs race up the straight on the last day. That comes from another committee-man, Mr. E. L. Baillieu, his part owner.

On top of that the head waiter says Fort Regal is "a sitter" for the Gibson Carmichael Stakes, also on the last day of the meeting.

## ... for successful salads



Aged like a fine old Liqueur.

**CORNWELL'S**  
PURE MALT  
VINEGAR

## Help Kidneys

### Don't Take Drastic Drugs

Your kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by neglect or drastic irritating drugs. Beware! If kidney trouble or bladder weakness makes you suffer from getting up at night, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Headaches, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lameness, Chills, Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Neuritis, Burning, Itching, Scalding, Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't delay. Try the Doctor's new discovery called Cystex (Sine-tex). Soothes, cleans, washes and heals sick kidneys. Starts work in 15 minutes. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Cystex costs little and is guaranteed to end your trouble in 8 days or money back. At all chemists.

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE-

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The Liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloating your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel tired, nervous and weary and the world looks black. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mass bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Bile flows, gently, continuously in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 15c.

## EUCRASY Banishes All Desire for Drink

It is a priceless boon to all who use it. For their relatives or friends. If you suffer in any way through the liquor habit, let the voluntary assistance of actual users convince you that EUCRASY will soon sober the drunk and make you happy. EUCRASY is positively harmless and can be given FREELY to Voluntary. NOT COSTLY. Call or write to: Testimonials. Dept. V, THE EUCRASY CO., 297 ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY.



My skin loses  
its freshness in close,  
smoky rooms... but

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*Tonic Action*  
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look to my complexion

How invigorating! How stimulating! How refreshing for your skin—Pears' tonic action. Pears' lather cleanses deeply... revives cells and tissues... brings back colour and sparkle to your complexion.

A long and costly maturing process gives Pears' that wonderful mellow transparency that sets it apart from all other soaps—the visible sign of its unapproachable mildness and purity.



**ECONOMY NOTE**—There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to water thinness. The softer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.

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FAR LONGER  
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10, 12, 13, 15

## SYDNEY GIRL Flies Across AMERICA

### Radio Pioneer Brings Back Messages From Film Stars

"Shirley Temple, Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, and other film celebrities are all curious about Australia, and sent their regards to their fans."

That was the message brought back from America by Miss Grace Gibson, of 2GB. She first came to Australia over three years ago to help pioneer radio transcriptions and is now identified with both American transcriptions and the products of the B.S.A. Players.

MISS GIBSON enjoyed a flying trip across America.

Arriving in Los Angeles in November, she flew to New York, and after a twenty days' stay flew to El Paso to spend Christmas with her relatives, and then from New York she flew to Los Angeles.

While in America, Miss Gibson secured for Australia a number of outstanding radio programmes, which include a further series of the adventures of "Charlie Chan," and a new children's series, "The Black Flame of the Amazon," which has taken America by storm.

"During my stay," remarked Miss Gibson, "I was able to let American broadcasting interests hear what our own B.S.A. Players are doing here in Sydney."

"Both in the United States and Canada they were very impressed with the work of our dramatists, with the acting and technique achieved by our players, and with the general high standard of radio work in this country."

"There is every possibility that in the near future there will be a regular interchange of dramatic programmes between America and Australia."

"I was fortunate to call at the studios in Los Angeles the day May Robson was recording 'Lady of Millions,' the big dramatic entertainment which will be heard from 2GB in a few weeks."

"Miss Robson, in spite of her age, is one of the really big figures in



MISS GRACE GIBSON

America, and I found her a delightfully vital, if somewhat temperamental, personality.

"She asked me to send a big 'Cheerio' to all her friends in Australia, and recalled that she herself was born in Melbourne many years ago. In true Australian fashion she invited me to call on her and have a cup of tea."

"Some idea of the popularity of this great old lady can be gained from the fact that 'Lady of Millions' is now being broadcast over a chain of 100-odd stations in America."

"My impression of American radio," concludes Miss Grace Gibson, "is that it has improved tremendously in the past three years. Some of the programmes are so ambitious and so studied with stars that they seem almost incredible to the outside world."





**Words, not deeds, make a political novel, and so great is the argument in "GREAT ARGUMENT" that Sir Philip Gibbs leaves his story cold . . .**

ISHBEL MACDONALD, Ramsay's daughter, once a Prime Minister's hostess at Downing Street, and now licensee of The Old Plow, an English country inn, is in the news, having engaged herself to marry the decorator-drummer dart-thrower of her village.

And so you have a faint suspicion, when you begin to read "Great Argument," that Sir Philip Gibbs' heroine, Faith Jesson, daughter of a Pacifist labor intellectual in the House of Commons, is perhaps Ishbel.

Well, if she is, then Ishbel, thy glory is departed! For Faith's affections are engaged by no village dart-thrower, but the son and heir of Universal Underwear Limited, one Roy Charrington, an impatient millionaire, whose last words to her (in this story, anyhow) are in a letter from Germany, "Heil, Hitler! I'm all for him."

Never was a book more aptly named than "Great Argument." It is a story so brimful of argument that the story itself is crowded out. Like the central character, Edward Jesson, Sir Philip Gibbs is so preoccupied with the conflict of nations that the clash of human emotions escapes him. He inhumanly loves babble of sacrosanct and collective security, the United Front and the Totalitarian state when they should be seeing nothing but stars and saying nothing at all . . . well, saying nothing.

What shall there be no more cakes and ale, because Dictators are dictatorial? It isn't so! Love still makes the world go round, and as the ballad puts it, "Love will find a way."

### Lack of Drama

THERE is only one dramatic chapter in the book. And it is not where Mussolini urges his troops on to Addis Ababa to glory and loot . . . not where Baldwin and Eden in the House of Commons face an Opposition divided against aggression.

It is nothing to do with nations. Their drama is hammered out too flat in the daily papers for any novelist to beat one more note from it. Tyrants weren't two-a-penny in Europe when Marlowe wrote "Tamburlaine"; nowadays dictators grow on gooseberry bushes and you've got to go back to the human heart for drama.

The purple patch in "Great Argument" is a matter of the eternal triangle. Yvonne, Jesson's second wife, a young Frenchwoman whom unwittingly he has neglected for national affairs, has amused herself—off-stage, of course, for in a book like this action isn't allowed to interrupt the argument—with Luigi Lanzini, a young Italian anti-Fascist refugee whom Jesson has befriended, and, in fact, housed and fed.

### Right and Left

LUIGI gives an indiscreet interview to a newspaperman, telling of his life on an Italian prison-island. He decides to go to Paris to find work. "Edmond," says Yvonne, "would you be so kind if I go and see my parents next week? They come to Paris. I get a letter to ask me to say with them."

Jesson looked up from a copy of "The Times" in which he was absorbed. There was trouble in Spain. A general named Franco had invaded Spain with Moorish troops. It was the beginning of a civil war.

"An excellent idea," he said. . . . "Alors, c'est arrange!" said Yvonne. Faith looked at her across the table.

"You'll be able to see Luigi in Paris," she said.

Yvonne avoided her candid eyes. "Perhaps, if I find him out."

But Yvonne didn't go to Paris as arranged.

Faith, her gipsy-like stepdaughter, whose affection for her father is equalled only by her toleration for the world—the whole anti-Fascist world—reads a paragraph in the evening paper. Luigi Lanzini had been found dead in the Bois de Vincennes . . . shot in the heart. The French police suspected a political crime.

Faith's own romance lacks either the drama or the definition of her erring stepmother's.

Roy crashes in a plane near Jesson's country cottage, is nursed by Faith in the Jesson barn, falls—invariably—in love, begins to lean to Jesson's view in politics, goes to Germany to study the language with a view to the Diplomatic service, and, meeting Hitler, is

swayed by the Führer's forceful personality.

He turns to the Right and in the meantime Jesson's son, Robin, goes to fight Franco in Spain. He turns Left, Jesson, defeated at the polls, sacked for his politics from the journal that employed him, refuses to turn Left . . . and is left.

Too true to its title to be a good novel or even a conclusive tract, "Great Argument" has both value and



SIR PHILIP GIBBS, whose latest novel, "Great Argument," is more argument than story.

interest as a sort of White Book in words of one syllable.

"Great Argument." By Sir Philip Gibbs. Hutchinson and Co. (N.S.W. Bookstall Co.).

## RHEUMATISM SPREAD TO ALL HER JOINTS

### Ordered to Bed After Months of Suffering

Here is a sad story of suffering, but it has a happy ending. This woman was attacked by severe rheumatism which spread to every joint in her body and finally crippled her. So great was her relief that she wrote this enthusiastic letter:—

"I feel it my duty to my fellow beings to proclaim in a loud voice the merits of Kruschen Salts in bringing wonderful relief from a severe and obstinate attack of rheumatism. I had rheumatism in my legs and knees, later spreading to every joint in my body. This lasted over a period of 13 weeks. I was then ordered to bed with acute rheumatism. I was recommended to try Kruschen and before finishing the second bottle I was able to perform my normal duties."

—(Mrs.) J.D.  
Rheumatic conditions are the result of an excess of uric acid in the body. Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts have the power of dissolving uric crystals. Other ingredients in these Salts assist Nature to expel the dissolved crystals through the natural channels.

# Loses 18 Pounds of 'Ugly Fat' In 2 Short Weeks



The Fat Girl Loses Out. She Looks Older. The Thin Girl Loses Fat and Looks Younger.

**Reduces Bust 4 Inches  
Reduces Hips 3½ Inches  
Wears Dresses 4 Sizes Smaller**



Mrs. Frank Cole

**New Safe, Pleasant, Reducing Treatment Takes Off a Pound a Day—on a Full Stomach! Quick Loss of Weight Guaranteed**

"I am so grateful for what BonKora has done for me that I want to shout it from the housetops. I have already lost 18 pounds in 2 weeks, taking only 2 bottles. Have reduced from 186 pounds to 168. I have lost 4 inches in bust and 3½ inches in hips. I used to wear 42 dresses; now I wear 48. My indigestion and headaches are gone too. I feel fine, never tired any more. My friends ask me what I have done for myself. I tell them I owe it all to BonKora."

(Full address on request.)

Mrs. Frank Cole

### How Many Pounds Would You Like to Lose Next Week?

8 pounds? 7 pounds? More? How many pounds would you like to lose altogether? 2 pounds? 20 pounds? 30 pounds? More? Then use BonKora, the new safe, pleasant Reducing Treatment.

Don't despair if other methods have failed. Some people write that they had tried baths, exercises, diets, medicines—all in vain. They thought they had some kind of fat that couldn't be reduced. Then the BonKora Treat-

ment took off a pound a day; 10 to 20 pounds in 3 weeks. One woman lost 41 pounds in 8 weeks. Another lost 87 pounds.

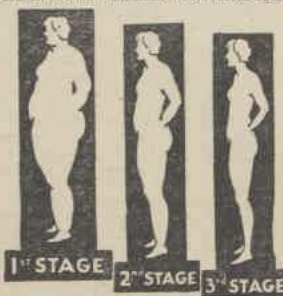
Some who were fat only in spots, saw these ugly bunches of fat go while retaining their desired lines elsewhere. Others, fat all over, reduced everywhere. Got rid of heavy chin, bulky shoulders, busts, waists, and limbs.

Every ingredient of BonKora definitely contributes to good health. BonKora tones the system while reducing fat in the quickest and most natural way. It does not cause wrinkles or folds as your weight reduces. There's no harm in making them look years younger. Start the BonKora treatment to-day and see how your beauty improves as your figure becomes slim and graceful. BonKora does not contain Thyrall.

### Why "3-stage" Treatment Takes Off Pounds So Quick

BonKora Treatment takes off fat the new "3-stage" way. Triple action; triple results. That is also why it reduces fat when other methods have failed. All this is explained in BonKora package. You will understand why this treatment reduces fat and wish you had known of it before.

Don't starve. Never have a hungry moment. Just take a little BonKora daily to help body function properly and to remove heavy wastes and moisture from fatty tissues. And EAT BIG MEALS of the tasty food combinations explained in BonKora package. Reduce faster or slower, as you wish, as shown in directions. But don't get fat again. Stop reducing when you reach the normal and healthful weight. Then add your new slender figure!



SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE MAIL THE COUPON BELOW

### BONKORA — AND ORANGE JUICE

TAKE 2 TEASPOONFULS OF BONKORA IN A GLASS OF ORANGE JUICE 3 TIMES DAILY

Sufferers from obesity who have taken BonKora in this pleasant, healthful way have not only lost excess weight safely and quickly, but have regained their ability to SLEEP RESTFULLY; they have been freed from the pains of rheumatism and the penalties of constipation. Orange Juice is known to medical science to be rich in those vitamins which are essential to health and the correction of the disorders associated with an obese condition. BonKora, allied with those vitamins, constitutes an amazing rapid treatment; safe because it is natural and drugless; certain because it is in accord with proven medical principles. Mail Coupon for Free Sample.

### FREE SAMPLE

MAIL THIS COUPON

WORLD AGENCIES PTY. LTD.,  
15 Hamilton Street, Sydney.

I enclose 3d. in stamp. Please send me FREE SAMPLE and full details of BonKora Treatment.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose postal note for 4/6, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free, in a plain wrapper. WW3/2/38.





## PERSPIRATION KILLS CHARM DON'T LET IT! "STAISSWEET"

The Modern Deodorant Cream.  
Checks Perspiration and Ends  
All Body Odours

Staisweet is a delightfully perfumed cream used by fastidious women to check perspiration and prevent offensive odour. Easy to apply—no waiting to dry—non-greasy or sticky—will not harm or mark clothing. Staisweet Cream soaks your clothes and keeps them sweet and fresh. Ensure personal cleanliness by also using Staisweet Deodorant Powder. Sold by all chemists and stores. Cream 2/6 tube, Powder 1/9 tin. Or send Postal Note to Box 3725-55, G.P.O., Sydney. Satisfaction with Staisweet Cream is guaranteed or money refunded.

"STAISSWEET"  
CREAM & DEODORANT POWDER  
Stay as Sweet as You Are



## Selby ARCH PRESERVERS

Here's a tip for wise husbands. Let your wife enjoy the luxurious loveliness and comfort\* of Arch Preservers. They'll wear longer, keep their shape longer, save you money in the end...and she'll be so much happier. Tell her the new Slenderized fall styles are now on display.

\* Famous ARCH PRESERVER features: Light, invisible bridge under the outer arch; muscular maintenance; flat innersole; Slenderized styling; Arch-Curve fitting.



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THE COMMONWEALTH  
Made by SELBY SHOES (AUSTRALIA), LTD.,  
53-57 Kenwick Street, Redfern, Sydney.

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## WRITTEN STARS IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

There are good times  
ahead for PISCES, but they  
must cast off their diffidence and  
capitalise their opportunities...

THE Sun is now in the zodiacal sign Pisces, and will help all those born between February 19 and March 21.

Pisces people should therefore get busy and try to put into operation some of those neat little plans they have in mind for so long, but which only a small proportion have been plucky enough to start.

For the most part Piscean people are too diffident and trusting to do themselves much good. They hesitate about opportunities until they are lost, and then spend the rest of their lives fretting over the fact that they were so slow about making up their minds.

Either that or they try to do two things or go two ways at once, and chaos results.

Pisceans will find they are more successful when they learn to con-

centrate on one thing at a time, and to go after results with a single-track mind and determination.

If they do not they will dissipate their energy, optimism and courage. This means weakness, and nearly always leads to failure.

Pisceans should learn, in fact, to trust more to their intuition and less to the opinions of other people. They are some of the most naturally intuitive people in the world, and can generally follow a "hunch" to a successful conclusion.

But, by the same token, they are also imaginative people with an inherent urge toward dreams and ideals.

Such characteristics, although admirable enough in their way, are seldom worth much when it comes to providing the necessities of life. So Pisceans must learn to be purposeful, shrewd, and vital if they desire material success.

They must learn, by the application of reason and logic, to separate intuitive and progressive judgments from imaginative but impractical ideas. Also they must learn to work hard and consistently—which is something very few Pisceans like doing.

Their idea of a perfect existence, indeed, is a mixture of the life of Huckleberry Finn and one of seclusion such as a monastery or convent offers.

Incidentally, many Pisceans take up religious or humane work, and this allows them to express splendidly all that inherent kindness and sympathy which most of them are endowed with at the time of birth.

They make excellent nurses, doctors, advisers, preachers, charity workers, philanthropists, teachers, and research workers. They have noble ideals and are willing to lose material success for the sake of their desires to help others.

### Be Confident!

BUT even in these unselfish fields of endeavor the Piscean individual would do well to cultivate self-confidence, aggression, and decisiveness, and overcome his inclination to give way to self-doubts, fear, and worry.

These attributes hurt those they would help, as well as themselves, since people in trouble gain a great deal more from the strength and optimism of a helper than they would from someone who, though kindly, has not the power to lift them out of their predicament.

They must learn to make snap decisions; to grasp opportunity the moment it appears; and to realise that their own opinions and abilities are just as good, and possibly better, than those of others.

They must realise, too, that opportunities are gifts from the gods, and that to dilly-dally over decisions, or to try to make the opportunity do more than is reasonable, is not wise.

Lastly, Pisceans must try not to be too glib. They belong to the sign of the zodiac which has for its keywords, "I believe." These speak for themselves, and show why so many Pisceans have a strongly religious streak in their nature, and why they can always be relied upon to believe almost any sort of a story.

Truth to tell, even if the Piscean has his own doubts about the matter, he prefers to be proved glib rather than take the risk of turning away an appeal which might prove to have been genuine.

### The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): An unspectacular week for most Arians. March 4 and 5 best.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Hard work can produce credit and good results on March 6 and 7.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Try patience and plodding this week, because aggression or irritation can react badly, especially on March 2 and 3.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Be like your birth-symbol (the crab) at its quickest on March 2 and 3. Work hard and long then. Be confident

PISCES are often led astray by dreams and ideals... they are glib and "soft."

Hence it is desirable that they should guard against being imposed on.

and aggressive and enthusiastic. Set high goals and don't take "no" for an answer. Future successes, promotion, and financial success can depend upon your actions now. Make important changes. Friends, astrology, and superiors can all help.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Just plod along on March 4 and 5.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 25): Take no risks on March 8. Changes or enterprises started then will prove disappointing.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): March 4 and 5 poor. March 8 fair.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Waste not a minute of March 2 and 3. Foundations for future success can be laid then. Make changes, seek advancement. Be venturesome, but not foolhardy. Caution advised on March 6 and 7. Splendid possibilities for wise Scorpions.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Your stars advise you to seek seclusion and be non-aggressive all this week, especially on March 2 and 3. Take no risks whatever then. Small indiscretions produce misfortunes.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Fair on March 6 and 7, but poor on Mar. 4 and 5.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Mar. 8, just fair.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): Get busy. Submerge your tendency to be doubtful by making snap decisions. Work hard and put into operation new ventures and changes. Plan for the future and ask help when needed. Engagements, important changes, and opportunities possible. Surprises, too. Make the most of March 2 and 3.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)

## AMAZING VALUE GIFTS for SUNLIGHT WRAPPER-TOPS

BRIGHTLY COLOURED BATH TOWEL  
23 x 46 inches.

ONLY 36 SUNLIGHT WRAPPER-TOPS

ADMIRALTY BATH TOWELS  
with red stripe or plain white—23 x 46 inches.

ONLY 36 SUNLIGHT WRAPPER-TOPS

GLASSCLOTH  
23 x 32 inches—pure Irish Linen.

ONLY 18 SUNLIGHT WRAPPER-TOPS

PILLOWCASE  
31 x 21 inches—embroidered and hemstitched—made of best pillow cotton.

ONLY 27 SUNLIGHT WRAPPER-TOPS

HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFTS

Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each column). Take them to the LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 18 YORK STREET (Town Hall end), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for you, post the wrapper-tops with your name and address written in block letters, number of wrapper-tops enclosed and gift required to— "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," 18 YORK STREET, SYDNEY. DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER.

## SUNLIGHT SOAP



## The ladder of health Is your child at the top?

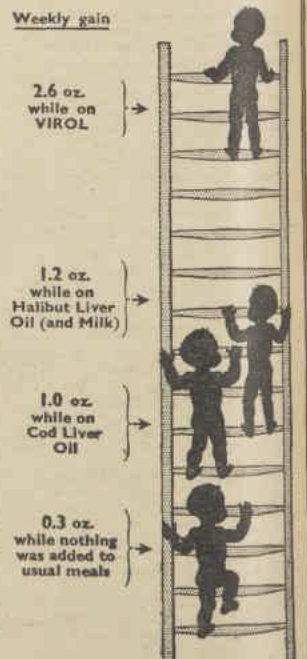
This diagram shows the results of an important investigation (published in "The Medical Officer") into the growth of children between two and five years of age.

Look at these children — and think of your own. Your children must have 'something extra' if they are to maintain proper growth. Virol is the one food that supplies everything growing children need for healthy development.

Only Virol brought the children in these investigations up to the ideal rate of growth for their age.

You can see your children improving on Virol from the very start. Virol makes delicate children strong, strong children stronger. Virol builds firm flesh and muscle, sound bone and teeth. Virol builds for life.

Give your child a Virol Constitution.



# VIROL



# THE "QUINS" Pass Tests WITH HONORS

## Five Little Callander Maids Overcome Birth Handicaps SCIENCE LOOKS THEM OVER

How science to-day measures the intelligence and mental development of children is revealed in this article about the famous Dionne Quins—the five little maids of Callander.

Every parent and child welfare student will be intensely interested in this article, which is the seventh of a new series about the wonder babies.

No. 7—Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly Copyright.

IN case you have ever wondered, Miss Yvonne Dionne is the brightest of the five famous quintuplets according to tests made by psychologists.

An elaborate study of the quintuplets' mental development has been made by scientists from the University of Toronto.

One of the series of studies aimed at finding out all the pertinent facts about the "Quins," its conclusions are summarised in a paper written by Dr. W. E. Blatz, director of St. George's school for child study, in Toronto, and his assistant, Miss Dorothy Millichamp.

Dr. Blatz and Miss Millichamp have studied the quintuplets over a period of two years, applying the tests devised by Dr. Arnold Gessel, famous Yale University psychologist, along with other tests.

Their report, to repeat, is that although the sisters are almost identical physically, they are very far from being identical mentally.

The way in which the scientists set out to determine the "Quins'" rating in the world of childhood makes an interesting story.

When you set out to measure the mental stature and progress of a baby whose chief concern in life is getting its big toe into its mouth, you can't adopt the same tactics you would use with a school-age child.

Even when the child reaches the age of two or three, the job of finding out how much of a mind it has and what it is doing with it is a bit difficult. Examinations of the ordinary kind are out.

### Fine New Game

DR. BLATZ and Miss Millichamp, who started to work on the "Quins" shortly before those engaging young ladies had passed their first birthdays, took along as equipment a few reams of paper, a set of unused sheets of charting paper, and a whole suitcase full of toys. The "Quins" decided that this was going to be a fine new game, and entered into the spirit of the thing with zest.

First of all, the psychologists wanted to test the "Quins'" motor development—their control over their muscles.

By getting the answers to a lot of questions that sound unimportant to the layman, they would learn whether the girls' equipment of nerves and muscles was functioning in the proper teamwork.

So, from time to time, they sought to find out things like these:

Could a 15-months-old quintuplet walk backward, if properly coaxed?

Could a "Quin" at the age of two pile six blocks up in a reasonably straight tower? (The "Quins" could, did, and hated to quit.)

At 30 months, could a "Quin" stand on one foot?

At regular intervals over a period of two years the psychologists performed such tests, tabulating their findings and reducing the answers to a series of graphs.

Next came the matter of adaptive behaviour, which the "Quins" accepted as something special in the way of a lark. For it was here that Miss Millichamp unstrapped her suitcase of toys.

### Just Like Games

MISS MILLICHAMP would unstrap it, that is, if the "Quins" didn't get hold of it first.

For the five maids from Callander quickly learned that taking these tests was just like playing games with delightful toys, and as soon as she showed up with her suitcase they would cluster

around her, impatient to get the thing away from her and open it up.

All of this was just a little trying to her professional dignity. A psychologist is supposed to be a cold-blooded and hard-boiled seeker after truth, capable of administering even the most bizarre of tests with a straight face.

But when she got a "Quin" at the table and began the tests she could maintain her professional aloofness no more than anyone else.

"Look at that picture," says Dr. Blatz, indicating a photo of Miss Millichamp putting a small Dionne through her paces. "You're supposed to be objective and unemotional. And what are you doing? You're grinning at the kid—positively beaming on her."

Which was quite true; and Psychologist Millichamp's only defence was a murmur that she'd like to see how anybody could do anything different where a quintuplet is involved.

A "Quin" would, for example, be given a green board containing, in mortised recesses, a red triangle, a red square and a red circle. She would be invited to take these out; then the board would be turned the other end to, and she would be asked to put them back in the proper recesses.

Would she have the wit to see that the triangle, which had come from a recess at the right end, now belonged at the left end?

Or—to vary the game—Miss Millichamp would hand her little playmate four cubes, one after another. Would the young lady hang on to them until she had all four, or would she get mixed up and drop the ones she had in order to take the new one as it was offered to her?

Or (to take one more example) Miss Millichamp would build a simple bridge of blocks; then the "Quins" would be given a similar set of blocks and urged to build one like it.

### How Handy Is She?

THESE tests showed wide variations in the girls' behaviour. Some of them could do one thing, some could do another.

Sometimes one of the "Quins" would put on a sudden spurt and master problems that had previously stumped her; a little later she might lag and see one of her sisters go ahead. There seemed to be no uniformity at all as to what the "Quins" could do or could not do in this field.

Lastly, the psychologists tested the girls in what psychology calls personal-social behaviour—which might be boiled down by saying that such tests seek to discover whether a girl is handy about the house and a help to mother.

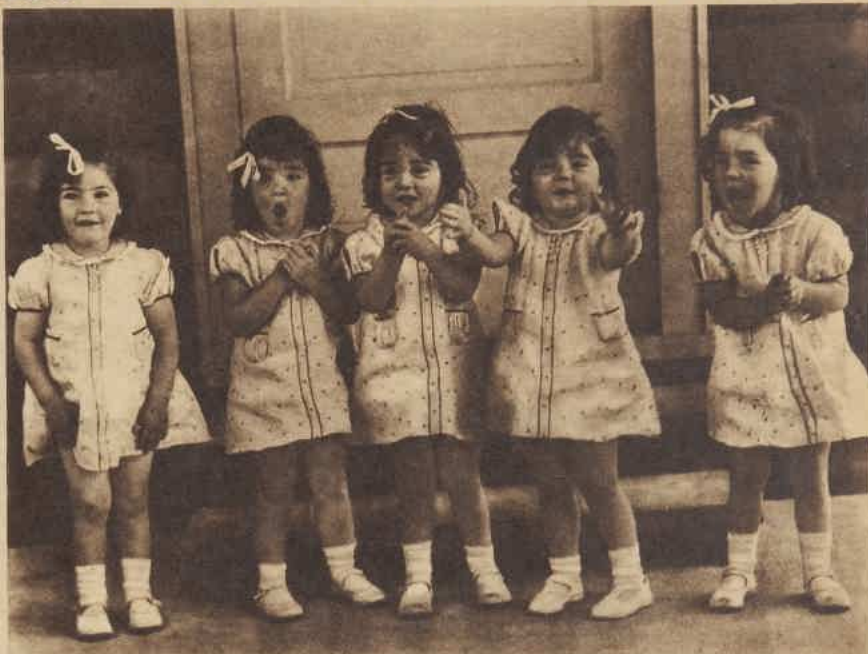
Thus, at 15 months, a child should be able to use a spoon while eating. The "Quins" all could. At eighteen months, she should be able to turn the pages of a picture book. At twenty-one months, she ought to be at least trying to turn the knob when she wants to open a door.

At 24, she should be able to tell people about her little experiences. At the age of three she should be able to open a door and put on her shoes—though not necessarily at the same time.

### Catching Up

AT the start, Yvonne had them all beaten in this field. A little later on, Cecile and Annette caught up with her, then passed her.

The handicaps that the quintuplets faced in their development from in-



HEALTHY "QUINS." They were tiny and weak when they came into the world, but by the time they reached their third birthday they were as robust and strong as anyone could wish. Here they are, completely normal in every respect; the roll-call, from the left, shows Emilie, Yvonne, Cecile, Annette, and Marie.

fancy to babyhood are emphasised in the paper.

For example, they were born approximately two months ahead of time. Before any attempt to compare their progress with that of other children could be made, two months would have to be subtracted from their chronological age.

In other words, the "Quins" aren't

really as old as the calendar says they are.

For another example: the mere fact that they are quintuplets has made things hard for them. Single children develop faster than twins do, since children of identical ages do not stimulate each other mentally as much as do children of varying ages. The "Quins" have never associated

regularly with any children but each other—and so, if twins have a harder row to hoe than single children have, it is obvious that the going is even harder for quintuplets.

NEXT: The physical development of the Dionne quintuplets shows them to be well above normal for children of their age.



You call it  
**TEMPER-**  
but the Doctor calls it  
**FAULTY ELIMINATION**

You may think Faulty Elimination is merely Constipation. In reality it is much more insidious. It affects not only the bowels—but those other vital cleansing organs the kidneys and liver! When they are out of order, the blood stream becomes poisoned. One of the early warnings that you should watch for and heed is unreasonable temper. The poisons left circulating in the blood stream by kidneys, liver and bowels affect mind and health. Immediately you observe any danger signals—such as temper, sluggishness, nerves or crankiness—give genuine Laxettes, which act on kidneys, liver and bowels. A course of genuine Laxettes is the only complete and safe treatment. They are just as good for adults, too. And remember—the delicious chocolate taste makes kiddies eager for Laxettes!

Genuine Laxettes are obtainable from all chemists and storekeepers—6d. for the sample tin and 1/6 for the large tin. Warning: unless they're in a tin they are not genuine Laxettes.



**LAXETTES**

Rectify Faulty Elimination



## Cash Prizes Every Week

EVERY week cash prizes are awarded for the best Real Life stories submitted by readers.

There is no restriction as to the type of real life story that may be submitted. It may concern the dramas, tragedies, or adventures of your childhood, romance, or work—and should contain all facts necessary to prove its authenticity.

Incidents should not exceed 300 words, should be plainly written or typed, and should include all details necessary to make a simply-told, nicely-rounded-off story.

Readers who would like their letters back should include return postage.

Letters should be sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, endorsed "Real Life Stories." Full postal address appears on page 3.



"Look! See what she's got in her pocket . . . her baby! Isn't he lucky—always going riding! Of course, he must rub up and down a bit when she jumps. I'll bet his seat gets chafed!"



"Know what to do for that, Mrs. Kangaroo? Just sprinkle him good with soft, slick Johnson's Baby Powder. It makes any baby feel great! Let me put some on him—I'll be very careful!"



"There! . . . Doesn't he feel nice—doesn't he smell nice? And no more rashes or chafes or prickly heat for him. He'll be so good you can put him in your pocket and forget him!"

Feel Johnson's Baby Powder—how downy and soft it is—never gritty like some powders. That is because Johnson's is made from the finest talc. Babies need Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too.

**Johnson's** BABY powder  
"Best for Baby—Best for you"

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Talc Toothbrush, Modess, Etc.

A337

# Real Life Stories

## ADVENTURE in Small Rock Pool with 7-FOOT SHARK

### Perilous Minutes

Lured by the beauty of the blue-green of a rock pool, Miss Anne Grey set out on an adventure which might easily have ended in tragedy. Lurking in the depths was a 7ft. shark.

This real life story of adventure by the sea wins for Miss Grey this week's prize of £1/1/-.

WHILE on a holiday at Jervis Bay I went through an experience I shall never forget. One morning I decided to go for a walk around the rocks.

After walking some distance I thought I would sit down and have a rest. From the rock I was sitting on I noticed a delightful pool, so I took my shoes off and started to paddle.

Looking towards the beach I noticed two fishermen coming in my direction.

One of them called, "Get your feet out of that pool!"

I just looked silly, and still went on paddling, when all at once I was pulled up roughly into a standing position. Then the fisherman said: "Now look in that pool, and consider yourself lucky you've still got your legs!"

I looked, and noticed a movement of what I thought was another rock.

It was a seven-foot shark which had been washed through a channel in the rocks and got caught in the pool.

The fishermen had seen it earlier, and went back to get tackle to catch it.



THE FISHERMAN SAID: "Now look in that pool, and consider yourself lucky you've still got your legs!"

When later I saw it dead with its jaws wide open, you can imagine how I felt. That was my greatest adventure. £1/1/- to Miss Anne Grey, 38 William Street, North Sydney.

### Tussle With a Crocodile

I HAD a thrilling experience while net fishing in the Burdekin River near Ayr, N.Q., recently.

Just on dark I blocked a small, deep creek with a barramundi net, then went back to the fire and boiled the billy.

About an hour later I returned to the net, ran along it with the boat, and removed a fish about ten pounds in weight. With the aid of a hurricane lamp I cut a slit in the jaws of the barramundi, passed a stout rope through, and tied it securely. Then I tied the other end of the cord to the side of the boat and put the fish overboard to keep it alive.

While the scaly chap remained quietly in the water I sat holding the cork line of the net with one hand to feel if any more fish got meshed.

Suddenly the fish attached to the fish went taut with a jerk nearly upsetting the boat.

Letting go the net I grabbed the lamp, raised it aloft, and was startled by a large crocodile with the fish in its ugly jaws.

Terrified, I yelled frantically to frighten the saurian, while the boat, rocking violently, was being pulled out into mid-stream.

Panic-stricken, I tried desperately to untie the rope and let the fish go, the knife having disappeared. Then the lamp went overboard and the boat shipped a quantity of water.

Then suddenly, to my great relief, the wildly-rocking vessel quickly righted itself and remained on an even keel.

Grabbing the oars, I pulled to the shore in quick time.

Later I examined the rope that was still attached to the boat, and found a part of the fish's head still in the loop, the crocodile having got away with the rest of the body.

5/- to R. F. Kay, Rita Island, Ayr, Qld.

### "Alle Same Fish"

IN the early days of the occupation of New Guinea after the war, it fell to my lot to entertain some visiting officials from "down south."

We had carefully prepared the menu and included in it as a great treat—pork sausages brought up in ice from Sydney.

My cook-boy had never seen such kai-kai (food) before, and was very intrigued.

I said to him: "Cook 'em alle same belongs fish," at the same time rolling

them in flour, and showing him the frying pan.

The long-looked-for moment arrived, and in came Vee-Bee resplendent in his new lap-lap (linelcloth), and white coat carrying the dish heaped with mashed potatoes and green peas and queer-looking bits of stuff tossed untidily on a dish.

My husband looked stern. I gasped and the guests gazed in wonderment.

"What name belongs this fella?" I queried angrily, pointing to the stuff on the dish.

"Alle same belongs fish," grinned Vee-Bee. "Me scrape 'em alle same fish, eat 'em inside, cook 'em outside alle same fish."

Fortunately we all had a sense of humor.

Vee-Bee had cleaned the inside of the sausages, ate them, and gave us the skins. Alle same belongs fish! 5/- to Mrs. Stewart Murray, Boon-galla, Plant Street, Balgowlah, N.S.W.

### Impetuosity

SOME years ago I undertook to teach English to nine adult foreigners. We used to meet twice a week in the cottage home of one of the number.

I found them very pleasant to teach, and their efforts to pronounce some of the English words were sometimes ludicrous, but they seemed to enjoy laughing at their own mistakes.

Yes! all except one! He was a sad, morose-looking man who seemed to be a pessimist of the deepest dye.

His was a romantic, but a tragic, story. He had been exiled to Siberia, but had managed to escape and found his way to Queensland, where he got work in the Railway Department.

He could speak several European languages, and was desirous of being proficient in English.

His fiancée was at the time a prisoner in Siberia. He had arranged the means for her escape, and had fixed the very date. She was to go to Vladivostok, and from there to join him in Queensland. On the day that he calculated that she would communicate with him, to announce her escape, he remained at home from work in order to be present when the postman arrived.

The postman arrived—but no letter! Immediately he went to his bedroom, put a revolver to his head, and blew out his brains.

Ten minutes later the letter was sent down to the house, having been overlooked at the receiving office.

5/- to H. F. Barker, 3 Ferrett St., Ipswich, Qld.

### Spirit Troubled

IT happened forty years ago but the incident is still very bright in my memory.

I was living in England at the time—in an old-fashioned Hampshire village very close to the vicarage where Charles Kingsley spent so many years.

An elderly couple had their only granddaughter to stay with them. She had not been there many days before it was evident, in spite of one's scepticism, that an evil influence had arrived with her.

Without any human aid, when the child was in the house, ornaments were swept from the shelves and pictures swung wildly on the walls.

Nothing out of the ordinary occurred when the child was at home with its mother—it was only while with her grandparents.

I remember a great London newspaper sent down an investigator, but nothing was discovered although he saw the weird things occur.

It certainly was blood-curdling to see the pictures suddenly set up a movement without human aid, and I think I was not alone in being glad when the child was returned to her parents.

5/- to Mrs. James, 55 Charles St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

### Night of Horror

SOME years ago, whilst living in East Gippsland, I went through the most terrifying experience of my life.

We were living in the midst of the tall timbers, for which East Gippsland is noted.

There were only two paths out of the bush to take us into the little station, about two miles away.

You can imagine my horror when bushfires broke out and raged for days around us.

One night the fire came so close that we decided to leave our little home and go into the station. Then we discovered that we were cut off on both paths by the fire which had come within a quarter of a mile of our home.

We sat all that night and watched. Wondering why the fire had come so close, we investigated.

Imagine our surprise when we found that the fire had burnt in a straight line for about two miles. Whether this was due to lack of dry scrub close to us or not, we never knew. But we thanked God for the intervention, whatever it was, that stopped that fire coming closer.

5/- to Mrs. W. Brennan, 26 Golden Grove St., Darlingford, N.S.W.



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"**W**HY, I was just flying around—" he protested, weakly.

"Flying around!" Her eyes flashed with a sudden spirit Val loved, although in disgrace. "Don't you know you did jolly well all you could to crack up? I've done flying a bit myself—I just love it!—and I'm sure if I couldn't fly better than you now, this minute, I'd never dare go up for another lesson—never as long as I live! So you can't give me that 'flying around' rot, my lad! I'm not taking any!"

Bill, reclining on the sand, seemed to be listening happily. He appeared happier still when she, once more, bent over him, her fingers again seeking his.

"I've a bathing tent where you can rest," she said gently. "It's not far away. Could you walk to it—if I helped?"

"Per—perhaps I might manage it—if you helped—"

"Wait just a minute, then. I'll go and get my cloak."

She turned and sped—gloriously—toward a bright splash of color that Val could see lying on the sand, a hundred yards or so down the beach. Val turned to Bill.

"I'll give you a hand, old man. Carry you, if you like?"

"Run along, hateful boy. Leave

## GIRL CONTROL

us in peace. We don't need you, at all; everything's going quite nicely now, thank you!"

"You know I'm darned sorry about the smash-up. It won't ever happen again."

"You can bet your boots it won't! 'Cause there won't ever be any 'again'!"

"What's the use of getting riled?"

"Riled? I'm quite used to that when I fly with you. Riled is right! And sore from head to foot, including all stations. That's just something I've learned to expect. But I'm asking no further chance on the morrow!"

"Don't be a crape-hanger, Bill!"

"No, I'll leave that to you—to Val Holiday, the undertaker's friend till the day when death takes a holiday. And I'm betting it won't be long now!"

Bill scowled sourly. "You remember the last time you went putting sunshine into a girl's life, I suppose? We used up enough luck for a whole lifetime, coming through that jam without cracked skulls. Then there's that plane you hung up on the elm tree—forgotten about that, I suppose? And the boat that you looped the wingtip pontoon off of, last week, in Cornwall?"

"Might have happened to anyone, Bill. Those were just accidents."

"What do you call this, then? A pink tea-party? It's not just my spinal column; I've also a reputation as a flier to worry about. How many crashes have we been in, anyway, since I signed up to teach you to fly—eh? And who'll be blamed for 'em? Tell me that!"

"You grabbed the controls from me, last time we crashed," Val pointed out.

"I did," Bill admitted. "Yes, and I saved your life."

"**Y**OU did? Why?"

The girl in the blue bathing suit asked, in frigid tones, as she rejoined them. They had forgotten her for a minute. "Can you stand up?" she asked Bill, without waiting an answer.

"I—yes, I think so—" With the aid of her arm hand, he rose feebly to his feet.

"There we are! Now let me put my cloak round your shoulders. That's it; so! And now, take my arm. All right? Think you can manage it?"

"I'll—I'll try," whispered Bill, draped in the gay-colored wrap. "Perhaps it would make it a little easier—if I—held your hand?"

"There, then. How's that?"

"Fine. Very fine. Yes, very fine indeed."

Arms interlocked and fingers firmly entwined, they were beginning their slow, painful journey across the sands, when Val stopped them.

"I've just thought, Bill," said he. "I'll try to wire from somewhere and have them send up the other plane to us from Penzance. It's only some forty miles off—and Manning was out test-hopping her this morning."

"What's that?" cried the girl. "Another plane?"

"He always buys 'em that way—three at a time—and crashes 'em the same way," said Bill. He shivered. "Can't you make him go away?" he appealed.

"I should think it the least you could do!" she told Val.

"Can you tell me just where I can go?" he inquired.

"Well, the motor-boat's gone. Father and mother have taken it for the day, and I'm here alone—we're just camping. But there's a boat you can use: it's up the beach. You're quite welcome to that. And there's a telegraph station at St. Mary's, over there."

She pointed to a larger island. "It's not too far to row. Do whatever you like, after that. Oh, I don't want to seem unkind, but don't you think it's the least you can do now—to go away? Isn't it little enough to pay for your criminal recklessness?"

Without awaiting a reply, she again gave her attention to Bill. They resumed their slow walk to the tent, as Val sought the boat.

It was a large boat. The oars were long and extremely heavy, and St. Mary's was fully two miles away. Gulping air and growling bitter words, Val shoved off and proceeded to push furiously at the uneven waters of the Atlantic. They as determinedly pushed back. Each time he strained painfully at the oars, he figured the boat must have moved about one-hundredth of the space he could fly in a second.

It did not help to think that the girl on the beach might even now be

slipping a white arm about Bill to help him along. Who could say? Bill might be even persuading her to kiss him in the belief that he was dying!

Val pulled harder than ever at the oars at such painful thoughts as he drew almost imperceptibly towards his goal.

He was, he knew, in a most difficult situation about the girl. But he would certainly have been in a worse one if he had told her that Bill was bluffing. That would have finished him for ever. Girls are queer that way; he was sure he had done right. Yes, he must show no end of sympathy for Bill; that was the proper thing. No end of sympathy—until he could finally get him just where he wanted him—alone—in another plane!

At last—moist and weak and breathless—he pulled up to the stone pier at Hugh Town, on St. Mary's.

The telegram that he sent to Penzance was a triumph of the imperative. Having despatched it, he proceeded to sit, watching and fuming, at the end of the pier, looking across with hungry eyes towards Samson.

Perhaps Bill was really a woman-hater, as he always said, and perhaps he was only playing a mean trick on him now, in revenge for the crash—yet could even Bill Clintock resist such a girl as that, a girl who made all other girls dim and colorless?

Love was no such delight as the fool poets sang. Ah, it hurt! It hurt now, as he fancied emotional scenes on Samson. Had he ever known true love before?

He meditated long and moodily, before he noticed a humming sound in his head—annoying, insistent, becoming constantly stronger. Was this another unpleasant symptom of love? He shook himself, peevishly, and then spun suddenly about to face the east. A seaplane was sweeping down towards him out of the sky, from the Cornish coast.

He desperately thought it to be his, and found that it was. With engine idling and hull sending a white feather of spray curling up from the sea, the flying-boat was already taxiing towards him as he jumped for his rowing-boat and eagerly took to the oars.

Scrambling aboard the plane, he thrust the painter of the boat into Manning's surprised hands.

"Thanks, old scout! Thanks a whole lot! Go on ashore now, and take the steamer back. I'm in a hurry."

Manning no doubt answered something; Val did not hear. He was already slipping into the snug, enclosed operating space in front of the wings.

This new ship was equipped with dual controls, having seats for two pilots, while a sliding door connected the control compartment with a forward cabin for passengers.

"Now then!" Val muttered. "I'll soon show her how careful a pilot I really am!"

He opened the throttle, eased the ship off the water with most meticulous care. In less than two minutes he had leaped over the gap to Samson.

With even greater care than he had used in the take-off, he made a smooth landing in the shallows in front of the bathing-tent. It would have been hard to say just when the boat ceased to fly and began to float. Then he taxied triumphantly towards the beach. The hull had barely touched the sand when he was out and hurrying towards the tent. He left the engine running.

**B**ILL CLINTOCK was stretched out at ease. He had been watching the plane. The girl, who was now dressed and had her back to the shore, suddenly turned as Val approached, then sprang quickly to her feet.

Clasping her hands in ecstasy she seemed to be staring with rapturous eyes at Val. But was it really at him? He looked back, and then realised, all too well, that she scarcely saw him at all. It was the flying-boat that thrilled her. But that was next best, of course.

"Oh, what a beautiful plane!" she exclaimed. "Bill, it's just like the one I was talking about!"

Val glowed exultantly, despite this clear proof of Bill's progress.

"All set, now!" said he. "I can rush you straight up to the hospital at Penzance in thirty minutes."

"Hospital? Oh, no. I'm cured," Bill grinned. "I've had a wonderful nurse!"

Continued from Page 5

"That's fine. Well, then, Miss—"

"Douglas," said Bill. "Cicely Douglas. And this is Val Holiday. Cicely, let me introduce you!"

"Stew meet you!" Val murmured, unhappily. "You'll come up for a ride with me, won't you, Miss Douglas—before we go off? Now that Bill's so much better, you know, and—"

"Ride with you? I should say not!"

Yet Val felt there was hope. There was wistfulness in the depths of those blue eyes.

"But you love flying—and it's really a peach of a plane. And—"

"I tell you!" Bill broke in briskly. "Why shouldn't you take him up for a while, Cicely? You've had five hours' flying instruction. I'm quite sure you could handle her all right. She's very easy to fly."

"Oh, would you let me?" Her eyes, soft and pleading, flashed upon Val. Already dizzy, he reeled under the attack.

"You t-take me?" he stammered. "Of course, he'll let you," declared Bill. "You will, won't you, Val? Only this morning, Val told me how much he likes teaching people to fly."

"I'd really so love to fly it!" she coaxed. Her eyes were losing none of their power. "I really have flown quite a lot, you know. I've flown my brother's plane, and that was something like yours—only smaller, and not so pretty. But then Jack—well, he broke his arm, one time when he was out with me, and I've never flown since. It wasn't my fault at all—honestly, not the least bit—and I—I can fly a plane. Truly I can—perfectly well!"

"Don't go on standing there like a dummy, Val!" prompted Bill. "If you won't let her fly the boat, say so!"

"Why, she—Oh, yes; of course she can fly it." Val's lips felt numb and his knees queer.

Please turn to Page 39

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"GOOD!" Bill approved. "I'll just wait for you here. You'll probably not be up for very long."

With her bathing cloak wrapped close around her, Cicely was already running with light, eager feet toward the water.

"I'll come and help you get off," said Bill. "Now, don't worry!"

Grasping Val's arm, he led him determinedly after the girl. "Bill, you know just how I feel about having someone else at the controls," Val complained bitterly.

"Not! You're safer with her than I was with you, anyway!" Bill politely handed the girl into the opening in the bow, and Val helped her through the sliding door to the pilot's compartment. Finding the ship heavily grounded, Bill waded out obligingly, into the shallows and grasped one wing.

"I'll leave her round into the wind, while you shove the bow off," said he. "Sure you don't want to submerge a few roses first for the Normandy? She's probably in port now."

Cicely safe aboard, Val put his shoulder to the round bow of the boat. He had to use all his strength before he could feel her budge.

"Harder!" called Bill. "Now! All together!"

This time, grating upon the shingle, she slid off. Keeping one hand on the ring-bolt to which the anchor rope was attached, Val waded after her, throwing his weight against one side to head her nose into the wind.

Suddenly the idling motor began to race. The plane lunged forward. "Wait—wait!" he shouted, but knew his voice could not carry.

Was Cicely trying to leave him behind?

With both hands he clung to the ring-bolt in the bow, as the ship gained headway, and then managed to pull himself up into the passenger-compartment, forward.

Through the water-streaked glass, he could see Cicely seated at the controls. She just spared him a glance and a wave of the hand. She was smiling.

They were taxi-ing now, shooting along the water as close to flying speed.

The door between them was closed. He tried it and found it locked. It fastened on Cicely's side. She was planning to fly alone!

Even as he realised this, they began to bounce heavily. Presently he felt the boat lurch up drunkenly into the air—to hang above the surface for an instant, as though considering a plunge. Then it swiftly roared upward.

Val's heart was already jumping about like the plane itself. In a panic, he rapped on the operating-compartment glass, motioned to the locked door, appealed to the girl abjectly with prayerful signs.

She only shook her head and laughed.

Below him, now, the many islands and numberless rocks of the Scilly Isles began to shrink into mere dots in the sea. To the north-east, the great granite cliffs of Land's End, the very westernmost tip of England, came into view. They were flying a vague, uncertain circle above the islands as they mounted into the sky.

"Just supposing she doesn't know how to come down!" he thought. "Supposing she never learned anything more than to go up!"

He craned his neck back again, but could read nothing at all in her face. Nothing in her expression appeared to show that she felt any need of help.

The next moment the ship went into another quite unexpected bank. This time, instead of rolling heavily back to level again, it continued to dip its wing farther and farther. At last they had definitely gone into a steep climb!

Then the engine suddenly died, as though the terrific resting of the boat had silenced it. They lost forward momentum. Faster and faster, with the moan of the wires constantly rising higher, they continued to slip sideways—falling out of control!

"Right aileron, there! Nose her down!" Val shouted.

Holding on with one hand, he waved madly at her through the glass with the other.

The sideslip became a tail-slide. Nose up now, the heavy boat shot earthward. And then, abruptly, the tail snapped upward and the bow dropped in a wild whiplash.

The plane was now in the midst of a series of confused lurches for which there was no name. But its course was ever hopelessly downward.

It was high time to act. Somehow, somehow, in any desperate gamble that might possibly still save their

# GIRL CONTROL

Continued from Page 38

lives, he must fight his way to those controls.

Without an instant's delay, Val climbed through the manhole in the bow, and so out upon the rounded top of the passenger-cabin. If the lurching ship were to reel over sideways now, or begin to dive, he was gone. There was no hold for hands or feet on the streamlined surface on which he lay prone; the roof was as smooth and gripeless as an enormous egg.

Platening out, he gradually wormed his way back and up toward the opening leading into the control compartment. Thankfully, he found that the plane's motion was smoother; they seemed to be gliding more evenly to earth.

Just as his hand hooked at last into the windshield in front of the pilot's seat, he caught a glimpse of a gandy beach. At the same time he felt the ship level off under him. There came a gush of water, geyser-like, from beneath the hull. They were landing—on water!

Drawing himself close to the windshield, Val peeped inside. His eyes popped.

At Cicely's side, crouched down as low as his head was completely concealed from the compartment

vicinity all right. He seemed to be inside a tent.

"How could you ever, ever do it!" he heard Cicely Douglas exclaim. There was a catch in her voice. "I never thought that you'd let him get hurt!"

"I've been out cold a lot longer than this after a hop with him," came Bill's callous reply.

"Oh, but you meant to hurt him. That's different. You did hurt him, up! And I know now that he never hurt you this morning at all—or hardly at all. No one could ever have flown as you did if they had been really hurt. I don't think there's a real scratch or bruise on you anywhere! How can you say heartless things as you do, when the poor lad's so battered and—battered up and—"

Here her voice broke again and Val Holiday stirred. You can't, after all, let the one woman you love feel so miserable—merely because things are pleasant for you.

Besides, he did want a look at Bill's face at that moment.

So Val sat up.

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Please send me full particulars of the Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machine you are selling for £22/18/6. I would also like a copy of the free book, "How to Judge a Sewing Machine."



## Why we get Indigestion

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

In most cases the trouble is that too much acid is being produced by the digestive organs: it burns the delicate walls of your stomach, attacks your food and causes fermentation and wind. The result is digestive pain, heartburn, drowsiness, palpitation and even stomach ulcers.

The only way to get relief is to neutralise excess acid and we doctors find that the best way to do this is to take a little "Bismarck" Magnesia after meals. By counteracting excess stomach acid, "Bismarck" Magnesia brings blessed relief from pain in a matter of minutes.

Note: "Bismarck" Magnesia—referred to above—is available at all chemists. The package bears the trade mark "Bismarck."

THE arena lay on the opposite side of the river from the village of Schenke, whence the Duke's cortege was expected to arrive, and a temporary bridge had been thrown across the Dender.

Many were the anxious glances cast towards the rising ground over the river, as the men rubbed down their horses, spat on silver buttons, and polished them till the sweat ran off their bodies; and once an alarm was raised, an agonised cry of: "The Duke! The Duke!"

Not until two o'clock did the Duke arrive, and by that time all the polishing was done, and the cavalry was drawn up in three imposing lines, facing the bridge. Lining the bank of the river were the Hussars, in squadrons, widely spaced and with batteries of horse artillery on each flank; behind them stood Heavy Dragoons in compact order, with four batteries; and behind them

# AN Infamous ARMY

Continued from Page 6

In the Hussar dress; and Sir George Wood, who commanded the artillery; they even knew the Duke of Brunswick, and guessed that the stout old gentleman with the white whiskers was Marshal Blucher; but who the rest of the fine gentlemen might be, in their plumed hats and fancy foreign uniforms, they neither knew nor cared. One or two old soldiers recognised General Alava, but Generals Gneisenau, Kleist, and Ziethen, Pozzo di Borgo, and Baron Vincent, Counts van Reede, and d'Agile, exclaiming in outlandish tongues among themselves, did not concern them. They thought the Marshal Prince von Blucher a rum touch if ever there was one, opening his bone-box to splutter out his Acha, and his Mein Gott, and his Pery Goots!

The inspection took a long time; some of the spectators grew rather bored with looking at the motionless ranks, and several ladies complained of the heat. Sir Peregrine Taverner, whose Harriet was in low spirits and had refused to attend the Review, edged his way to Barbara's phaeton; and Lady Worth, her head aching a little from the glare of the sun, closed her eyes, with a request to her lord to inform her if anything should begin to happen.

The Duke and the Marshal at last returned to the saluting-point; Lord Uxbridge marched the troops past; Judith woke up; and all the willing ladies revived at the prospect of being able to move out of the sun, and partake of refreshments.

The military cortege began to move about among the civilians before riding back to Kinova. Various persons were presented to the Marshal Prince; and Colonel Audley was able to seize the opportunity of exchanging a few words with Lady Barbara.

## Confusion

WHEN I went walking down the town  
I saw a King without a crown.  
"A King," they always said to me,  
"Is crowned and walks in dignity.  
And rides in state about the land  
And bears a sceptre in his hand."  
So shall I then believe these things  
They tell to me of Life and Kings,  
When very plainly I behold  
The opposite to what I'm told?  
Such disconcerting things I find  
Are most confusing to the mind!

—YVONNE WEBB.

"How do you contrive to look so cool?" he asked ruefully.

"I can't think. I'm bored to tears, Charles!"

"I know. Devilish tedious, isn't it?"

"I only came to see George, and I couldn't even pick him out in that dreadful scarlet mass!" she said pettishly.

"He looked very handsome, I assure you."

She yawned. "I'll swear he was cursing the heat! I wish you could drive home with me. We will dine outside the town in one of those charmingly vulgar places in the suburbs, and drink our wine at a table by the roadside, just as the burghers do. It will be so amusing!"

"Oh, don't!" he begged. "It sounds delightful, and I can't do it!"

"Why can't you?" she demanded, lifting her eyebrows. "Is it beneath the dignity of a Staff Officer?"

"You know very well it's not beneath my dignity. But I'm dining at Ninove."

"That stupid Cavalry party of Uxbridge's! Oh, nonsense! It can't signify. No one will give a fig for your absence: you won't even be missed, I daresay."

He laughed, but shook his head. "My darling, I haven't!"

She hunched a shoulder. "I am tired of your duty, Charles. It is so tedious!"

"It is, indeed."

"I see nothing of you, George and Harry can get leave when they want it; why should not you?"

"George and Harry are not on the Staff," he replied. "I'd get leave if I could, but it's impossible."

"Well!" She closed her parasol with a snap, and laid it on the seat beside her. "It is impossible for you! I must find someone else to go with me. Ah, the very man! Sir Peregrine, come here!"

A little startled, the Colonel turned to see Peregrine hurriedly obeying

the summons. A bewitching smile was bestowed upon him. "Sir Peregrine, I want to dine in the suburbs, and Charles won't take me! Will you go with me?"

"Oh, by Jove, Lady Bab, I should think I will—anywhere!" replied Peregrine.

"Good. No dressing-up, mind! I intend to go just as I am. You may call for me in the Rue Ducale: is it agreed?"

"Lord, yes, a thousand times! It will be capital fun!" A doubt struck him; he looked at the Colonel, and added: "That is—you don't mind, Audley, do you?"

"My dear Perry, why should I mind? Go by all means! I wish I might join you."

"Oh, devilish good of you! At about six, then, Lady Bab: I'll be there!"

HE raised his hat to her and walked away; the Colonel said: "What's your game, Bab?"

"I don't understand you. I had thought the fact of Sir Peregrine's being a connection of yours must have made him unexceptionable. Besides, I like him: have you any objection?"

"I'm not jealous of him, if that is what you mean, but I've a strong notion that it would be better for him not to be liked by you."

"Ah, perhaps you are right!" she said. Her voice was faintly, but two demons danced in her eyes. "Ladies comes to Brussels this evening: I will engage him instead."

"You're a devil in attack, Bab," he said appreciatively. "That's a pistol held to my head, and, being a prudent man, I capitulate."

"Oh, Charles! Craven! And you a soldier!"

"True; but a good soldier knows when to retreat!"

"Shall you come about again?"

"Yes, but I shall be more careful of my ground. To-day I rashly left my flank exposed."

She smiled. "And I rolled it up! Well, I will be good! Sir Peregrine shall take me, because it would be stupid to cry off now, but I will be very sately, I promise you."

He held up his hand to her. "Defeat without dishonor! Thank you!"

She leaned down from her high perch, putting her hand in his. His face was upturned; she said, with her gurgle of laughter: "Don't smile at me, Charles! If you do I must kiss you just there."

She drew her hand away, and laid a finger between his brows.

She gathered up the reins, and signed to her tiger to jump up behind. "There seems to be nothing to stay for; I shall go. Who is invited to this dinner of Uxbridge's?"

"All commanding Cavalry Officers, and of course the foreign visitors."

"Ah, a horrid male party! You will enjoy it excessively, I daresay, get abominably foxed, and come reeling back to Brussels with the dawn."

"Well! You have drawn no rose-colored picture of my character at all events! There can be no disillusionment for you to fear!"

"No, none for me," she said.

He saw that she was ready to give her horses the office to start, but detained her. "Do you mean to drive alone? Is not Harry with you?"

"Certainly I mean to drive alone. Harry is not here."

He stepped back. She said sardoniously: "Retiring again, Charles? You're the wisest man of my acquaintance. Good-bye! Don't be anxious: I am a famous whip."

Please turn to Page 51

## FLUSH ACID POISON OUT OF KIDNEYS

Flush Out Your 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes

If kidneys don't pass 3 pints a day and get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters become clogged with poisonous waste and the danger of acid poisoning is greatly increased.

This acid condition, brought about by poor kidney function, is a danger signal and may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness.

Most people watch their backs, which contain only 12 feet of intestines, but neglect the kidneys, which contain 15 miles of filters and tubes. If those tubes or filters become clogged with poisons, it may lay you out for many months. Don't run any risk. Make sure your kidneys empty 2 pints a day.

Ask your chemist for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. . . . used successfully by the world over by millions of people. They give quick relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS at your chemist.



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Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich-man, poor-man—all and everyone are liable to offend with "B.O." (Body Odour). Make sure that you are safe by washing and bathing regularly with Lifebuoy. Its rich, penetrating lather—containing the famous health element—gets right into the pores of your skin, removes every speck of odour-causing waste. There's no possible risk of offending, of spoiling your chances of happiness, if you protect yourself the pleasant Lifebuoy way. Lifebuoy's own clean scent vanishes as you rinse.



A LEVER PRODUCT



# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

March 5, 1938.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Page One

## SMART HATS for Clever NEEDLEWOMEN

Secure patterns at once and make your new season's hats, smart gauntlets, also snappy peasant collar and belt . . .

And if you're seeking a gay little luncheon set, here's an enchanting one traced ready for quick, rich stitchery.

Needlework  
Notions



PAPER PATTERNS for making this cute collar and belt set may be obtained from our Needlework Department for 1/1. Tyrolean transfer costs only 9d. Use suede leather, or material to match your truck.



Achieve that  
million-dollar  
look at little cost.

IT'S amazing what a hat can do for you, and here's your chance to cut quite a dash—either in the Mexican affair or the chic, high-crowned beret.

Patterns are obtainable from our Needlework Department cut in sizes to fit 21-inch to 23-inch heads. Each requires 1 yard of 36-inch material. Patterns cost 1/1 each.

Paper patterns are also obtainable for the slick gauntlet gloves the smart young thing is wearing on your left. They are cut in 6-inch and 6½-inch sizes, and cost 1/1. Only 1 yard of 36-inch wide material is required.

### Luncheon Set

HERE are details concerning prices and sizes of the delightful linen set featured at the top of this page. It is obtainable in white, cream, pink, blue or green linen, traced in readiness for embroidery.

The centre mat measures 18 x 18 inches, the plate mats 9 x 9 inches, and the cup mats 5 x 5 inches.

Nine-piece set, comprising centre, four plate mats, and four cup mats. Price 5/9.

Thirteen-piece set, comprising centre, six plate mats, and six cup mats. Price 7/9.

Serviettes to match, size 12 x 12 inches, 1/- each.

The pieces may also be purchased separately—

18 x 18 inch centre, 2/6 each.

9 x 9 inch mats, 1/- each.

5 x 5 inch mats, 6d. each.

12 x 12 inch serviettes, 1/- each.

Postage is free.

Remember that paper patterns for making hats, gauntlets, collar and belt set, are obtainable only from our Needlework Department.



DESIGNED TO MAKE your table more enchanting. Send to our Needlework Department for this "Carnation" Luncheon Set in white, cream, yellow, green, blue or pink linen, traced ready for working. You may obtain a nine-piece set, or purchase the pieces separately.

Don't wear court shoes that  
cut your instep . . . wear the

Bedgood Tango



Flexible  
instep gives  
fit with  
comfort

America's most famous shoe style now comes to Australia. Bedgood's Tango flexible instep Court shoes cannot cut your instep because they are flexible at the very spot where other court shoes cut. Tango Courts are made in black, brown, and navy kid in both medium high and high heels. Ask to see them at your favourite store.

Tango  
FLEXIBLE INSTEP  
Court Shoe

MADE ONLY BY

BEDGOODS





# MENUS for the LENTEN SEASON

*Also recipes for appetising, satisfying and easy-to-make meatless dishes*

By . . .

**MARY FORBES**

*Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.*

**D**URING Lent the menus in many households become monotonous because the cook's knowledge of attractive meatless dishes is limited.

**T**HESE expertly-compiled menus, therefore, will help all those who face the daily problem of providing nourishing and attractive meals for the family.

Even those who do not observe the Lenten custom will find these menus and recipes helpful.

ABOVE you see macaroni timbales which look most attractive served in ramekin cases.

MEDLEY PIE, illustrated at right, is a delightful dish. See recipe on this page.

## RICE AND CELERY CROQUETTES

Two cups cooked rice, 1 teaspoon grated onion or onion powder, 1 cup finely-chopped celery, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 2 eggs, salt, cayenne, breadcrumbs, fat.

Mix rice, onion, and celery. Add sauce, salt, cayenne and bind with

well-beaten egg. Cook for 1 minute. Spread on flat plate. When cold, cut into 10. Mould into cork shapes with floured hands. Dip in beaten egg, then toss in crumbs. Wet fry till golden brown. Drain. Serve piled high

on hot plate, garnished with fried parsley. Serve tomato sauce in sauce boat.

## CANARY SALAD

Mix 1 cup raw grated carrot with 1 cup minced celery, 1 cup diced apple, sprinkle of onion powder, salt and cayenne to taste. Moisten with French salad dressing. Serve in small dishes garnished with shredded lettuce.

## MACARONI TIMBALES

One cup grated cheese, 1 1/2 cups milk, 2 eggs, 1 cup cooked macaroni, salt, cayenne.

Beat eggs well. Stir in milk and cheese, salt and cayenne. Heat slightly, stirring well. Butter ramekin cases and half fill with macaroni. Fill with cheese custard, sprinkle liberally with breadcrumbs, stand in pan of hot water, and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes, or till well set. Serve at once.

## SMOKED FISH CASSEROLE

Fillets of fish, 1/2 cup milk, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped parsley, cayenne, onion powder or juice.

Lay the fillets of fish in casserole. Mix milk and water, add the melted butter, cayenne, and onion juice. Pour this over the fish. Cover with lid and cook in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Add the blended flour to the liquid and return to oven till it boils. Sprinkle with parsley and garnish with lemon. Serve at once with creamed potatoes.

## MEDLEY PIE

Cover the sides and bottom of greased pie-dish with cooked macaroni or spaghetti. Put in a layer of sliced, peeled tomatoes, then sliced cooked onion, layer of sliced hard-boiled egg, salt, and cayenne, and so on until pie-dish is full. Pour over a little thin

white sauce, then cover top with macaroni and breadcrumbs. Dot well with butter. Bake in hot oven till well browned. This pie may be garnished with slices of egg and chopped parsley. Serve very hot.

## ASPARAGUS EGGS

Four eggs, 4 rounds of toasted bread, 12 stalks asparagus, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons vinegar, salt, cayenne, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, butter, parsley.

Make the toast. Butter and keep hot. Heat asparagus and drain well. Beat yolk of egg. Add vinegar, salt and cayenne. Stir over low heat till it coats the spoon. Add cheese. Lay 3 stalks of asparagus on round of toast. Pour over a little sauce, then top with poached egg. Sprinkle with parsley, and serve very hot.

## VEGETABLE CHARLOTTE

Three large cooked red carrots, 2 cooked onions, 1 cup cooked lima beans, thin slices of bread and butter, 1 egg, salt, cayenne, lot of grated cheese, parsley.

Butter the slices of bread and line greased pie-dish evenly, butter side out. Mix the chopped vegetables, beans and cheese with salt and cayenne. Bind with beaten egg. Pour into the prepared pie-dish. Cover with slice of buttered bread (butter on top). Place in hot oven and cook till bread is pale straw color and crisp. Turn onto hot dish, garnish with parsley and serve with gravy or sauce.

## HARICOT BEAN ROLL

Half pound short or flaky pastry, 1 cup cooked beans, 1 cup breadcrumbs, salt, cayenne, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 large tomato.

Mash the beans. Add to them the crumbs, cheese, salt, cayenne and the finely-chopped tomato. Mix well. Roll out pastry into oblong shape, spread with mixture. Roll up. Secure ends, brush with egg and milk glaze, and sprinkle with cheese. Bake in hot oven 30 to 40 minutes. Lift onto hot dish, and serve with tomato or brown sauce.

## EGG AND ASPARAGUS AU GRATIN

Drain small tin asparagus well. Cut stalks into 1-inch pieces. Place in buttered fireproof dish. Dot well with butter and bake 5 minutes. Beat 4 eggs well. Add 2 tablespoons milk and 2 tablespoons grated cheese, salt and cayenne to taste. Pour over asparagus. Bake in moderate oven till set and the top browned. Serve at once.

## MEATLESS MENUS

*For the Main Meal of the Day*

|                                       |                                      |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| No. 1                                 | No. 3                                |
| Tomato Juice Cocktail                 | Pineapple and Grape Fruit Cocktail   |
| Smoked Fish Casserole                 | Haricot Bean Roll with Cheese Sauce  |
| Mashed Potatoes                       | Creamed Potatoes                     |
| Glazed Carrots                        | Peas                                 |
| Stewed Fruit and Chocolate Blancmange | Apricot Short Cake and Whipped Cream |
| No. 2                                 | No. 4                                |
| Tussock Soup                          | Barley Soup                          |
| Salmon and Macaroni Pie               | Cheese Pudding                       |
| Saute Potatoes                        | New Potatoes Creamed Spinach         |
| Apple and Raisin Charlotte            | Apple Tart and Cream                 |

## MEATLESS LUNCHEON MENUS

|  |                             |
|--|-----------------------------|
| No. 1  | No. 2                       |
| Rice and Celery Croquettes with Cheese Sauce | Egg and Asparagus Au Gratin |
| Green Salad                                  | Canary Salad                |
| Pancakes with Honey                          | Raisin Tart                 |
| No. 3  |                             |
| Macaroni Cheese Timbales                     |                             |
| Mixed Salad                                  |                             |
| Lemon Sponge Pie with Cream                  |                             |

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# FAVORITE Recipes from Other COUNTRIES

Gathered while journeying  
in far-off lands. Try them out!

If you were in Paris and felt slightly adventurous, you'd visit Turkish, Italian, Spanish and Russian cafes. If you were in New York you would certainly add French, Mexican and German cafes to this list.

By . . .  
**Eve Gye**



A SIMPLE, wholesome, and appetizing German dish. Its name in German is unpronounceable, so we give it a simple name in English, "Carrot Boats." See recipe below.



INDIA PILAU

Cover the breast of a large, fine fowl with slices of fat bacon or ham secured by skewers. Put it into a large saucepan or stewpan with two sliced onions. Season with pepper, salt, and mace. Have ready a pint of rice that has been washed and cooked. Cover the fowl with it, and cover with water. Stew for half an hour, keeping the pan or saucepan closely covered. Serve all together.



BANBURY CAKES

(This is from the old manuscript rule as made over 300 years ago)  
Set a sponge with 1 pint of sifted flour, 1 cupful warm milk, 1 cake yeast, 1 teaspoon salt. Let it rise in a warm place until light, then add 1 lb. honey, 1 lb. currants, 1 lb. candied orange and lemon peel cut fine, 1 oz. each powdered cinnamon and allspice. Beat all together thoroughly. Roll a sheet of puff paste a little more than an eighth of an inch thick. Cut in oval shapes about 4 inches long, putting a teaspoonful or more of the mixture in each. When the edges have been pinched together, flatten lightly with a rolling-pin and dust with sugar. Bake in a hot oven until brown.



GALLORIA

Cut ripe bananas lengthwise and then in two. Dip in a batter of beaten egg and fry in hot butter or olive oil. These may be also dipped in cake-crumbs, after dipping in the egg-batter, before being fried. Also, a sweet egg-custard flavored with lemon is delicious on them.

PAPPAS HELLENAS

Season mashed potato highly with salt and pepper. Mix finely-chopped beef with chopped raisins and ripe olives, and then mould into little cone shapes, moistening with soup stock. Cover entirely with the seasoned mashed potato and form into croquettes. Fry in deep fat until golden brown. Drain, and serve piping hot.



OEUFS CACHES

Cook until tender 2 tablespoons minced onion in 2 tablespoons dripping; then blend in 2 tablespoons flour and add 2 cups tomato pulp.

Season with salt, pepper, and ground mace. Fry in 2 tablespoons butter thin slices of lean ham sufficient to cover baking-dish, and pour over this the gravy left from frying. Into this slice a layer of 6 or 8 hard-boiled eggs, and cover with onions and tomato sauce. Sprinkle with bread-crumbs and chopped parsley, and dot with butter, and bake.

OMELETTE CELESTINE

Beat together 6 eggs and 3oz. pounded macaroons, 1 tablespoon sugar, and a pinch of salt. Make four omelettes of this. Fill one with orange marmalade, one with greeneggs, one with currant jelly, and one with apricot jam. Dust with sugar, glaze them brown, and serve hot.



GERMAN APPLE CAKE

One ounce butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 5oz. self-raising flour, vanilla, thinly-sliced apple, sugar, cinnamon.  
Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, milk, and essence, then the sifted flour. Spread evenly in well-greased sandwich tin. Place the sliced apple

on the cake mixture overlapping each slice and completely covering top. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon mixed well together. Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Turn carefully on to cooler. Serve hot or cold.

CARROT BOATS

Parboil well some large-sized carrots. Drain. Scoop out centre lengthwise (see picture at top of page). Then fill with a mixture of minced meat, ham, herbs, pepper and salt, bound with beaten egg. Place in baking-dish with small quantity of water, and steam until carrots are tender. Serve on a large platter with a border of rice, lemon slices, and sliced carrots.



CHINESE ALMOND WAFERS

Hand made. Delicious for Afternoon Tea or served with Fruit.  
Beat 1 cup almonds, halve and cut the strips; dry in warm oven. Cream 1 cup butter and 1 cup sugar, add 1 egg, 1 teaspoon almond extract, and gradually, 1 cup rice flour.  
Roll out very thinly in plenty of rice flour, cut in small rounds or squares and place on a tin, carefully using an egg-slice or spatula. Place almond strips on top of the wafers and gently press in. Bake until straw colored.



WATROUSKIES

Mix together in the following order 1 cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 whole egg, 1 cup mace, 2 more yolks of eggs, and 1 tablespoon flour. Beat this until very smooth. Roll out puff paste, cut in rounds, set a narrow strip around the edge, setting it first so that it will stick. Fill with mixture, and bake 30 minutes in moderate oven.



SMOTHERED CHICKEN

Heat a heavy aluminium frying-pan and 1 cup thick, heavy cream and add pieces of chicken. Cook until well browned, turning frequently and adding more cream as necessary. Cover and cook slowly until tender. Remove to a hot platter and pour over bechamel sauce, which is made like white sauce, using the fat from the frying-pan and part chicken-stock and part milk.

## Champion Cook Makes Kellogg's Blindfold Test

THAT EXTRA-  
RICH FLAVOUR OF  
CORN MAKES A  
WORLD OF DIFFERENCE!  
THERE'S NOTHING TO  
COMPARE WITH  
CORN FLAKES!



Won a First Prize in "Women's Weekly" £500 Cooking Competition!

This is Mrs. L. G. Hamilton, of 61 Hughes Street, Mile End, S.A. Her recipe for a dinner menu won her a £50 first prize in this huge competition, which brought in 98,000 entries. Naturally, she's a first-rate judge of flavour, so Kellogg's requested her to make their now famous Blindfold Test. She tasted four popular

breakfast cereals, including Kellogg's Corn Flakes, whilst blindfolded. When asked which tasted best, she immediately voted for Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Hundreds of other famous Taste Experts and plain, everyday people have now made the same test. Incredible as it may seem, every single one of them voted that Kellogg's Corn Flakes tasted best.



"KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES, MADE FROM A SPECIALLY-GROWN WHITE AUSTRALIAN CORN, ARE THE ONLY CORN FLAKES MADE IN AUSTRALIA."

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• Hollywood "Dick"—the REAL low-down from Hollywood—by cable, presented by Kellogg's over a nation-wide relay—Monday at 8.15 p.m.—2CH, 2KO, 2TM, 2WG, 48K-AK, 3DS-LK and 5AD-MU-PI-SE.



# Spectacular Recipes

As well as the simple, inexpensive kind win prizes in our cooking competition

Every week, readers have the opportunity of entering their favorite recipes in this interesting competition.

Cash prizes are awarded weekly—£1 for the best recipe received, and consolation prizes at 2/6 each for the next best.

**THIS** week, first prize goes to the spectacular cake illustrated on this page.

Send us your best recipe!

## VICTORIAN POSY CAKE

Eight ounces of butter, 8oz. sugar, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoon of milk, 9oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, vanilla, cochineal, green coloring, green boiled frosting, paper d'oyley, mixed flowers, fern and ribbon.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add well-beaten eggs, then milk essence, and, lastly, well-sifted flour, baking powder, and salt. Divide into three parts, color one pink, one green and leave one plain. Drop in alternate spoonfuls into well-greased eight-inch round cake tin, and bake in a moderate oven 1½ hours.

Turn out to cool, and when cold cover completely with green frosting. Cut centre out of a lace d'oyley and lay lace portion on top of cake. Place round the d'oyley thin strips of angelica to form fern, then a ring of forget-me-nots made from small



HERE IS the decorative Victorian Posy Cake which wins first prize of £1 this week.

rounds of almond paste colored blue. Use cachous for centres of forget-me-nots. Next a ring of roses made from almond paste and colored pale pink with cochineal, then a ring of violets, either crystallized or made with almond paste colored with vegetable coloring.

Place a large rose of almond paste in the centre, make a few tones deeper with cochineal. Small rings of yellow marshmallow may be dotted about to represent daisies. Be sure to add a bunchy bow of baby ribbon to finish the posy and to tone with the color scheme.

**Almond Paste**—6oz. ground almonds, 12oz. icing sugar, yolks of 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons of sherry, lemon juice. Sift icing sugar, add almonds, mix well. Beat yolks, sherry, and lemon juice, then add to the dry ingredients, and make into a dry dough, turn on to a board, sprinkle with icing sugar and knead well. Use as directed.

**Boiled Frosting**—Boil 1 cup of sugar with 2 tablespoons water till clear (about 3 minutes). Do not stir, cool slightly, and pour gradually on to the stiffly-beaten white of an egg. Beat till thick. Color a nice green, and pour evenly over the cake.

**Note**—Posy of artificial flowers could be made instead of the almond paste flowers and placed on the cake when the frosting has set. Lift off before cutting the cake. This artificial posy could be kept on hand for future use.

**First Prize of £1 to Miss I. Platt, Hodedston, Orchard Street, Croydon, N.S.W.**

## MAIDS OF HONOR TARTS

Half a cup shortening (butter or margarine preferably), 2 eggs, ½ cup sugar, 1½ cups raspberry jam, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup blanched, chopped almonds, ½ pint whipped cream.

Beat shortening and eggs to a cream. Add sugar and beat until light and soft. Stir in flour, baking powder, and salt, sifted together. Form small round balls with hands and place in well-greased patty pans. Make a deep hole in the centre by pressing dough up around the edges. Fill with jam and nuts mixed together. Bake in quick oven 10-15 minutes. When cool, pile with whipped cream sweetened with honey, if desired. This quantity makes about 1½ dozen.

These tarts are unusual and delicious, the pastry is short and tender, but not greasy or over-rich.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Huxley, 37 Northam Avenue, Bardon W4, Brisbane.**

## COFFEE PANCAKES

One egg, 2 teaspoons coffee essence, 1 pint milk, 1½ lb. flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, nutmeg, and sugar.

Beat egg with coffee essence, stir in flour, add soda which has been dissolved in half the milk, and beat again for 5 minutes. Add remainder of milk and put aside for 15 minutes. Melt a little butter in a pan, and when blue smoke rises pour in a thin layer of butter. Fry golden brown on both sides, drain and sprinkle with a little grated nutmeg and brown sugar. Roll up and serve with a slice of lemon.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Carrington Bellby, 264 Park Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.**



MAKE IT a treat for the eyes as well as the taste—make a simple lunch for an appointed table.

AT LEFT: Lunch apples, rosy-red fruit and follow the recipe given below, ideal for the busman girl's lunch.

## CARROT PASTE

(This makes a delicious sandwich filling.)

Mash the yolk of 1 hard-boiled egg to a paste, then add to it 1½ tablespoons butter, 1½ lb. grated cheese, 1 cupful of mashed cooked carrots. Beat well and then add gradually 1 tablespoon of vinegar, seasoning, and ½ teaspoonful of castor sugar. Beat again, then cover with clarified butter.

When using this paste with brown bread, add, if liked, ½ teaspoon of crushed caraway seeds to every 2 tablespoons of paste, and sprinkle little chopped celery over filling before covering sandwiches.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Otto Blauhaum, 8 Lanoma St., East Launceston, Tas.**

## EVERYDAY CAKE

One pound flour, 1½ lb. butter, 1½ lb. sultanas, 2oz. mixed peel, 2 tablespoons dark plum jam, 1 teacup hot milk, pinch salt, 1½ lb. castor sugar, 1½ lb. currants, 1½ lb. seeded raisins, 2oz. almonds (blanched and chopped), 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, a few chopped dates, figs, or preserved cherries if liked.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, and beat well. Add jam and beat again. Dissolve soda in hot milk and mix with eggs, etc. Have fruit (which must be dry) and flour all mixed together. Mix all well, and bake in a moderate oven from 2 to 2½ hours.

Be sure to mix all ingredients thoroughly. Keep a few halves of almonds to decorate top of cake.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Austin, Oxford St., North Geelong, Vic.**

## LUNCH APPLES

One red apple for each person, 1oz. cream cheese, crystallized ginger.

Commence at the bottom of the apple and core, taking care not to go right through. Cut the apple into three even slices, crosswise, and spread thickly with cream cheese. Stack the slices of apple as before. Turn the apple upside down, and fill the core with pieces of ginger. Spread a little cheese over the hole to prevent the ginger coming out. Serve on a plate decorated with leaves.

Ordinary cheese grated and moistened with milk or salad dressing can be used as a substitute.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Lane, Montrose, Greenhill St., Croydon, N.S.W.**

## A meal in a moment...

Happy and hungry... What could be more tempting than tasty pork sausages, perfectly cooked with a delightful blend of choice vegetables.

Simply heat and serve.



**Rosella**  
Cooked  
Sausages & Vegetables



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**THE NEW COOKERY BOOK**  
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It is beautifully illustrated in colour and the dishes look so appetizing that you want to make them at once.

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And remember to ask for the extra folder, "Simple Sauces."

**DAVIS GELATINE**

G.P.O. Box 35888, Sydney, N.S.W.



# PICTURE YOURSELF In This SMART JUMPER

It is a forerunner of the captivating collection of exclusive knitteds gathered from all reliable fashion sources for readers of The Australian Women's Weekly

DESIGNED especially for between-seasons' wear it is a style that can be worn with distinction.

The snappy tie at the neckline lends a cachet to this short-sleeved affair. The stitch used for the garment itself is a novel one, but with the simple knitting directions given hereunder the amateur would find it comparatively easy to work.

Kasha is the shade chosen with brown and green touches in the tie. You can, of course, substitute any desired colors for these.

Here follow the knitting directions:

**Materials:** 8oz. 4-ply wool, kasha color, lot each of the same wool in dark brown and green, No. 8 needles.  
**Measurements:** Shoulder to lower edge 21 inches, bust 34-35 inches, sleeve at underarm seam 44 inches.  
**Tension:** 11 stitches and 15 rows to 1 inch.

**Abbreviations:** K. Knit; p. purl; f. forward (i.e. throw the thread forward around the right needle); tog. together.

## THE FRONT

Commence at the lower edge by casting on 84 stitches which should measure 16 inches, and work in pattern as follows:—

1st Row (right side of work): \* K. 2, p. 2. Repeat from \*.

2nd Row: (wrong side of work): Purl all the stitches that were knit in the preceding row and knit those that were pured.

3rd Row: \* K. 2, p. 2, k. 1, f. 3, k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from \*.

4th Row: Same as 2nd row. Each one of the three "forwards" from the preceding row is worked off as a stitch.

5th Row: \* K. 2, p. 2, f. 1, k. 5, f. 1, p. 1. Repeat from \*.

6th Row: Same as 4th row.

7th Row: \* K. 2, p. 2, k. 7, p. 2. Repeat from \*.

8th Row: Same as 2nd row.

9th Row: \* K. 2, p. 2, k. 1, k. 3 tog., k. 1 tog. slip the first knit stitch over the 1 sts that have been knit together, so that the 7 stitches are now reduced to 2, p. 2. Repeat from \*.

10th Row: Same as 2nd row.

Commencing with the 11th row the pattern is reversed.

11th, 13th, and 35th Rows: Narrow by 1 stitch on each side.

In the 36th row the work measures 44 inches, and the waist has been reached.

61st, 63rd, 65th, 67th, 69th, 71st, 73rd, 75th, 77th, 79th, 81st, 83rd, 85th, 87th, 89th, 91st, 93rd, 95th, 97th, 99th, 101st, 103rd, 105th, 107th, 109th, 111th, 113th, 115th, 117th, 119th, 121st, 123rd, 125th, 127th, 129th, 131st, 133rd, 135th, 137th, 139th, 141st, 143rd, 145th, 147th, 149th, 151st, 153rd, 155th, 157th, 159th, 161st, 163rd, 165th, 167th, 169th, 171st, 173rd, 175th, 177th, 179th, 181st, 183rd, 185th, 187th, 189th, 191st, 193rd, 195th, 197th, 199th, 201st, 203rd, 205th, 207th, 209th, 211th, 213th, 215th, 217th, 219th, 221st, 223rd, 225th, 227th, 229th, 231st, 233rd, 235th, 237th, 239th, 241st, 243rd, 245th, 247th, 249th, 251st, 253rd, 255th, 257th, 259th, 261st, 263rd, 265th, 267th, 269th, 271st, 273rd, 275th, 277th, 279th, 281st, 283rd, 285th, 287th, 289th, 291st, 293rd, 295th, 297th, 299th, 301st, 303rd, 305th, 307th, 309th, 311th, 313th, 315th, 317th, 319th, 321st, 323rd, 325th, 327th, 329th, 331st, 333rd, 335th, 337th, 339th, 341st, 343rd, 345th, 347th, 349th, 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# Thousands Reduce Safely 28 POUNDS IN 6 WEEKS

You can feel 12 years younger in 6 weeks . . . regain attractive slim figure charm and youthful vitality in place of ugly, unhealthy fat, as thousands have done by taking Youth-o-form. Just one pure, tasteless, Youth-o-form capsule occasionally before meals, and ugly fat goes quickly, safely, permanently!



## What You Should Weigh

Compare your weight with that of the perfect 1935 figure which is given on this chart. If ugly fat on your chin, bust, waist or hips is spoiling your health and figure—Get YOUTH-O-FORM Now!

| Height  | 15-19   | 20-24   | 25-29   | 30-34   | 35-40   |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| ft. in. | st. lb. | st. lb. | st. lb. | st. lb. | st. lb. |
| 4' 11"  | 7 5     | 7 8     | 7 11    | 8 0     | 8 3     |
| 5' 0"   | 7 7     | 7 10    | 7 13    | 8 2     | 8 5     |
| 5' 1"   | 7 9     | 7 12    | 8 1     | 8 4     | 8 7     |
| 5' 2"   | 7 12    | 8 1     | 8 4     | 8 6     | 8 9     |
| 5' 3"   | 8 1     | 8 4     | 8 6     | 8 9     | 9 2     |
| 5' 4"   | 8 4     | 8 7     | 8 10    | 8 13    | 9 6     |
| 5' 5"   | 8 7     | 8 10    | 8 13    | 9 3     | 9 7     |
| 5' 6"   | 8 11    | 9 0     | 9 3     | 9 7     | 9 11    |
| 5' 7"   | 9 1     | 9 4     | 9 7     | 9 11    | 10 1    |
| 5' 8"   | 9 5     | 9 8     | 9 11    | 10 1    | 10 5    |
| 5' 9"   | 9 8     | 9 12    | 10 1    | 10 5    | 10 9    |
| 5' 10"  | 9 12    | 10 2    | 10 5    | 10 9    | 10 12   |

Add 10 lbs. for every 5 years over forty.

## Regain Health, Vitality . . . Charm

Don't put up with ugly, unhealthy fat any longer. Keep your body young. Hold your youthful vitality. Enjoy the clinging slender beauty of the loveliest frocks.

Never mind if you have failed to reduce by diet or exercises or purgative salts. Get Youth-o-form from your chemist to-day. See how your skin clears, your eyes brighten, as you gain new youthful vitality, new joyous energy.

Youth-o-form contains pure herbal ingredients, especially imported from England. Doctors and chemists know Youth-o-form is the most effective scientifically balanced prescription in the world for ugly, surplus fat, and to drive out rheumatism, blood pressure, constipation, indigestion and chronic headaches.

**GO TO YOUR CHEMIST TO-DAY AND GET A 5/6 CARTON**  
(FULL SIX WEEKS TREATMENT 20/-)

If you from a chemist send the order form below and Youth-o-form will reach you by return mail with full directions

British Medical Laboratories

40 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY.

Dear Sirs—Please send, post free, by return mail—

YOUTH-O-FORM, six weeks' treat 20/-

YOUTH-O-FORM, ten days' treat 5/6

I enclose Cheque, Postal Note, Money Order, Stamps for the amount of

NAME . . . . .

STREET . . . . .

CITY OF TOWN . . . . .

N.B. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us

MISS DOROTHY MANNERS.  
The World's Most Beautiful Woman.  
Height . . . 5' 4 1/2 in. Hips . . . 34 in.  
Weight . . . 114 lb. Thigh . . . 19 in.  
Bust . . . 33 in. Calf . . . 13 in.  
Waist . . . 25 in. Neck . . . 12 1/2 in.

## YOUTH-O-FORM

## HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

High Blood Pressure Every Year Kills More People Than Does Cancer, for High Blood Pressure Destroys the Arteries and Heart.

**SYMPTOMS OF HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE.**—The most frequent symptoms of High Blood Pressure are as follows:—

1. Chronic headaches.
2. Head noises.
3. Dizziness, fullness, and heaviness of the head.
4. Flushing to head and throat.
5. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
6. Insomnia and nervousness.
7. Failing eyesight.
8. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.
9. Fear of impending disaster.
10. Irritability and depression.
11. Loss of will power.
12. Bladder weakness.
13. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

## HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE ATTACKS YOUR HEART

If you suffer in this way, act quickly and at once, because High Blood Pressure gradually gets worse and worse, attacking and weakening your heart and hardening and thickening your arteries so that you are never quite well at any time, and you must die before your time unless you get attention quickly to keep the pressure down to a safe level. Fortunately, this is easily accomplished by taking one

**NATURE'S OWN REMEDY**  
Dr. Mackenzie's Menhaden is Nature's own remedy for High Blood Pressure, for Menhaden sweeps your blood stream free of poisons, keep your arteries youthful, and tune up your stomach, liver, and kidneys and makes you feel young and vigorous. If you suffer from any of these symptoms go to your chemist

**FREE DIET CHART**  
In every flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menhaden is included a copy of the diet chart, which will tell you what is best to eat when suffering from High Blood Pressure. If you are far from a chemist or store, just clip a postal note to this paper, with your name and address along the margin, and send in to Menhaden, Dept. A.C.L.M., 40 Clarence St., Sydney. Dr. Mackenzie's Menhaden will reach you by return mail, complete with Diet Chart enclosed.

Be sure and get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menhaden in the green carton, and refuse substitutes of this valuable herbal medicine, which contains no drugs.

## FOR YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

### Ensuring a Happy, Healthy Baby

By MARY TRUBY KING

As the health of the mother is very largely the health of the baby during the waiting period, it is necessary for each mother-to-be to take special care of herself at this time.

**A PURE blood stream is the first essential during pregnancy.** Nature takes the building material for the growing babe from the blood. If the blood is pure the babe must be healthy. Any sources of poison, such as constipation or decayed teeth, or tonsils, must be treated. Feed the teeth properly and they will not decay.

Fresh air day and night is essential. When out in the open air be sure to do deep breathing exercises to fill the lungs completely with fresh air, thus purifying the blood and providing the life-giving oxygen. All work should be done out of doors if possible, such as sewing, reading, writing, and preparing vegetables.

Rooms should always be well ventilated; have an inlet and an outlet—a window open and an open fireplace or some other satisfactory method of ventilation.

The more time actually spent in the open air the better.

Water helps to carry away all the impurities and leaves your blood healthy and pure, as it helps to eliminate the poisonous substances through the bowels, kidneys, and skin. Drink as much of it as you can.

It is most important to ensure a good bowel action every day. Purgatives should be avoided. Mild aperients, such as drop doses of liquid castors, evacuant, liquid paraffin, or laxative fruit mixture should be taken till regulation of bowels is established by laxative diet, exercises, special exercises, and water drinking.

### Special Exercises

**A GOOD, active walk should be taken every day, without fail, wet or fine.** Walking is the best exercise for the expectant mother. Wear good strong shoes and sensible heels.

A daily walk freshens you up both physically and mentally. The expectant mother should play only the games that she is accustomed to playing already. Swimming is very good exercise—exercising every muscle. Use a mild breast stroke.

Special abdominal exercises should be done daily.

A doctor should be consulted before commencing these exercises. The best exercises are such as ensure slow, systematic bending movements of the trunk backwards and forwards and from side to side, with systematic deep breathing.

Do the exercises for from five to ten minutes every night and morning, without straining. Always stop short of fatigue.

**EXERCISE 1 POSITION.** Standing. Raise hands above head and bend from waist, touching the toes with the tips of the fingers, without bending the knees. Do this exercise only three times at first. Day by day increase the number of times up to eight.



### EXERCISE 2



Lie on a rug on the floor. Raise one leg, and then lower. Raise the other leg (to perpendicular) and lower. Then raise both together, and lower.

Do this exercise once only at first, and never do it more than three times twice daily.

### EXERCISE 3



Lie on a rug on the floor. Slowly rise from lying down to sitting-up position, without the help of your hands.

Do this once only at first, and never more than three times twice daily.

### Read This Carefully

**THE** expectant mother should visit both her doctor and her dentist early in pregnancy.

Ask the doctor or Health Centre for a note to your dentist explaining your condition. The dentist will then not attempt any severe dental work, but merely do what is essential.

A warm bath (about 98 F.) should be taken at bedtime. Avoid hot baths during pregnancy. Cold bathing or cold sponging every morning followed by brisk friction with a rough towel is highly beneficial to the expectant mother, and may be continued through pregnancy.

The cold plunge bath should not be suddenly commenced during this period. A cold shower is very good every morning on rising. If unable to take a cold shower accustom yourself to it by gradually reducing the temperature of the water each morning.

The mother-to-be should not wear any tight bands; nor should she wear garters. Directions for making a maternity belt for the later months of pregnancy may be obtained by sending a stamped envelope with your request to the Sisters in Charge, Australian Mothercraft Society, 283 Elizabeth St., Sydney.

It is most important for every expectant mother to keep in touch with her doctor and have her urine tested regularly.

It should be tested once a month for the first six months, and then every fortnight till baby arrives. Prenatal clinics will also do this testing for you.

Eight or nine hours' sleep each night is essential, plus one hour each afternoon as pregnancy advances.

The mother should recline on a couch with her feet up after each meal, also after her daily work, or whenever tired, from 15 minutes to half an hour.

Pregnancy is not an illness. It would be the happiest time of a woman's life if she took the trouble to attend to all the rules of health given above.

### Mothercraft Advice Coupon

If you wish to get advice on your mothercraft problems, fill in the following particulars and post the form, together with a stamped addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4289 Y.Y., G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft," and the letter will be forwarded, unopened, to Miss M. Truby King.

Baby's Age . . . . . Birth Weight . . . . .  
Present Weight . . . . . (without clothing)  
Have you written before? (Yes or no) . . . . .



## FLY-TOX

THE INSECT SPRAY THAT

**KILLS**

It is not the quantity of insect spray that you use, but the quality, that counts. Fly-Tox KILLS. Spray Fly-Tox and every mosquito in the room dies. Fly-Tox, guaranteed effective, kills flies, mosquitoes, ants, fleas, and all other insects. Insist on genuine Fly-Tox—refuse substitutes.

**COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY SPRAYS**

**INSIST ON FLY-TOX IT KILLS ALL INSECTS**

## SILVO Cleans and Polishes Silver

Quickly, Safely, Easily!



SILVO, so gentle in its action will keep your Silver lovely—always. Because Silvo contains no mercury, and no acids, it cannot possibly harm the delicate surface of the finest Silver. And for polishing Chromium and Glassware, there is nothing better than SILVO.

A Rickett's Product—Made in Australia





# Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

## CHIC AUTUMN STYLES

**PLEASE NOTE:** To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on this page. (5) When sending for concession patterns enclose 3d. stamp.

### Featuring New Fashion Trends

**ALLURING BLOUSE**  
WW2162.—A new style blouse for your autumn costume. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 11 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN 10d.**

**SPECTATOR SPORTS**  
WW2167.—Ideal costume for spectator sports. Note unusual treatment of skirt. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 41 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**



**NEW SKIRT**  
WW2163.—A charming new autumn style showing piquant bows and flared panel at front skirt. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 31 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**

**DEB'S CHOICE**  
WW2164.—An old-world style for the debutante's party frock. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 7 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**

**BLACK IS SMART**  
WW2165.—Chic dark frock, with contrasting Peter Pan collar, and becoming fullness at waist. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 31 yards, and 1 yard contrast, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**

**DEMURE**  
WW2166.—Rounded yoke, Peter Pan collar, and slim-fitting skirt are features of this smart frock. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 31 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**

### OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN



**SPORTS SHIRT**  
WW2169.—Very neat shirt for sports wear. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 11 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

**SNAPPY SLACKS**  
WW2170.—Feminine, slim-fitting slacks that have adjustable strap if liked. Sizes, 36 to 42-inch hips. Material required: 21 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**POPULAR MODE**  
WW2171.—Sophisticated, but simple, mode for everyday wear. Bodice treatment is becoming. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 7/8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

### Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated above, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which one you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of three-pence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 288A, G.P.O.  
BRISBANE.—Box 4097, G.P.O.  
MELBOURNE.—Box 183, G.P.O.  
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.  
PERTH.—Box 4016, G.P.O.  
SYDNEY.—Box 15927, G.P.O.  
If mailing 168 Castlereagh Street.  
TASMANIA.—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
NEW ZEALAND.—Write to Sydney office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on Page 3.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

STATE .....

Size ..... Pattern Coupon, 1/1/38.

### Cleverly-Styled COATS

Patterns Cost 3d.

OUR three-in-one pattern this week provides for three delightfully smart autumn coats, as illustrated above. All three will be very useful, especially over the next few months.

Pattern is cut in three sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust, and in each one size costs 3d.

To obtain, fill in coupon, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our Pattern Department.

Material required, 36 inches wide:  
For No. 1 Coat: 21 yards.  
For No. 2: 31 yards.  
For No. 3: 3 7/8 yards.

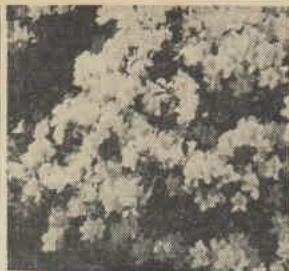




### Can a Woman tell?

Modern variation of the old question: "Should a woman tell?" Of course she can! Trust an Australian housewife to know good food and her family to enjoy it. That's why Peck's Anchovette makes the favourite Sandwich, the best-liked snack in the land. Say Peck's for purity and fascinating flavour.

### Peck's ANCHOVETTE FISH PASTE



AZALEAS are lovely. They're accommodating, too. They can be used as a border and are equally as effective when camouflaging a wall or fence.

**F**LOWERING shrubs are slowly but surely finding their way into the hearts of all garden owners. Some grow them for their flowering beauty alone; others use them to fill up odd corners, or to cover up unsightly walls, outhouses, etc.

Now is the time to make the necessary preparation for them if you intend adding a few to your existing garden or to the new garden you are on the point of laying out.

If planted in the autumn, they enjoy a good shoot before winter sets in.

Before you make a selection, however, there are many important things to be considered. First of all, study your garden carefully; also

## No GARDEN is COMPLETE

Flowering Shrubs  
require very little attention  
compared with other plants  
... and their beauty cannot  
be denied—Says the Old Gardener.



THE white star-flowered magnolia stillata, a lovely shrub for a small garden.

study the type of shrub that you desire to plant.

Location has to be considered. Is the position high or low? What are the climatic conditions? Will certain shrubs grow in that particular district? Is the position well open to allow plenty of air and sunlight?

How much space is there for planting? This will entail a study of dwarf, medium and large size shrubs. In addition to all this, you must select those shrubs that will thrive in the soil peculiar to your district, or substitute if not suitable—that is, of course, if you can afford to do so.

Shrubs will do well in almost any district providing the soil is right, and the shrubs selected to suit the various climates.

### Plan for Beauty

**W**HEN planting a shrubbery, have in mind the grouping effect. Is there anything better than a massed effect of any kind of flower?

Prepare the ground thoroughly, dig the holes deep. Remember, when

planting a shrub, that it is there for many years, so do the work well.

Dig down to the subsoil and throw the earth out, leaving the subsoil in the bottom. When the shrub is ready for planting fill the hole in with the good soil, mix in plenty of well-decayed animal manure, then dig a hole large enough to hold the plant.

After planting, give a good watering.

Let us run over the names of some of the shrubs suitable for our Australian conditions.

Berry shrubs are an asset during the autumn months. They do well in the semi-cold climates as well as along the coastline. Consider crataegus, those lovely berry plants that are admired by everyone; cotoneaster, of which there are several varieties; Chinese holly, one of the new varieties and easily grown from seed; also English holly, which we all love.

Other shrubs to choose from: Ochna, with its beautiful evergreen foliage and yellow flowers followed by berries.

Buddleia has splendid purple flowers which appear on the extremity of the branches.

Cleanders of various colors are welcome.

Philadelphus are attractive with their "orange" blossoms. This shrub is commonly known as the mock orange.

Poinsettia is well known for its beautiful red flowers during the early winter, when there is very little color in the garden.

Cystis is always welcome, as is also the spirea. Japonica is attractive, and don't forget the flowering peach, quince, apple, plum, and other spring flowering varieties.

### Year-round Color

**B**ERBERIS gives color all through the year, and the euonymus, with its variegated foliage, lends charm to the garden.

Lantana also helps admirably with its colored flowers—the mauve and the golden color being attractive.

Azaleas of various colors and varieties must not be forgotten, or the rhododendron. These are certainly beautiful, and providing the climate is suitable, should find their place in every garden whether large or small.

Poinciana, named the bird of paradise, is also beautiful, and does well in hot climates.

Leculia grastissim, that beautiful

**T**HE Old Gardener, of The Australian Women's Weekly, will do the judging at the St. John's, Sutherland, Horticultural Society's display in the Memorial School of Arts at Sutherland, on Saturday, March 12.

His Grace the Archbishop of Sydney will open the show.

Trophies to be competed for are The St. John's Bowl, The Mutton Cup, The Skillorn Cup and Champion Ribbons, as well as many other prizes.

winter-flowering shrub, is worth a trial. The perfume from this shrub can never be forgotten. Many of our native shrubs will grow in all parts of Australia—boronia, for instance. There are several kinds, but the most favored is the brown, exquisite-scented variety found mostly in Victoria. But even this type will do well in most other States.

Daphne does well in the cool districts, and I have seen it growing to perfection along our coast in well-sheltered positions.

Maples are a great asset to give color in either large or small gardens, and there are many and varied types to choose from.

Cassia is another valuable shrub which flowers when there is very little color about.

Hydrangeas are also valuable and there are so many colors to choose from that one can make the garden a blaze of color.

Lasiandra, which is in full bloom at present, gives a splash of color to the garden and the surroundings.

Magnolias must not be forgotten. There are many varieties. Some prefer the cooler climates, some the tropical.

Hibiscus stands alone. There are so many varieties to select from that one hardly knows where to start. There are scores of others I could name, but garden lovers can have a glorious display by selecting from these general favorites.



Dentists say  
the apple is  
.. nature's  
tooth brush

Cleanse your teeth the natural  
way . . . keep them sparkling  
white . . .

Eat

# APPLES

AFTER EVERY MEAL

Protect the gleaming whiteness of your teeth . . . remove ugly stains and blemishes . . . eat a raw apple after every meal. Sun-ripened apples are rich in vitamins and natural mineral salts which are vitally necessary to "feed" and protect sound teeth. By eating an apple after meals you will also help to eliminate the cause of decay by clearing away the debris of ordinary starchy foods. This debris, if left undisturbed, ferments in your mouth and forms harmful acids which injure the delicate enamel.

Dentists throughout the world have recognised the value of apples in cleansing sound teeth. The apple is the best toothbrush of all, they say, because it cleans the tiny crevices the ordinary toothbrush never reaches.



A leading dentist states:  
"Raw apples which contain essential vitamins and valuable mineral salts, are vitally necessary in the diet to maintain good health and protect teeth. Apples should be eaten at the close of every meal."

Remember . . . pears  
are delicious too!

**FREE!** Send a self-addressed envelope bearing a 2d. stamp to the Australian Apple and Pear Council, Box 1712P, F.O., Melbourne, and a Recipe Book containing dozens of apple and pear recipes together with important information on diet will be posted absolutely FREE OF CHARGE.

Issued in the interests of the health of the community by the Australian Apple and Pear Council.

Flavour Unequalled.



**CHAMPION'S**  
PURE MALT  
VINEGAR



# NEW SKIN TINTS For AUTUMN

By . . .  
JANET

*Two Simple Bleaching Packs for the Face that will help to remove Summertime tan and discoloration.*

SUMMER is waning—we're all set for autumn and new clothes—and new complexions too! For summer's tan needs to give way to fairer, more delicate tints that will harmonise with the new colors fashion decrees for the fall season clothes. So get busy now with special packs for lightening your skin.

ARCHAEOLOGISTS claim that the golden masks found in ancient Egyptian tombs were used, in so far as they can judge, by Egyptian beauties for the preservation of their loveliness.

These masks of gold, they claim, were coated inside with pastes and ointments, placed over the face and permitted to remain on all night.

And they apparently were effective, judging from the reputation for loveliness that the women of Egypt acquired.

Of course, we women to-day do not have masks of gold to don at bedtime. But we do have face masks that are excellent skin beautifiers.

A lovely girl who is noted for her fair delicately-tinted skin always gives herself a bleach pack twice a week. She considers such masks invaluable for preserving the clearness and loveliness of her skin.

## Discolored

SKINS often become dark and discolored in this age of smoke, grime and sun exposure, and bleaching treatments are absolutely essential if you want your skin to retain its fair coloring.

What's more important, autumn is practically here, and the average chic has wishes to regain, rather than to retain, her delicate skin tones.

The autumn dress shades, you know, demand natural skin tones, rather than the deep tans and bronzes that summer styles permit!

There are two bleach packs that are particularly effective for lightening the skin. A good bleach pack for oily skin, for instance, can be made of oatmeal, almond meal, rosewater, glycerine and lemon juice.

To prepare the pack, two table-spoonfuls of fine oatmeal, two table-spoonfuls of rosewater, four table-spoonfuls of glycerine, and the strained juice of one lemon should be mixed thoroughly together, and enough almond meal added to form a thick, smooth paste.

Before the pack is applied the skin should be thoroughly cleansed. Then the paste should be spread evenly and thickly over the face and permitted to dry.

## Gently Removed

WHEN this bleach pack is entirely dry it should be gently removed with tepid water and a soft cloth.

Then a mild astringent should be applied to the face in order to close the pores and tone up the skin.

Add if the skin seems sensitive and the pack proves too drying, a little cold cream or tissue cream should be smoothed over the face after the pack has been removed.

An effective bleach pack that is especially designed for use by sensitive-skinned individuals can be made of milk and almond meal.

This pack is not the least harmful for dry skins because the warm milk used in the pack reduces the drawing action of the almond meal and makes the treatment a mild one.

Before the mask proper is applied, a mask of cheesecloth or gauze should be made. A square of either material may be used for this purpose, holes being cut in it for the eyes, nostrils and mouth. Then make a smooth paste of almond meal and warm milk.

In the next step, take the cheesecloth or gauze mask, dip it into a little warm milk, and fit it over your face, putting it into contact with your skin.

Then spread the almond paste



BEFORE applying a face-pack, cleanse the skin thoroughly with cleansing cream as Luise Rainer, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, shows you here.



THE GIRL who is really fair, with naturally light skin and golden hair, like Anna Lee, G.B.D. player, must carefully guard her skin if she wants to retain its fair beauty. Regular bleaching packs are a help. Directions for making and using these are given on this page.



AFTER removing a face-pack, apply a mild astringent or skin tonic.

generously over the cloth mask. Permit this to dry thoroughly, and lie down and relax during the drying process, if you possibly can.

Remove the pack by simply lifting it off the face. Take a square of cotton and bathe the skin again with warm milk.

Then dry your face, and as the final step apply a mild astringent or skin tonic in order to tone up the skin.

## WOMEN

Relieve  
**PAIN**  
Regularly with



Genuine

# VINCENT'S

## A.P.C.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"



# NEW FASHIONS and Lazy FIGURES

## Are Miracles Expected of Foundation Garments?

By ALISON SETTLE

Famous English Fashion Expert.  
Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

This corset business matters more to us than most things in dress, thanks to that innate laziness and acceptance of evil which prevents us from keeping supple by mind control, muscle control, or food control.

All right, we are made like that, and I for one shall not start a campaign to try to persuade women that they could be supple and comparatively slender if they chose to be, though I know that to be the case.

NOW, in buying her corsets, what does the average woman look for?

- (1) A wafer-thin fabric that yet is strong.
- (2) Beautiful cutting.
- (3) Suppleness.
- (4) Diaphragm control except for the women with strong tummy muscles—which most might have if they gave their minds to it.
- (5) Suspender garters so flat and inconspicuous that they do not stand out or bump under even the slinkiest possible satin dress.
- (6) Hooking so finely put in that again there is no line when a supple

evening dress is worn, particularly one that is of satin, bias cut.

(7) Good length behind and over the hips so that it does not end painfully in the folds of the thigh as she sits down.

(8) A corset that keeps itself down, is anchored, as it were, and does not depend on the "strength" of your fine evening stockings for that purpose.

(9) Firm control of the back for the broader woman, gentler over the waist and lighter as it goes up, firm and very light over the breast.

(10) Bought from a firm that knows where general fashion is going and varies the line accordingly.

(11) Bought from a firm that under-

stands figure diagnosis and makes on a plan, not on chance, a firm with good fitters.

In fact, the woman who wants a good corset wants almost a modern miracle.

And she usually just sighs helplessly for it instead of taking practical steps towards its realisation.

For the truth is that no woman should buy her corsets over the counter.

Corset departments which have anything more than a small counter should be shunned; there should instead be plenty of fitting rooms, and these with the low type of armchair in them which the customer will have at home so that she knows for a fact whether she can sit down with comfort or with discomfort.

And if she is told that they will get more comfortable as she "wears them in" let her know that that is the same argument as the poorer kind of shoe shop uses.

Shoes and corsets should be comfortable at once and not depend, because of inflexibility, on the customer to break them in.

A LITTLE more thought — and time — devoted to bodily exercise, correct posture, to immaculate grooming and every one of us could wear this snappy new season's outfit in the same smart way.

(8)

What an analogy there is between the shoe and the corset departments. Would you buy a pair of shoes without trying them on, would you trust to the look of them to make sure you could wear them with happiness? In the same way have your corset fitted.

That is the only answer to the perfect corset.

Think back and you will realise that if ever you had a corset you were thankful to take off, it was because you did not have it properly fitted to your figure. Oh, but I couldn't, says the woman with over-modesty. Fancy letting a saleswoman fit on my corset.

But fit is the only answer to perfect rightness and comfort in corsets.

One of the most famous of London corsetiers makes her customers come back also a month later for a second fitting to see that they are wearing aright.

For what's the good of even the



your diet and your exercise—and as I say, your attitude to life—then more and more pressure alone holds you in and more and more you look upstared.

"Taking care of your figure" becomes a real job. "Lovely to look at heaven to touch" isn't true when you are dancing and your partner has to put his hand round what, thanks to modern fabrics, is no longer an armor of bones but still is an upholstery of Laster, satin, and supports.

Cut now does what boning once did. And the corset saleswoman in the stores is trained in figure diagnosis so that she can guess what is appropriate for you and shorten the time of trying on.

She should see just what fabric and what cut will take for you that necessary tuck in the tummy and do away with the bicycle tyre rolls which run so many figures.

By the way, no broader woman would ever dream of going out in pink for a light, conspicuous color like that broadens her once more. But pink she is destined to wear in corsets whether she is thirty-four on the hips or forty-four.

### Young Woman's Needs

AND the young woman who is not broad, what of her?

Well, save for the fact that she, too, seems restricted to pinks, she is having a grand time.

The satin bathing dress gave the corset people a lot to think about and may have by now revolutionised even their color ideas.

The young woman wants to buy her belts from a firm which knows how the human shape is going, not due only to nature, but also to fashion which is a reflection of nature.

If the dress line is built up at the waistline, at the bustline, if drapery is in, demanding a look of rounded hips, or if tailoring is in, demanding a ripped-in waist, she asks that her corset firm knows these things and that her fitter also knows these tendencies.

She wants probably a two-piece corset in which the top can be replaced at will, now by something with the tiniest shoulder-straps for her evening dress, even if tiny shoulder-straps are said to hurt, now by broader, more comfortable ones for day, now by a brassiere with just no shoulder-straps.

Have you wondered, young woman, why you should have such difficulty with the strapless-shoulder business for your dance dress while your favorite Hollywood and stage stars manage to have brassieres and to dance with nothing of them showing? But that was done with adhesive plaster holding up the brassiere. Incidentally, one American firm brought out such a model and sold with each brassiere top a packet of adhesive plasters!

### Fashion Demands Clear-cut Lines

By Cable from Mary St. Claire.

PARIS, Monday.—It looks as if the majority of us will have to seek expert direction in figure reformation or depend upon our well-fitted foundation garments to work modern miracles for us for Schiaparelli, Lelong, Worth and all the rest have elected to sponsor clear-cut lines.

A feature at all the showings are the cummerbund effects which necessitate the cultivation of a flat diaphragm and complete routing of all "spare tyres."

You may keep your normal waistline (if you have one) but your hips must be flat and definitely free of bumps in order to carry the shorter, straight or pleated skirts.

best of frocks and suits if your figure is wrong? Be fitted for your corsets before you are fitted for your clothes.

What's the good of a lovely face with a bad figure below it?

And reckon that a fitting will take up to an hour.

Also buy two corsets at a time, partly to save one fitting, partly because corsets nowadays are improved by regular washing: perspiration and dirt are infinitely bad for all Lastex type fabrics, in particular. That applies to your sport models, day or evening models.

Refining or confining, that is how the broader woman's corsets are advertised. Remember that the cost of the corset increases with the inches round your bust and your hips, not only because you need more material but that you need more thought, care, and control put into it.

Where a stretching fabric is good for the figure needing less control, for you the fabric must stretch up and down, back and front, across on the hips and thighs, have diagonal fastenings, possibly still be boned, and in every way use care and thought to hold you in.

And if you do not co-operate with



"Such adorable Soap!"

The fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet is an "Invitation to the Bath" as enticing as the "Invitation to the Waltz" of grandmother's day. Cashmere Bouquet brings you flowerlike perfume, exhilarating, yet subtly soothing . . . that makes your daily bath a thing of luxury and delight. This . . . utterly pure, finely-milled soap is as gentle to your complexion as the touch of a scented petal . . . yet it lasts quite amazingly. The House of Colgate is proud to offer you Cashmere Bouquet . . . and to suggest that you, too, discover this fragrant way to beauty and day-long daintiness with "the best-loved soap in the world."



COLGATE'S

**Cashmere Bouquet**  
The Aristocrat of Toilet Soaps

Other Cashmere Bouquet products that will appeal to you are: Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, Foundation Cream, Face Powder, Lipstick, Rouge (Crème or Compact), Perfume, Talcum Powder, Dusting Powder, Brilliantine (Liquid or Solid), Skin Tonic Astringent, Skin Lotion.







## She lost 40 lbs FAT— now SLIM and Shapely



You can not only reduce your weight, and slim your hips, ankles and waistline, but also improve your health and greatly increase your vitality.

Begin now, by taking four times a day a Marmola tablet. They contain in exact proportion the right quantity of a world-famous corrective for obesity which prevents your food from turning to useless fat. This corrective is prescribed by physicians everywhere and acknowledged to be a most effective fat reducer. Marmola has been used for 30 years—millions of packages of it. The booklet enclosed with every package gives a full explanation of the action and results. The directions are to take Marmola until weight comes down to normal. Do that. Get a package of Marmola now. Read the book. Don't carry that burden of excess fat when it is so easy to reduce. Know once again the joy of a beautiful slender figure.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 4/6 per package, or you can secure them direct from The Marmola Co., P.O. Box 3679, SS. Sydney, N.S.W.

"Well, I am sorry you have the headache, Harry. Shall you mind if I dine from home? If you would like me to stay with you—"

"Oh no! I shall be better tomorrow, I daresay, but my head aches too much to make me pleasant company to-night. Go out, by all means. I'm only sorry to be such a stupid creature!"

So Peregrine had sallied forth to call for Barbara, and had spent an entertaining evening with her in one of the cafes beyond the ramparts.

Had Colonel Audley been able to see them he must have acquitted Barbara of any tendency to flirt, but he could scarcely have been pleased with the result of her sisterly behaviour. When she chose to treat a man en camarade, she was at her most enchanting. She had not the smallest intention of captivating Peregrine, but her candid way of looking at him, her rippling laugh, her boyish speech, and her sense of fun charmed him irresistibly. He was not in love with her, but he had never in his life encountered so dazzling a creature.

Barbara said frankly at the outset: "This is capital. I shall pretend you are my young brother. I, if you please, am your elder sister—though I fear I am not quite like Lady Worth."

Peregrine did not think she was in the least like Judith, except in being able to talk sensibly of horses. He soon found himself describing his yacht to her; discovered that she also was fond of sailing; and from that moment became her slave. Sailing, riding, cocking, prize-fighting; they talked of them all. No squeamish nonsense about Lady Bab! Why, it was like talking to a man, only much more exciting.

It was all quite innocent, but as ill-luck would have it they were

# AN Infamous ARMY

Continued from Page 51

He turned, and smiled at her. "My dear Judith, you are looking quite anxious! There is really not the least cause, I promise you. As for this affair of Perry's, I'll speak to Bab."

"Don't if you had rather not!" she said. "I daresay it is all nonsense."

"The scandal, if there is one, had better be scotched, however."

But Barbara, when she heard of Harriet's suspicions, exclaimed indignantly: "Oh, that's a great deal too bad! Of all the injustices in this wicked world! I treated him as I treat Harry—I did really, Charles!"

"I don't doubt it," he said. "The truth is, I suspect, that you were much more enchanting than you knew. Is Perry in danger of losing his heart to you, do you think?"

"I think he might be made to lose it," she replied candidly. "But what a fool his wife must be!"

"I believe she is in a delicate situation just at present."

"Oh, poor creature! Very well, I will make everything right with her. Then she may be comfortable again."

The occasion offered itself that same day. Walking in the Park with a party of friends, Barbara saw Lady Taverner approaching with her sister-in-law. She left her friends, and went forward to meet Harriet, holding up a frilled parasol in one hand, and extending the other in a friendly fashion.

"I have been wanting to meet you, Lady Taverner," she said, with one of her swift smiles. "I believe there is a nonsensical story current, and though I have no doubt of your laughing at it, I daresay it may have vexed you a little."

The hand was ignored. Lady Taverner turned scarlet, and with a glance of contempt, whisked round on her heel, and walked away.

Judith, sensible of the generosity that had prompted Barbara to approach Harriet, stood rooted to the ground in dismay. What could possess Harriet to behave with such rudeness? The folly of it passed her comprehension; she could only gaze after her in amazement. The path was full of people; twenty or thirty pairs of eyes must have witnessed the snub. She said in a deeply mortified voice: "I beg your pardon! My sister-in-law is not quite herself. I do not know what she could be thinking of!"

"That," said Barbara, "was neither wise nor well-bred of Lady Taverner. Convey my compliments to her. If you please, and inform her that I shall endeavor not to disappoint her very evident expectations."

JUDITH did not go after her sister-in-law. She had very little hope of inducing Harriet to apologise, nor, upon reflection, did she feel inclined to make the attempt. She could not think Barbara blameless in the affair. However well she might have behaved in extending an olive-branch, the original fault was one for which Judith could find little excuse. If Barbara wanted to dine in the suburbs (which, in itself, was a foolish whim) she might as well have chosen an evening when Charles would have been free to have escorted her.

Judith acquitted her of wanting to make mischief. It had all been the result of thoughtlessness, and had Harriet behaved like a sensible woman nothing more need have come of it. But Harriet had chosen to do the one thing that would lend color to whatever gossip was afoot, and had besides made an enemy of a dangerous young woman. It still made Judith blush to think of the scene.

The Duchess of Richmond held an informal party that evening at her house off the Rue de la Blanchisserie, which was situated in the northern quarter of the town, not far from the Allee Verte. The Duke of Wellington had, from its locality, irreverently named it the Wash-house, but it was, in fact, a charming abode, placed in a large garden extending to the ramparts, and with a smaller house, or cottage, in the grounds which was occupied, whenever he was in Brussels, by Lord March.

The Duchess' parties were always popular. She had a great gift for entertaining, knew everyone, and had such a numerous family of sons and daughters that her house was quite a rendezvous for the younger set. Besides the nursery party, which consisted of several lusty children who did not appear in the drawing-room unless they had prevailed upon some indulgent friend, like the Duke of Wellington, to beg for them to come downstairs, there was a cluster of pretty daughters, and three fine

sons: Lord March, Lord George Lennox, and Lord William.

Lord March was not present at the party, being at Braine-le-Comte with the Prince of Orange; and Lord William, who had had such a shocking fall from his horse, was still confined to his room; but Lord George, one of Wellington's aides-de-camp, was there; and of course the four daughters of the house: Lady Mary, Lady Sarah, Lady Jane, and Lady Georgina.

The Duke of Wellington did not gratify the company by putting in an appearance. The redoubtable Duchesse d'Angoulême had lately arrived in Ghent; and he had gone there to pay his respects to her, taking Colonel Audley with him.

Lady Worth, who arrived rather late with her husband, was glad to see that Harriet had torn herself from her couch, and had come with Peregrine. It was evident that she had entered the lists against Barbara, for she was wearing one of her best gowns, had had her hair dressed in a new style, and had even improved her complexion with a dash of rouge. She seemed to be in spirits, and Judith was just reflecting on the beneficial results of a spasm of jealousy when in walked Barbara, ravishing in a white satin slip under a robe of celestial-blue crepe, caught together down the front with clasps of flowers. Judith's complacency was ended. Peregrine, like nearly everyone else, was gazing at the vision. Who, Judith wondered despairingly, would look twice at Harriet in her figured muslin and her amethysts, when Barbara stood laughing under the great chandelier, flinging a fan of frosted crepe which twinkled in the candlelight, the brilliant round her neck no more sparkling than her eyes?

Please turn to Page 53

## My Favorite Poem

### A Song to Cheer

HERE'S a song to cheer us,  
When worry creeps too near us,  
And burdens seem too heavy for our strength.

Endurance oft grows double,  
To match the large-sized trouble,  
And shorten by its presence the weary journey's length.

And this there's no denying,  
When hearts are faint with sighing,  
And all the future's given o'er to dread;

The tiniest little life, no bigger  
Than mere pills, begin to swell  
And thicken and to spread!

This thought is truly cheerful—  
Whenever we are fearful of troubles we believe are coming fast—

If they ever come at all, they prove  
No very small, and before the day is ended they have passed.

—Wilhelmina Stutch.

Sent in by Mrs. Ted Martin,  
29 Dargan St., Naremburn,  
N.S.W.

der. He stopped dead on the threshold when he saw what lay before him, hastily begged pardon, and retreated with all a man's horror of becoming mixed up in a scene of feminine vapors. But before he could make good his escape Judith had called to him to stay.

"Charles, for goodness' sake come here and tell Harriet what a goose she is!"

"Oh!" gasped the afflicted lady.

"He must not know!"

"Fiddle!" said Judith. "If the tale is all over town, as you say it is, he will know soon enough. Charles, Harriet has taken a notion into her head that Perry has fallen in love with Lady Barbara, and has been seen dining with her in the suburbs. Now, is there one word of truth in it?"

"I hope he has not fallen in love with her, but it is quite true that they dined together in the suburbs," replied the Colonel. He set his nephew down, and sent him back to his nurse with a friendly pat. "Off with you, monkey! I am afraid you must blame me, Lady Taverner; it was entirely my fault!"

"Oh no, no!"

"On the contrary, it is oh, yes, yes!" he said, smiling. "The case was, that Bab took a fancy into her head to dine by the roadside at one of those cafes outside the Porte de Namur. I could not escort her, and so Perry became my deputy. That is the whole truth in a nutshell."

She presently went away, leaving Judith and Audley to look at one another in some consternation.

"My dear Charles, nothing could be more unfortunate!" Judith said, with a rueful laugh. "I acquit Lady Barbara of wishing to ensnare poor Perry, but I am afraid there may be a grain of truth in Harriet's suspicions. It has sometimes seemed to me that Perry was a trifle smitten with Lady Barbara."

"Yes; I think he is," admitted the Colonel. "But really, Judith, I believe it to be Harriet's own fault!"

"Oh, undoubtedly, and so I have told her!"



## STARCH

### and its Digestion



Serve Vita-Weat Crispbread in a toast rack, as illustrated.

Many everyday foods contain an excess of "raw" or "unconverted" starch, which gives you that unpleasant feeling of stiffness and lassitude, known as starch-heaviness.

Beware of starch-heaviness! It is Nature's warning that constipation, indigestion, and a bad complexion will follow, unless you alter your diet. Change to Peck Frean Vita-Weat, the sensible modern Crispbread. It's made from the same good wheat as ordinary bread, with all its precious vitamins and nourishment left in, and "unconverted" starch left out.

## PECK FREAN Vita-Weat CRISP BREAD

THE BREAD THAT LETS YOUR STOMACH TRAVEL LIGHT

W482H

## Oh dash! ANOTHER LADDER!



USE  
LUX  
and save ladders  
-preserves elasticity

A LUX PRODUCT

## Freckles

Tells How to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots and Have a Beautiful Complexion.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Kintho—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these unsightly spots. Simply get an ounce of Kintho from any chemist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is as simple as that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.



## CHEMIST GIVES HIS OPINION

I'M LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO CLEAR UP THESE AWFUL SPOTS ON MY FACE.



TRY REXONA SOAP. IT IS SPECIALLY MEDICATED AND THE BEST SKIN TREATMENT I KNOW.

Ordinary toilet soap cleanses the surface skin but misses dust and germs settled deep down in the pores. But the specially medicated Rexona lather cleanses and purifies below the surface too. It treats skin faults where they first begin.

For stubborn skin disorders, cleanse with Rexona Soap and apply soothing Rexona Ointment, the Rapid Healer.

"Skin clear and lovely."

writes Miss Mildred Robertson, of Geelong, Victoria, Tasmania.

"I was ashamed of my skin and I tried many things to clear it, all of which were useless. Then I tried Rexona Soap and Ointment and imagine my delight when after only three days my skin was clear and really lovely."

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Soap, 9d. Tablet, Ointment, 1/6 Tin. 6/12.50 (City and Suburbs)

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Lift out

Cheer up! Forget that beastly burning throbbing corn. Just a drop of Frost-Ice—pain goes in 3 seconds. This better-type anesthetic action works that fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers. Lift out your corns with magic Frost-Ice—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like. So popular and sure is Frost-Ice that chemists and stores sell it every day on guarantee. Price 1/6.

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Pocket flasks 3/6. At your nearest Chemist. Each flask contains special English dropper. Get genuine Kanatox. Refuse poor substitutes.

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A Scientific Future Forecast, covering finance, travel, health, occupation, lotteries, lucky dates, marriage, etc. Questions Answered.

Send P.N. 2/6, Birthdate, Year, and stamped addressed envelope. Dept. C, Box 3093NN, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

## YOUR FUTURE?

Your 1938 prospects, occupation, love, marriage, travel, finance, speculation, lucky periods, health, lotteries, and Questions answered.

Send P.N. 2/6, Full Birthdate and stamped addressed envelope. TELFORD SHAW, Box 3141P, Dept. T, G.P.O., Sydney.

## ASTROLOGY

What are my future prospects? When will my luck improve? Will I realize my ambitions? What is my Lottery luck? Marriage? Travel? Finance? All Questions answered and full Reading for 3/6. Send P.N., birthdate, stamped addressed envelope. A. Moore, Box 3472B, G.P.O., Sydney.

# AN Infamous ARMY

Continued from Page 52

SHE glanced round the room, blew a kiss to Georgina, nodded at Judith. Her gaze swept past Peregrine, and Judith found herself heaving a sigh of relief; she was going to be good, then! The next instant her spirit quailed again, for she caught sight of Harriet's face, set in rigid lines of disdain, and heard her say in a clear, hard little voice to the lady standing beside her: "My dear ma'am, of course it is dyed! I should not have thought it could have deceived a child. Perry, let us remove into the salon; I find this place a little too hot for me."

That her words had reached Barbara's ears was evident to Judith. The green eyes rested enigmatically on Harriet's face for a moment, and then travelled on to Peregrine. A little tantalising smile hovered on the lovely mouth; the eyes unmistakably beckoned.

"In a minute!" said Peregrine. "I must say how do you do to Lady Bab first."

He left Harriet's side as he spoke, and walked right across the room to where Barbara stood, waiting for him to come to her. She held out her hand to him; he kissed it; she murmured something—and he laughed, very gallantly offered his arm, and went off with her towards the glass doors thrown open into the garden.

The rest of the evening passed wretchedly enough for Judith. It was some time before Peregrine reappeared, and when he did at last come back from the garden he was in high fettle. Harriet, employing new tactics, had joined the younger guests in the ballroom, and was behaving in a manner quite unlike herself, chattering and laughing and promising more dances than the night could possibly hold. Never remarkable for his perception, Peregrine beamed with pleasure, and told her that he had known all along that she would enjoy herself.

"I am afraid you have come too late, Peregrine!" she said, very brightly. "Every dance is booked!"

"Oh, that's capital!" he replied. "Don't bother your head over me. I shall do famously!"

After this well-meaning piece of tactlessness, he withdrew from the ballroom, and was next seen in the salon, turning over the leaves of her music for Barbara, who had been persuaded to sing Mr. Quest's latest ballad, "The Farewell."

On the following morning, while she sat at breakfast, a note was brought round to Judith by hand. It was directed in a flat that showed unmistakable signs of agitation, and sealed with a blue wafer set hopelessly askew.

"Harriet!" said Judith in long-suffering accents. She tore the sheet open, and remarked: "Blotched with tears! She wants me to go to her immediately."

"Will you have the carriage ordered at once, or will you delay your departure long enough to pour me out some more coffee?" inquired the Earl.

"I haven't the least intention of going until I have finished my breakfast, spoken with my housekeeper, and seen my son," replied Judith, stretching out her hand for his cup. "If Harriet imagines I shall sympathise with her she very much mistakes the matter. Her behaviour was odiously rude, and I am out of all patience with her."

It appeared, when Judith saw her an hour later, that Harriet wanted to announce the tidings of her imminent demise. "I wish I were dead!" she moaned, from behind a positive rampart of bottles of smelling-salts, hartshorn, and lavender-drops. "I shall die, for Perry has been so wickedly cruel, and my heart is broken, and I feel quite shattered! I hope I never set eyes on either of them again, and if Perry means to dine at home I shall lock myself in my room, and go home to Mamma!"

"You might, if you were silly enough, perform one of those actions," said Judith reasonably, "but I do not see how you can accomplish both. For Heaven's sake, stop crying, and tell me what is the matter."

"Perry has been out riding before breakfast with That Woman!" announced Harriet in tragic accents. Judith could not help laughing. "Dear me, is that all, you goose!"

"In the lee Vertel!"

"Blocking!"

"By appointment with her!"

"No!"

"And alone!"

"My dear, if there is more to come I shall be obliged to borrow your smelling-salts, I fear."

"How can you laugh? Have you no sensibility? He actually told me of it! He was brazen, Judith! He said she was the most stunning creature he had ever laid eyes on! He said that to me!"

"If he said it to you it is a sure sign that his affections are not seriously engaged. If I were you I would take him back to Yorkshire, and forget the whole affair."

She persuaded her to take the air in an open carriage, and sat beside her during the drive, endeavoring to engage her interest in everyday topics. Nothing would do, however. Harriet sat with her veil down, declined noticing the bowers in the park, the barges on the canal, or the pigeons on the steps of St. Gudule, and was morbidly convinced that she was an object of pity and amusement to every passer-by who bowed a civil greeting.

Judith was out of all patience long before the drive came to an end, and when she at last set Harriet down at the door of her lodging her sympathies lay so much with Peregrine that she was able to wave to

ron had felt it to be her duty to warn Judith of her young brother's infatuation.

Loyalty compelled Judith to make light of the affair, but by noon her patience had become so worn down that the only person towards whom her sympathy continued to be extended was Charles Audley.

He had not made one of the picnic party, and from the circumstance of his being employed by the Duke all the following morning it was some time before any echo of the gossip came to his ears. It reached him in the end through the agency of Sir Colin Campbell, the commandant, who, not supposing him to be within earshot, said in his terse fashion to Gordon: "The news is all over town that that young woman of Audley's is breaking up the Taverner household."

"Good Heavens, sir, you don't mean it? Confound her, why can't she give Charles a little peace?"

Sir Colin grunted. "He'll be well rid of her," he said dourly. He turned, and saw Colonel Audley standing perfectly still in the doorway. "The devil!" he ejaculated. "Well, you were not meant to hear, but since you have heard there's no helping it now. I'm away to see the Mayor."

Colonel Audley stood aside to allow him to pass out of the room, and then shut the door and said quietly: "What's all this nonsense, Gordon?"

"My dear fellow, I don't know! Some cock-and-bull story old Campbell has picked up—probably from a Belgian, which would account for its being thoroughly garbled. Did I tell you that I found him bewildering the maitre d'hotel the other day over the correct way to lay a table? He kept on saying 'Beefsteak, venedice! Petty-patties a-la-la!' till the poor man thought he was quite mad."

"Yes, you told me," replied Audley. "What is the news that is all over town?"

Please turn to Page 51



POWDER-BLUE and Dubonet crush linen combine to fashion this two-piece frock selected by Betty Furness, M.G.-M. player, for spectator sports wear. The loose-fitting skirt has a high-pleat and patch pockets.

him, when she caught sight of him presently, with a perfectly good will.

Such feelings were not of long duration. A second note from Harriet, received during the evening, informed her that Peregrine had returned home only to change his dress and had gone out again without having made the least attempt to see his wife. Harriet declared herself to be in no doubt of his destination, and ended an incoherent and blistered letter by the expression of a strong wish to go home to her mamma.

By the following day every suspicion had been confirmed: Peregrine had indeed been in Barbara's company. He had made one of a party bound for the neighborhood of Hal, and had picked her there on the banks of the Senne, returning home only with the dawn.

To make matters worse it had been he whom Barbara had chosen to escort her in her phaeton. Every gossiping tongue in Brussels was wagging; Harriet had received no fewer than five morning calls from thoughtful acquaintances who feared she might not have heard the news; and more than one mat-

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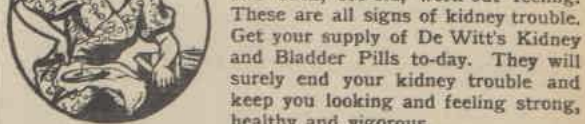
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A GLANCE at his face convinced Sir Alexander that evasion would not answer. He said, therefore, in a perfectly natural tone: "Well, you came in before I had time to ask any questions, but according to Campbell there's a rumor afloat that Tavernier is making a fool of himself over Lady Bab."

"That doesn't seem to me any reason for accusing Bab of breaking up his household."

"None at all. But you know what people are."

"There's not a word of truth in it, Gordon."

"No."

There was a note of constraint in Gordon's voice which Audley was quick to hear. He looked sharply across at his friend, and read concern in his face, and suddenly said: "Oh, for heaven's sake—! You needn't look like that! The very notion of such a thing is absurd!"

# AN Infamous ARMY

Continued from Page 53

"Steady!" Gordon said. "It isn't my scandal."

"I know, I'm sorry. But I am sick to death of this town, and the gossip that goes on in it!" He sighed, and walked over to the desk, and laid some papers down on it. "You had much better tell me, Gordon. What is it now? I suppose you've heard talk?"

"Charles, dear boy, if I had I wouldn't bring it to you," replied Gordon. "I don't know what's being said, or care."

Colonel Audley glanced up and suddenly laughed. "Hang you, don't look so sorry for me! What a set you are! I'm the happiest man on earth!"

Leaving Wellington's headquarters, Colonel Audley made his way

across the park to Vidal's house. Barbara was not in, and as the butler was unable to tell Colonel Audley where she was to be found, he went back into the park, and walked slowly through it in the direction of the Rue de Belle Vue.

He was not rewarded by any glimpse of Barbara, but on reaching his brother's house he found Lady Tavernier sitting with Judith, and indulging in a fit of weeping. He withdrew, nor did Judith try to detain him. But when Harriet had left the house he went back to the salon and demanded an explanation of her grief.

Judith was reluctant to tell him all, but after listening for some moments to her glib account of

nervous spasms, ridiculous fancies, and depression of spirits, he interrupted her with a request to be told the truth. She was obliged to confess that Peregrine's infatuation with Barbara was the cause of Harriet's tears. She described first the incident in the park, feeling that it was only fair that he should know what had prompted Barbara's outrageous conduct.

He listened to her with a gradually darkening brow. "Do you expect me to believe that Bab is encouraging Peregrine's advances out of spite?" he asked.

"I should not have used that word. Revenge, let us say."

"Revenge! We need not employ the language of the theatre, I suppose! What more have you to tell me? I imagine there must be more, since I understand that the whole town is talking of the affair."

She saw him compress his lips, and added: "I think if you were to speak to Lady Barbara—"

"I shall speak to Barbara in good time, but my present business is with Peregrine."

She could not help feeling a little alarmed. He spoke in a grim voice which she had never heard before, and when she stole a glance at his face there was nothing in its expression to reassure her. She said falteringly: "You will do what is right, I am sure."

He glanced down at her, and, seeing how anxiously she was looking at him, said with a faint smile, but with a touch of impatience: "My dear Judith, do you suppose I am going to run Peregrine through, or what?"

She lowered her eyes in a little confusion. "Oh! of course not! What an absurd notion! But what do you mean to do?"

"Put an end to this nauseating business," he replied.

"Oh, if you could! Such affairs may so easily lead to disaster!"

"Very easily."

She sighed, and said rather doubtfully: "Do you think that it will answer? I would have spoken to Perry myself, only that I feared to do more harm than good. When he gets these headstrong fits the least hint of opposition seems to make him worse. I begged Worth to intervene, but he declined doing it, and I daresay he was right."

"WORTH!" he said.

"No, it is not for him to speak to Peregrine. I am the one who is concerned in this, and what I have to say to Peregrine I can assure you he will pay heed to!" He glanced at the clock over the fireplace, and added: "I am going to call at his house now. Don't look so anxious, there is not the least need."

Peregrine was not to be found at his house, but Colonel Audley sent up his card to Lady Tavernier, and was presently admitted into her salon.

She received him with evident agitation. She looked frightened, and greeted him with nervous breathlessness, trying to seem at ease, but failing miserably.

He shook hands with her, and put her out of her agony of uncertainty by coming straight to the point. "Lady Tavernier, we are old friends," he said, in his pleasant way. "You need not be afraid to trust me, and I need not, I know, fear to be frank with you. I have come about this nonsensical affair of Peregrine's. Shall we sit down and talk it over sensibly together?"

She said faintly: "Oh! how can I—You—I do not know how to—"

"You will agree that I am concerned in it, as much as you are," he said. "Judith has told me everything. What a tangle it is! And all arising out of my stupidity in allowing Peregrine to be my deputy that evening. Can you forgive me?"

She sank down upon the sofa, averting her face. "I am sure you never dreamed—Judith says it is my own fault, that I brought it on myself by my folly!"

"I think the hardest thing of all is to be wise in our dealings with the people we love," he said. "I know I have found it so."

She ventured to turn her head towards him. "Perhaps I was a fool. Judith will have told you that I was rude and ill-bred. It is true! I do not know what can have possessed me, only when she came up to me, so beautiful, and—oh, I cannot explain! I am sorry; this is very uncomfortable for you!"

Her utterance became choked by tears; she groped for her handker-



ROSALIND RUSSELL, M.G.-M. player, chooses soft blue chiffon for her dinner-gown. The tight-fitting jacket and jabot feature a military motif in braid trimming.

chief among the sofa cushions, and was startled by finding a large one put into her hand. Her drenched eyes flew upwards to the Colonel's face; a sound between a sob and a laugh escaped her, and she said unsteadily: "Thank you; you are very obliging!"

She sighed. "How kind you are! You make me feel such a goose! How shall I prevail upon Perry to take me home? What shall I say to him?"

"Nothing. I am going to have a talk with him, and I think you will find him only too ready to take you home." He rose, and took out his card-case, and, extracting a card, wrote something on the back of it with a pencil picked up from Harriet's escritoire. "I'll leave this with your butler," he said. "It is just to inform Peregrine that I am coming to call on him after dinner to-night. You need not mention that you have seen me."

"Oh, no! But he is sure to be going out," she said mournfully.

(To Be Continued)



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A GLIMPSE of the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Glass, of Gulliver Road, Vaucluse, N.S.W. To the right are shown some of the charmingly furnished rooms.



ABOVE: The daintily furnished nursery. The walls and furniture are cream; floor is covered with a deep green carpet; bedspread curtains are a pale green lacquered chintz decorated with tiny baskets of pale pink and blue flowers.



A MINIATURE close-up of the handsomely-designed beds made of Italian walnut. They are united by an oval bedhead. The charmingly feminine spreads are fashioned of Nile-green uncrushable taffeta.



THIS IS the dining-room. It is both dignified and charming. Looking across the room, to the left, you see the modern staircase; to the right, the spacious lounge. Beautifully-grained Italian walnut was used to fashion the furniture. Walls are off-white; window hangings and upholstery beige and fawn.

BECAUSE it is perched high up on the hillside the approach to this home is by a winding path, punctuated with steps.

On the upward climb your eyes feast on "fern" dells, shaded by splendid gums, trees, and upon attractive rockeries. When you pause, maybe a little breathless, you turn and face, enthralled, magnificent harbor views.

Your eyes, of course, have wandered over the pictures on this page. Are they not arresting? And note the furniture! This was designed expressly for these and other rooms, not illustrated, by Bessie Mitchell, a clever young Australian, who is responsible for many of the furnishings that grace our splendid homes.

The view of the dining-room, shown in the top picture, was obtained from the billiard-room.

Across this room, to the left, you see the staircase—very modernistic with its chromium-plated rails. To the right you look across the wide vestibule into the spacious lounge.

A doorway, this side of the sideboard, leads into the large, efficiently-equipped kitchen.

The furniture here in the dining-room is fashioned of beautifully-grained Italian walnut.

Another feature is the magnificent wall mirror backing the capacious sideboard. Facing a row of full-length windows, this mirror brings indoors the glory of the great outdoors. In its depths are reflected, and in a most fascinating way, the awaying trees and

the blue of the water, moving ships, and the still-life views of homes far away.

The tub-back chairs in this room should be comfortable. They are richly upholstered in beige and fawn-toned fabric which matches the window hangings. Notice, too, the splendid Chinese rug.

## Designed for Two

THE nursery is very sweet. Designed for two little girls, it is very practical, too.

At a glance it can be seen that the furniture in this very important little room has been designed with a thought for the future as well as catering for present-day needs.

Glance for a moment upon the picture illustrated at bottom right. This unit embraces a chest of drawers, a

double wardrobe and dressing-table. Adequate space here for quickly-growing little girls.

Pale green bakelite and chrome handles are decorative. They also give a delicate note of color to the room. The twin beds with their semi-circular foot-rails and straight head-pieces are decorated with bands of reeding, and have a small bedside table placed between them.

All the furniture is lacquered cream. The curtains, bed-cover and cushioned pillows, trimmed with tiny frills, are fashioned of palest green lacquered chintz sprigged with wee baskets of pale pink rosebuds and blue forget-me-nots.

The carpet is a deeper green and is fitted right up to the cream-lined walls. The large corner windows allow of plenty of light and air. The morning sun was filtering through the venetians when I visited this room.

## Spacious Charm

THE master bedroom is a magnificently proportioned room, and one of the largest I have ever stepped into. The beds are also made of Italian walnut. They are united by an oval bedhead, and between them stands a glass and chromium-plated table.

Set into a corner, extensively windowed, is the smartly-designed dressing-table with full-length mirror backing it.

A large wardrobe and lowboy match the foot-rail design of the beds. The voluminous curtains, bedspreads, and cushioned pillows are of Nile-green uncrushable taffeta. The dressing-table stool is also upholstered with this rich, lustrous fabric.

A deep green carpet, carrying a mass pattern of primroses, is fitted to the walls, which are tinted a delicate off-white. Palest cream venetians finish the picture.



THE MAIN PIECE in the nursery embracing chest of drawers, double wardrobe and attractive dressing-table. Pale green bakelite and chrome-finished handles add a delicate note of color to this sweet little room.



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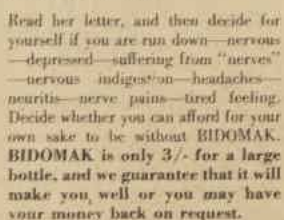
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Page 20.

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WW2192.—Pattern of this  
hat available. See Page 24.



## Designed by Our Fashion Artist, Rene

*Trim, Fascinating Styles for  
Smart Day Wear.*

### Bolero and Skirt

WW2151.—One of the newest ideas for smart autumn wear. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

### New Neckline

WW2152.—Frock in a slender, youthful design, with fascinating neck finish. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



### For Cooler Days

WW2153.—Wool frock with effective yoke treatment, designed to be worn with scarf at neck. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

### Jacket and Skirt

WW2154.—Something new in costumes and an ideal style for everyday wear. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 26.



## Exquisite Evening Models by Rene

Flattering  
Styles for  
Formal  
Wear



### Sophisticated

WW2159.—Moulded evening gown cut with the fascinating new braisiere top and shoulder straps. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### Elegant

WW2160.—Glamorous evening gown with widely-flaring skirt, fitted bodice and halter neck. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### Youthful

WW2161.—Attractive design for net or sheer fabric with an unusual gathered neck finish and matching bolero. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 7 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

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# FOR SMART AFTERNOON WEAR

*Slim  
Skirts . . .  
Soft  
Necklines*



ww2047

ww2048

ww2049

## Contrasting Yoke

WW2047.—Smart frock with yoke and collar in contrasting material. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 5-8 yard for contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## Attractive Lines

WW2048.—Design for dressier occasions. Note the effective crossover treatment of bodice and wide shoulder line. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 1-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## Modish Style

WW2049.—Slenderising frock with long sleeves and V neck, with contrasting finish. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-8 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 30.



## IDEAL for COOLER DAYS

*Wool Frocks  
With A  
Young, Dashing  
Air*



### Princess Lines

WW2156. — Frock in youthful coat style, cut on princess lines with buttons down the front. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



### Simplicity

WW2157. — Ultra smart because of its trim, simple cut is this dashing little frock. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



### Youthful

WW2158. — Frock with a youthful air about it. Note the unusual bodice finish in waistcoat style. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

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## NEW IDEAS in DETAILS

**Frocks that will  
make you look  
better dressed**

### Gathered Bodice

WW2050.—An afternoon frock with unusual charm. The bodice is softly gathered into the centre-front. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### Trimmed with Bows

WW2051.—High shoulder line, side pleats in the bodice, and bows at neck and waistline are features of this chic frock. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



### Jacket and Skirt

WW2052.—A smart idea for contrasting jacket and skirt. The jacket fastens up the front with a zipper. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide for skirt, and 1 7-8 yards for jacket. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### Contrasting Collar

WW2153.—Another jacket and skirt design. This time the jacket finishes at the waistline, giving a long line to the ensemble. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



## MORE VARIETY IN DETAILS

*Designs with New  
Finishes and  
Slender Cut*



WW2054

WW2055

### Unusual Trimming

WW2054.—Frock with a fascinating trimming in a contrasting color. Smart for afternoon wear. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### Bolero Frock

WW2055.—Frock with a chic bolero effect and buttons down the front. A striped scarf defines the waistline. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard striped material. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### Tartan Tie

WW2056.—There's a little bit of Scotch about this slender frock in the effective neck finish. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-8 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### In Check Wool

WW2057.—A most attractive style designed for lightweight wool fabric in a check design. Finished at waist with long ends. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW2056

WW2057



## For A Day In Town

**Dressy  
Styles  
designed  
to give  
soft,  
flattering  
lines**



ww2066

### Pretty Neckline

WW2066. —  
Frock de-  
signed with  
an unusual  
finish to the  
neck which  
gives soft

lines. Ties  
at the waist  
with a sash.  
Bust sizes,  
32 to 38  
inches.  
Material re-  
quired for  
36 - inch  
bust: 3 1/2  
yards, 38  
inches wide,  
and 2-6  
yard con-  
trast.  
PAPER  
PATTERN,  
1/1.



ww2067

### Youthful Style

WW2067. —  
Chic little  
frock with a  
dashing  
youthful air,  
buttons  
down the  
front and  
Peter Pan  
collar. Bust  
sizes, 32 to  
38 inches.  
Material re-  
quired for  
36 - inch  
bust: 3 1/2  
yards, 38  
inches wide,  
and 1 yard  
contrast.  
PAPER  
PATTERN,  
1/1.



ww2068

### New Trimming

WW2068. — The effective  
way in which neck and  
frock makes it un-  
usually attractive. Bust  
sizes, 32 to 38  
inches. Mate-  
rial required  
for 36 - inch  
bust: 3 1/2 yards,  
38 inches wide,  
and 1 yard con-  
trast. PAPER  
PATTERN, 1/1.



ww2069

### Girlish Mode

WW2069. —  
Sweetly simple  
is this charm-  
ing little frock  
with long, slender  
lines and  
absence of belt  
at the waist.  
Bust sizes, 32 to  
38 inches.  
Material re-  
quired for 36-  
inch bust: 3  
5-8 yards, 38  
inches wide,  
and 1-8 yard  
contrast.  
PAPER PAT-  
TERN, 1/1.



## POINTS OF INTEREST

Cute collar and neck finishes: Smart  
Fronts: Fascinating Hats for winter

### Neat Collar

WW2128.—Trim little collar that will add charm to your winter frock. Material required: 3-8 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

### Finished with Bow

WW2129.—Delightful finish to a dark frock is this upstanding collar with bow at neck. Material required: 1/2 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

### Jabot Style

WW2130.—Pretty collar in jabot style, finished with side flares and buttons. Material required: 1/2 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

### Most Attractive

WW2131.—Unusually attractive is this little collar. It has a very youthifying effect. Material required: 3-8 yard net for foundation and 1/2 yard material, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

### Pretty Front

WW2132.—Charming with a suit in white or contrasting color. Material required: 7-8 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

### Chic Beret

WW2134.—Beret designed in the new style—turned back from the face. Head sizes, 21 to 22 1/2 inches. Material required: 5-8 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### Halo Bonnet

WW2135.—Very youthful is this attractive halo bonnet finished with bow in front. Head sizes, 21 to 22 1/2 inches. Material required: 1/2 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### Calot Cap

WW2136.—All the rage just now are these cute little calot caps which are very simply made. Head sizes, 21 to 22 1/2 inches. Material required: 1/2 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### Pillar Box

WW2137.—Dashing little hat for smart dressers finished with veil at back. Head sizes, 21 to 22 1/2 inches. Material required: 1/2 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### Unusual Beret

WW2138.—A smart type of beret suitable for wearing on dressy occasions. Head sizes, 21 to 22 1/2 inches. Material required: 1/2 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### Lace Yoke

WW2133.—Lace trims this unusually pretty front. You can make it with 1/2 yard material 36 inches wide, and 1/2 yard lace. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.





## A NEW STORY IN COATS

### Ultra Smart Designs For Sports or Dress Wear

#### Sophisticated

WW2061.—Three-quarter length coat specially created for fur fabric. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 33 yards fur fabric, 48 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



#### Attractive Jacket

WW2058.—Smart for autumn and early winter in this jacket in check tweed. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 21 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

#### Finger-tip Length

WW2059.—A new style in jackets in finger-tip length, suitable for fur fabric or tweed. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

#### Smart Sports Coat

WW2060.—Ultra smart sports coat designed to be made in heavy or lightweight tweed or wool. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 33 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 10.



# These Will Suit You! Costumes and Coats with a Smarter Air



## Jacket and Shirt

WW2062.—This smart suit will carry you right into winter. Make it in lightweight tweed or wool. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

## Sports Coat

WW2064.—Smart coat cut on trim lines suitable for sports or general wear. Ideal with heavy tweed. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

## Contrasting Jacket

WW2065.—Tartan jacket with skirt—a smart ensemble for cooler days. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards for jacket and 2 yards for skirt, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

## With Astrachan

WW2063.—Dressy coat with long, slender lines, and trimmed with astrachan on collar and pockets. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 7-8 yards and 3-8 yard fur fabric. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 20.



## Youthful Modes for the Older Woman

### Dressy Styles Suitable For Afternoon Wear



#### Slender Cut

WW2139.—Attractive slenderising frock with buttoned front, pleated skirt, and neat neck finish. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 4 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

#### Smart Lines

WW2140.—Unusual way in which bodice is treated gives this frock very smart lines. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

#### High Waistline

WW2141.—High waistline, and contrasting neck finish, add youthful touches to an afternoon frock. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 3 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

#### Contrasting Front

WW2142.—Very smart is this neat frock with its contrasting front and long revers. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1/2 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

# Peacock Feathers

• FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE  
AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY.  
MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY



By . . . .  
*Temple Bailey*



Complete Book-Length Novel



# PEACOCK FEATHERS

By TEMPLE BAILEY



As I look upon it, I can, I think, understand how I came to build my romance on the shifting sands of misrepresentation. Even as a little boy my fancy had at times painted things not as they were, but as I wanted them to be. If I had lied, I had lied picturesquely, transmuting sober fact into fascinating fiction. Now and then, since my mother lacked imagination, I had been punished for it. And I can remember my father's whimsical plea for a light sentence.

"Let the boy alone, Eleanor; he'll outgrow it."

"But he is not telling the truth, Stephen."

"How many of us know the truth?"

And there you have my father and my mother in a nutshell—she with her fixed ideas of right and wrong, he seeking always the hidden meanings of life and of eternity.

For he believed in eternity. He was a clergyman in a small country church. We felt ourselves poor, but I know now that my father was rich. He possessed the great treasures of an open mind, and a faith in the essential rightness of the world.

They had called me Jerome, after my father's brother. He lived somewhere in the west, but I had never seen him. I thought of him as one thinks of the magical, mystical people in books.

As I have said, we were very poor in those days when I was punished for telling lies. My mother did her own work, and my father and I helped her.

Even in those days I was like my father in my passion for loveliness. Our little house was comfortable, but there was nothing aesthetic in its furnishings, save the effect of clean bareness, and the touches of clear color given by pots of flowers on the window ledges, and by some old blue china on the dresser.

I never liked the clothes that my mother wore—her dull lilac prints and best black dresses. But my soul would flame when a wagon laden with grapes went by, with one of the Italian girls who worked in the vineyards enthroned like a bacchante high on the purple load. These girls set off their dark charms by a blouse or kerchief of brilliant color—orange or jade or scarlet. Whatever they wore, they were never monotonous or insipid, as were the girls of our congregations in their faint pinks and blues, or the women in their greys and blacks.

Some of the young Italian girls were enchanting. I kissed one of them in an autumn twilight and confessed it afterwards to my father. I had not intended to tell him; but as he and I walked together under the stars I felt a sort of ecstatic urge to confession.

"Did you ever kiss a woman, father?" I asked, following my experience with the young Italian girl.

"I have kissed your mother, of course."

"But before that?"

He grew at once austere. "Why are you asking me, Jerry?"

"I kissed a girl to-night—Theresa."

We walked on for a moment in silence, then he said, "Why did you kiss her?"

"Well, she was so pretty!"

"That is no reason for kissing a woman."

"What would be a reason?"

There was another long stretch of silence, then he spoke. "When you hold the soul of a woman in your hand, Jerry, and she holds your soul in hers, then thank Heaven—and kiss her."

I cannot convey to you the strength of the passion that was in his voice. Not the passion of earth, but the passion of high idealism which he strove to implant in the heart of his little son.

It was in an excess of youthful ardor that I had kissed Theresa.

I had been sent to get the cows, who followed a path from our pasture down through a lane which was bounded on one side by a neighbor's vineyard. The grapes were being harvested, and I loitered when I came to the gate where the waggons, drawn by a pair of great horses, stood waiting for the filled crates.

The girls picked the fruit, and the men lifted the crates and carried them to the waggons. I opened the gate and made my way along the aisles between the rows of vines. It was a golden day, nearing its end in a warm haze which blurred the outlines of the lake at our right and the hills to our left. And through this haze I saw Theresa. She smiled, and I was aware of the warm lights in her eyes, the smooth dusk of her cheeks.

She held up a bunch of perfect grapes. "Eat them," she urged.

"Feed me." The words came with an unexpected forwardness. I had never talked like that to a girl.

She broke off a grape and pressed it against my lips. I ate them all from her hands, and her fingers were stained with the juice.

After that we walked down the fragrant aisles together, for her day's work was done. When we came to the wagon by the gates she asked if I wanted a ride; she was to drive to the packing-house.

"What are you going to do after supper?" I asked.

"Don't you like to sit in the burying-ground?" she asked. "It's nice and quiet."

It was, I was aware, an invitation.

"I'll come to the burying-ground," I said, "if you'll be there," and turned away with a beating heart.

For supper we had creamed codfish with our baked potatoes. It was my favorite dish, but I did not eat heartily. My mother noticed it.

"Aren't you well?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you eat?"

"Perhaps I had too many grapes."

"Where did you get grapes?"

"I was up in the Needhams' vineyard."

But I did not tell her of Theresa.

After supper my father and I washed the dishes, while my mother stirred up the buckwheat batter for breakfast.

I was glad when, after we finished, my father said he must make a sick call. When he had nothing on hand, he was apt to ask me to walk with him. Hitherto it had been a great privilege, but to-night I wanted to be free.

In the little cemetery were the graves of our ancestors—three generations of Anglo-Saxons. A row of thin headstones marked the resting place of two of my grandfathers and one grandmother—one of my grandmothers was still alive; the rest lay here in state, with only the white picket fence of that small plot to separate them from the acres they had redeemed in pioneer days from forest wilderness.

There were late-blooming, and Theresa had picked one and pinned it against the green kerchief. We, the children of the people who lay there, had been taught not to pick the roses. But Theresa knew no rules. She sat on a table-like slab raised from the earth by four marble feet, with the rose at her breast, and looked at me.

"I thought you weren't coming," she said.

"What made you think that?"

"You were late."

"I came as soon as I could."

I sat down beside her. She held out her hand to me, and I took it. I thought I had never seen anything so sweet and pretty as little Italian Theresa. And so I kissed her. There was a crescent moon just above her head, which seemed to crown her.

I HAD kissed Theresa and that was all there was to it. We were both very young and very innocent. My life had been lived with my father and mother and among my books. I was, too, singularly unawakened. I think that of the two Theresa knew more of life and of the making of love.

I walked part of the way home with her. When I turned back I had again to pass the cemetery. I stopped and stood leaning on the gate, looking in. The moon was hanging just above the horizon, thin and faint in a purple sky.

I heard my father's quick step on the path. "Hello," he said. "Jerry?"

I turned and met him. For the first time in my life I found myself self-conscious with my father. I blurted out the first thing that came into my head.

"When I am dead, don't bury me in there."

I was aware of his surprise. "Why not?"

"Oh, I'd hate to think Father, that life was just walking up and down this road, and being shut in at the end by this picket fence."

He laughed a little.

"Were you coming to meet me?"

I could have evaded his question. But I didn't want to. I wanted to talk about



Theresa—to feel her name on my lips, to revel in a description of our innocent amour.

So I began, as I have said, with the interrogation, "Have you ever kissed a woman?"

I shall never forget that night, of the way my father's mind met my own. He listened without comment until I had finished. Then for the first time he spoke to me as man to man. There were things I must wait for until I was stable and steady. If I did not wait, I might miss the best. A man who was master of himself was master of the world.

I did not kiss Theresa again, or any other of the Italian girls. My father gave me books that winter in which love was exalted. I read Dante with him, and longed for a Beatrice.

I was 16 when my Uncle Jerry came to visit us. He was much older than in the picture we had of him taken during the Spanish war, but he was still remarkably good-looking. He was not married and he was 48. He was like my father in many ways, but I was aware as the days went on that they were different in this: Uncle Jerry lived for himself—my father lived for others. My father was handsome in spite of the plainness of his garb. Uncle Jerry was handsome plus a picturesqueness which still belonged to the people of the west in the early part of the twentieth century.

Uncle Jerry brought with him all the glamor of the wide spaces of his adopted state. He rove about the plains and mountains the web of high romance. One found there the fountain of youth, the pleasures of Paradise. The part of the Rockies where he had his ranch was in effect the Promised Land!

Uncle Jerry had, it seemed, money enough and to spare. He spent freely, wore good clothes, and seemed to me to shine with a light which had illumined Robin Hood and Alan Breck, and all those gay and gallant heroes of my story-books.

Of the world of women, one felt, Uncle Jerry spoke with authority. He was, as I have said, unmarried. But he talked a great deal of his conquests. His good looks drew easily the eyes of femininity. He knew this, and basked in it, and boasted of it.

"Remember this, Jerry," he would say to me. "If you want to win a woman, you must make yourself her master."

Before Uncle Jerry returned to the west, he took me with him on a journey to the city of Washington.

He stayed at an old hotel which even then was antiquated and unfashionable. But there were a few statesmen who clung to it, and their satellites, and Uncle Jerry among them was in his glory. I knew nothing of hotels and found it all quite enchanting.

Uncle Jerry had, it seemed, a great deal to do with politics.

It was while I was in Washington that a thing happened which was to color my dreams for all time to come.

Every day during our sojourn in the city we had gone up to the capitol. Uncle Jerry spent his time in committee rooms—"wire pulling," as he expressed it. There were certain things that I wanted done in his western country, and his vigorous personality was a great asset in pushing his claims.

It was on the day that my dream was born that I went into the Senate lunch-room with my uncle. I remember he had

ordered a great planked steak, and that my mind was on it and on nothing else! I was at the moment just plain, hungry boy—rather material, it must be confessed—wanting nothing better at the moment than the hearty food and the steaming coffee that came with it.

Yet in the twinkling of an eye I was transformed. Never again was I to be happy in the way I had been—satisfied to eat and drink and take the days as they came. Henceforth I was to be consumed by restless longings—vague aspirations. Moreover, I lost forever a certain complacency. For the first time I saw myself awkward, crude, a country boy.

A Senator sat at a table near us. Opposite him was a girl—a girl-child indeed. She was perhaps 12. She wore one of the thin, high-collared white blouses which were then fashionable, and a small black velvet hat with a peacock's feather caught up by a buckle. Her waved russet hair was tied at the neck with a wide black ribbon.

But it was none of these things which held me; it was, rather, an effect of poise, of finesse. She kept her eyes to herself.

Her detachment affected me strangely. I was used to country girls who were embarrassed or over-bold when out in company. But here was a girl who did not blush, who did not stare, who was as remote as a fairy princess in a tall tower.

My uncle saw my eyes upon her. "That's Mimi Le Brun," he said, "the Senator's granddaughter."

"Is she French, Uncle Jerry?"

"French blood. Some Irish, too, I imagine, with that hair."

He forgot her then, as someone stopped at our table to speak to him. When at last he turned to me, he said:

"Don't you want some more steak?"

"No."

"You haven't eaten much."

"I'm not hungry."

My appetite had, indeed, left me. It seemed to me that I wanted nothing else than to feed body and soul on the beauty of that child at the other table. It was to use an old-fashioned phrase, love at first sight—the capture of a boy's romantic fancy. Yet I knew nothing about her except that she was Mimi Le Brun, that she lived in St. Louis, and that her grandfather had a seat in the Senate.

When I got back to the hotel after seeing Mimi Le Brun, I looked into every mirror I passed. I got glimpses of a tall lank youth, with a rather clumsy use of his feet, a coat that was too short in the sleeves, a rough crop of brown curls, and a somewhat wind-burned and freckled countenance.

Before this I had not thought of looks. At school the girls I knew had seemed to think me handsome enough. I was like the rest of the boys, wearing the clothes which had been bought in our little town. But now I thought a great deal about myself, and when I went down to dinner I observed with interest the young men who sat in the lobby and at the tables in the dining-room. My father had given me some money to spend, and while we ate our dessert, I asked my uncle:

"Could I buy a suit like these city fellows wear with my money?"

He was in a good humor. "You keep your money and I'll fix you up with a good winter outfit. I have just put through a deal that ought to land me on Easy Street."

I protested that I could pay for my own things, but uncle was insistent. He took me on the following day to a place on the avenue and bought with a lavish hand.

My Washington experience changed me in this: that I set my Uncle Jerry's life against my father's for comparison. It seemed to me that Uncle Jerry got the most out of it. He could see the world in his own way. He was free to follow the road. My father was tied by his congregation and his conscience. I might agree that my father was the finer man, but Uncle Jerry appealed to my imagination.

We camped, I remember, for a week that summer in the woods. The days would have been dull for those accustomed to more exciting adventures, but there were pickerei and sunfish in the little lake, the water was limpid and lovely and swept by the fragrance of pond lilies, and my father in his holiday mood was very good company.

It was one night under the stars that I asked him:

"Why didn't Uncle Jerry marry?"

"He could never settle down."

"I believe I am like him, father."

"I hope not."

I think one of the great marvels of my relation to my father was that with him I had no reticence. However stern he was with himself, he was never stern with me. And he tried always to help me find the truth for myself.

He tried to help me find it now. He made no comment except to say: "I pray that you may love and marry a good woman, Jerry. It is a great safeguard."

Suddenly into the night under the stars, and through the perfume of the pond lilies, stalked a white wraith of remembrance—of a girl with a peacock feather in her hat.

I wanted to love and marry her. I had seen her only once, but I wanted her for love and marriage.

"A great safeguard," my father was saying.

"Your Uncle Jerry and I used to lie as you and I are lying here to-night under the stars, and dream of our futures. Neither of us has fulfilled them. Did I ever tell you, Jerry, that I was going to study law—maritime law? Queer ambition for a country boy, wasn't it? But our ancestors were seafaring folk, and the subject fascinated me. I used to read about ships, and of the strange codes which govern vessels on the seas. It wasn't easy to give it up."

"Why did you give it up?"

"God called me."

It was when we returned from our trip to the lake that we found a letter from Uncle Jerry which was to change in every way my future. He wanted, he said, to send me to college. Not as my father and mother had planned, to one of the cheap small colleges where I could help by my work to pay my way, but to Yale University. He would meet all expenses, giving me, besides the cost of board and tuition, a generous allowance. I was his namesake, and what he had he would leave to me. The deal which he had tried to put over had been brought successfully to a finish. It would be fine to have a Jerome Chandler to carry on the name.

It is not difficult to imagine what this meant to me—emancipation. In a moment the narrow life in the parsonage receded, and I saw myself sweeping out towards the broad seas of adventure.

I was dumbed, excited. I read the letter twice aloud. "He says I am to have the ranch!"

"But not until he dies, Jerry."

That brought me up. I didn't want my uncle to die. Indeed, it seemed to me as if he ought to live forever, as if the red and white of him, his strength and vigor, gave him a sort of deathless immunity from the common lot.



"Well, of course," I stated. "I didn't mean that. But it is fine of him, isn't it?"  
My father answered: "Very fine."  
My mother was not so sure. "I don't know about it. Money is the root of evil."  
My father laughed. "Poverty is the root of evil, too, sometimes, Eleanor."

I learned in those first days in college that I was not like most of the other students. I had come from simple people whose social horizon was bounded on one side by the Ten Commandments and on the other by my father's black coat. At Yale many of the men I met had been prepared at private schools, and had inherited traditions of family importance. There were others, too, who were rich and without traditions. But all of them had something which I did not have—a sort of sophistication which made me feel an outsider. Their attitude towards me was, I decided, somewhat like my own attitude towards the European immigrants in our town. They went their way, and I went mine. And I was conscious always of my awkwardness, my lack of manner, the archaic quality of my ideals.

I shall pass quickly over my first three years at college. The history of them is not different, I fancy, from that of any boy who finds himself in an utterly new environment and has to adjust himself to it. I did some foolish things, and perhaps some wise ones. I loved books, so that in my studies I satisfied certain of my teachers, and I had great physical strength and endurance, which brought me conspicuously to the front in athletics.

Yet I had always that feeling of being an outsider until in my senior year I made a friend who changed the world for me. His name was Lionel Clark. I had first been attracted to him when a theme of his was read in class. It was a short sketch of fur-trading in the early middle west, and his pen had caught all the color and movement of the days when the Mississippi was a great highway. He wrote of trappers and priests, of Indians and of French gallants, of gay ladies transported from all the luxuries of aristocratic society to rough and primitive surroundings yet losing none of their elegance or insouciance in the process. I walked beside him as we left the room. "That was a dandy writeup," I told him. "Is it all true?"

I had never spoken to him before. He was a dark, thin-faced lad, with a cool, bright glance and an ease of manner which marked him as one of the inner circle from which I was shut out.

**B**UT Lionel Clark did not shut me out from the inner circle at Yale. He answered with a quick smile and a turn of his head toward me when I asked about the truth of the theme he had done—of the flatboat era on the Mississippi in the early 1800's. "Of course, it is true."

"Why don't you write a book about it?"  
"That's what I want to do. I have a chapter or two on paper."

We parted after a few moments, but I was thrilled by the encounter.

The time came when I spoke to him again of something he had written for the college paper. He liked my praise, and my interest, I think, flattered him. He offered to read to me the chapters of his book.

"Come over to my rooms to-night."

His rooms were charming, and I thought he must have a great deal of money. I was to learn, however, that his means were moderate. I was impressed by the fact that his belongings, while the best of their kind, gave an effect of exquisite simplicity. Nothing was cluttered up. But he had good books, deep comfortable chairs, a lamp whose base was a vase of old Chinese pottery with

a shade of translucent silk showing shadowy Chinese figures. He told me later that his grandfather had furnished his rooms and had given him an allowance, and it was then I found that his grandfather was the senator from Missouri whom I had observed so often in Washington. It is needless to say that the news thrilled me.

"Do you know Mimi Le Brun?" I demanded.

His surprise was apparent. "She is my cousin. Have you met her?"

I flushed. "I saw her once in Washington. And I heard your grandfather speak."

"He is dead, you know."

I had read that in the papers. I wanted to ask more about Mimi Le Brun, but Lionel was keen to get at his story. So I sat in one of the big chairs and listened, much uplifted by the fact of my new acquaintance and his easy acceptance of my friendship.

When Lionel finished his story, I praised it. He glowed under my praise. He was, I discovered as I knew him better, always dependent on the opinion of others. He touched the skies or descended to the depths as he was commended or criticised. In later years his clipping bureau kept him alternating between despair and ecstasy. It was, I think, because of my honest admiration of his attainments that he liked to have me near him, and I am sure I was a spur to his increased activities.

To-night he opened his heart—told me of his ambition. His grandfather's death had left him practically without means. His father was living, but was, I gathered, a gentleman of somewhat elegant leisure. "After mother's death, everybody thought grandfather's money would come to Mimi and me. But just a year ago he married a second wife and left his fortune to her. I think he meant that she should do things for us, but she hasn't."

It was, he explained, much harder for him than for a man who had had no expectations. "We have a social position to keep up. Grandfather always made mother an allowance, and Mimi's mother—it leaves us in a deuce of a hole. That's why I want to write books. It is one way to make money, and I think I have a flair for it."

So he talked on, and I listened and sympathized, but all the while I was consumed with a desire to see that shadowy photograph at closer range.

"In a way," Lionel was saying, "it will be harder for Mimi than for me. She must make her debut next winter, and heaven only knows where she'll get her gowns."

I had told Lionel that my uncle was rich and that I was his heir. I had tried to say it modestly, but I had liked the sound of it.

"I am to have his ranch in Colorado."

"You are in luck," Lionel had said, and then we had talked of other things.

I was left, however, with the feeling that I had been a bit bombastic, and after that I was careful not to speak of what I conceived to be my glittering prospects. Yet I think Lionel let it be known among his friends what the future held for me. A good many of the men asked about my uncle's ranch—it seemed to give a sort of spectacular importance to my otherwise inconspicuous personality.

My belief in Lionel's talent was, undoubtedly, the thing which tied him to me. No one else would listen as I listened. No one else believed as I believed. I gave, and he accepted. Yet I know now that I should never have given in such a great measure if around him and over him and all about him had not been the glamour

of his relationship to the girl whom I had set so high in my thoughts.

Our literary adventures became most exciting, for it was my adventure as well as his. My imagination often supplemented his skill, and he would stare at me and say: "Some day we'll write a play together. You have the sense of drama."

We started a play, indeed, and worked late into the night, smoking cigarettes, and putting much ink on paper. I am sure my mother would have felt that my feet were in dangerous paths had she known of the tobacco we burned, but I felt very much a man of the world in my imitation of Lionel's moods and manners.

**I** WAS adaptable, and Lionel advised me coolly, taking my need of advice for granted, and also my willingness to improve.

"You've got to learn to dance, Jerry. You tangle up your feet too much when you walk."

So I learned to dance. I learned, too, where and how to buy my clothes. I learned the catch-words and catch-phrases of Lionel's set. These were, of course, the superficial things. But I learned more than that—that the kind of religion my father preached was unfashionable, and that high idealism was unfashionable.

I had brought back from college that autumn a bunch of peacock feathers, having pegged a half-dozen dropped plumes from a neighbor of ours who kept one of the big birds. They reminded me of Mimi, and I stuck them in a vase in my room.

"Lionel, observing them, said, 'They bring bad luck.'"

I had heard this. But I did not believe it, and said so. "I like them."

"Queer thing—Mimi likes them, too. She wears their colors. She had a costume once for a fancy dress affair—green and blue, with a great fan of peacock's feathers—and with her copper hair it was stunning. A famous artist painted her in it; my grandfather bought the picture, and now it belongs to his wife. She won't give it up. She is acting like a pig. Grandfather intended that Mimi should have it. He told her so a thousand times, but Olga has the law on her side. She has grabbed everything, and she holds on to it."

Olga was, I learned, the step-grandmother. She was only 30, and had, of course, married the senator for the position he could give her.

"Would she sell the picture, do you think?"

"Not to any of us. She's not our kind, and she knows we look down on her. Her father made his money in hams and things, and she's only a second generation from social obscurity. But she's a beauty. That's what caught grandfather. And now she lives all alone, except for the servants, in her great house on Portland place."

This was a grievance on which he always waxed eloquent, so I got him back to the picture. "Someone else might buy it for you."

It appeared, however, that there wasn't money enough for a deal of that kind. Mimi's father had, it seemed, died when she was a baby. Her mother had lived, until her father's death, on the allowance he had given her; then the thing had stopped.

"I'd hate to have the picture go out of the family. The artist called it 'The Proud Lady'. And it isn't just Mimi to me; it typifies all the women of our family, with their high-held heads."

My heart felt like a stone in my breast. What had I to do with such women? My



vague prospects for the future seemed at the moment cheap and tawdry. Mimi Le Brun knew men with millions. The old town where she lived was one in which great fortunes had been made. There were luxury and a scale of expenditure beyond my wildest dreams. Even my uncle's ranch seemed to shrink into nothingness.

Yet with youth's resiliency I built new castles. Fame would carry me far.

"Lion," I asked, "when are we to get to work on that play?"

He caught at the idea with avidity. We burned much midnight oil; we rigged up a toy theatre and used pins for actors; we fancied ourselves incipient Shaws-Pineros in the making. My spirits were at top-notch. Here was something to lay some day at the feet of Mimi Le Brun.

IT was in mid-winter that Lionel had a letter from Mimi. They kept up a desultory correspondence, and now and then he read a line or two to me. But this letter became mine to keep. I have it now, and so can give it, word for word, as she wrote it in her modish, angular script, on sheet after sheet of paper headed with a crest.

Lionel read it to me because I happened to be in his room when it was handed to him. "Poor old Mimi!" he said, when he had finished. "She's been having it out with Olga." He laughed and leaned back in his chair. "Listen, Jerry, and see if it wouldn't make a scene in a play."

I may as well confess that I trembled as he read. It was like her own voice speaking. She wrote very naturally and unaffectedly, and she poured out her heart to him.

"You see, Lion, I had to put my pride in my pocket. I am to make my debut next autumn, and we have to plan ahead. Mother said that I should only be asking for what was mine, if I went to Olga. And that grandfather's heart would have been broken if he had known that I was to have my coming-out party in any other house but his."

"She seemed glad to see me. I went in the afternoon, and she had tea for me. She has made grandfather's den over into a sort of Turkish Retreat. It is puffy with cushions of black-and-gold brocade, and she had on a tea-gown of pale blue chiffon with sleeves like wings, and she looked like a plump, blonde prima donna."

"I know I am prejudiced, Lion, but it was all so different in grandfather's day. She has had a balcony built at the end of the hall, and it overlooks a sort of wide foyer which leads into the ballroom, and there, as large as life and as lovely as the artist could make it, is my peacock portrait!"

Lionel laid down the letter. "I can just see Mimi on that balcony, and Olga. You can't imagine two people more unlike, Jerry."

I nodded. I was breathless with interest. The whole recital seemed like something out of a book.

"We leaned over the balcony, looking at the picture, and she said, in that slow way of hers, 'One can't give too much wall-space to the works of an artist like that.' And I said, 'Well, he had a good subject.' She stood looking at the picture, and at last she said, 'He makes you look older and handsomer than you are, Mimi, but not vainer.'"

"Can you beat that, Lion? I didn't know she had it in her. But I hung back. There's a difference between vanity and pride." And she said, 'But peacocks are vain, aren't they?'

"Well, I was simply furious, and I wanted to tell her so. But I wasn't there for that, so I simply said, 'Well, I am glad he made

me handsome, so that when I am old and ugly I can come back and look at it.'"

"We went back then to the Turkish Retreat, and tea came, and I talked to her. I told her how mother felt, and that I knew grandfather would have wanted it, and she said, 'I think he would, and I will do everything to make it a success.' And I said, 'Thank you, Olga,' and that seemed to be the end of it."

"But when we had finished our tea, she asked, 'What are you going to do after that?' and I said, 'After what?' and she said, 'After your coming-out party?' and I said, 'Oh, I shan't have to do much entertaining; our friends will help out.' And she said 'I don't mean that. What are you going to do when you've made your debut, and had a winter of dances and parties?' and I laughed and said, 'I suppose I'll get married.'"

"She sat looking at me, and do you know, Lion, she gave me a queer feeling, as if I were glass and transparent. And somehow I felt small and mercenary, and frightfully frivolous, until I suddenly remembered that it is she who is mercenary and small-minded, and unfair to you and to mother and me, so I stood up and said stiffly, 'I am sure it would have pleased grandfather to know that I am to have the rose ballroom,' and she said, 'I am sure it would please him. But you mustn't expect too much of me, Mimi.'"

"Lion, I felt utterly frozen when she said that. And I got out as quickly as I could, and cried right in the street, and I had to hold up my muff so that people wouldn't see me. And when I got home, mother wasn't there. She had gone to Aunt Bernice's to play bridge. And so I am writing to you, or I shall simply expire from suppressed emotion."

"Oh, Lion, I loved grandfather, and it hurts and hurts and hurts, to think he could have treated me like this. I was so proud of him. And the last time we were together I was so happy. Oh, I wonder if I am ever going to be happy again."

It ended there, and I was torn by her distress. To think that she suffered!

Lionel took it easily. "Oh, well, Mimi got what she wanted, so why should she care?"

We called Olga, after that, "the Ogre." We decided to put her in our play. She was to be the villainess and was to be overthrown in the end.

IT was in June of that year that the miracle happened. I call it a miracle because it seemed nothing less than that to me. I was invited to spend a month with Lionel Clark at his step-grandmother's camp in the Maine Woods.

"Mimi will be there, and her cousin Bernice," Lionel told me. "Olga says in her letter that I may ask any fellow who will fit in, and it seems to me it will be a great chance for us to finish the play."

I wrote to my father that I would not come home in July, but would be with them in August. I had spent all my summers hitherto at the parsonage, and I felt I had earned a change of scene. Yet my mother was not well, and I was sorry to be away from her. She had been failing for several years and had lost her old energy of body and of spirit. She leaned on my father. He did much of the housework, even cooking a meal now and then, and when I was there I helped him. The previous summer there had been, too, a strong young woman, Rose Drury, who came in when a feminine hand was needed for such work as canning fruit or getting up special meals for visiting clergy. Rose was buxom and red-cheeked, and in contrast my

mother's paleness and frailty had been appallingly apparent.

I wrote that I wanted them to have Rose regularly, and I would pay her wages. I had saved something from my allowance, and there had been an extra gift of money from Uncle Jerry.

In all my years at college, I had not seen Uncle Jerry. I wrote to him regularly, and now and then he replied. He spoke of me always quite grandiloquently as his heir, and his letters had always that dashing effect which was so much a part of his personality.

As the time approached for our journey, I was tense with excitement. I was afraid, yet not afraid, to meet Mimi. I was afraid because I was sure I could never measure up in any way to the men among whom she moved. I was not afraid because I felt that Fate could not be so cruel as to separate our futures.

Lionel advised me as to the things I should need; a belted jacket and knickerbockers for everyday wear, and white flannels for evening. I was not, Lionel said, the custom to dress in camp, but there might be motor rides which would take us into more formal atmospheres.

My idea of a camp was, I must confess, based somewhat on my own experience in the camps where my father and I had fished and hunted. Remembering the poetry of those nights under the stars, beside the perfume-sweet pool, it seemed to me that my meeting with Mimi Le Brun could have no more perfect setting.

I was not prepared, therefore, for the luxury of the place to which we came after a 30-mile motor ride from the train. The house was low and long, built of logs with the bark on, and back of it stretched primeval forests of pine and tamarack, of spruce and fir, fringed at the edge of the cleared spaces with a lighter growth of white birches, juniper, and oak.

When we arrived rather late in the afternoon, at the great log house, there was no one in sight on the porches. We entered and found a blazing fire, for in spite of the sunshine the day was cool. In front of the fire, in a big chair over which was thrown a black bear-skin, sat a woman, stiff-corseted and imposing. Her blonde hair was swept up into a curled pompadour. Her cheeks were pink, and her rose and white beauty seemed to stand out from the shadows as if painted on canvas.

It was not until Lionel spoke, however, that I realised this was Olga, the Ogre who had stolen his inheritance and the inheritance of Mimi Le Brun.

Olga welcomed me graciously, giving me her hand when I was presented, and telling the man who had brought in our bags to serve us some refreshments.

"The girls hoped to be here when you came," she said, "but a party rode over from the Stanleys' camp and insisted that they should go fishing. Mimi left word for you, Lionel, that you were to ride over to the lake and meet them."

"Are they on horseback?"

"Yes. Drake can tell you the road they took."

WE went to our rooms in the great log house at the camp and got into riding clothes. The house was lovely, spreading out so that all the rooms were on one floor. The furnishings were in keeping with the wilderness of the surroundings, but pre-eminently comfortable. In the great living-room where Olga had sat, the heads of animals decorated the walls—moose and deer and elk—and the mantel was made of



a huge log split lengthwise and supported by rough-hewn blocks of granite.

The bedrooms were bright with Indian rugs and Indian blankets, and sweet with the fragrance of bay and cedar. There was a bath with its water piped down from the lake. I felt my pulses pounding. It seemed to me that at any moment the masquerade might end and I should find myself back in the parsonage, talking the cow or washing dishes for my mother.

Yet I was uplifted and eager in anticipation of my meeting with Mimi, and I chatted quite freely and confidently with Olga when we went back to the living-room to have tea and sandwiches in front of the roaring fire.

Our hostess talked to us of our trip. I knew at once that she was not at ease with Lionel, and his manner to her held a touch of half-insolence which I resented. He was a guest in her house, and it seemed to me he should have remembered it.

When we had finished our repast we mounted our horses and started out to meet the others. Lionel knew the way, and our horses took the road at a good pace. We came to the lake to find a dozen people gathered in gay canoes and on a low, long pier which ran out into the lake. They shouted when they saw us, and one of the girls detached herself from the rest and ran to meet us.

She had a scarlet handkerchief bound about her head so that I could not see her hair, but I felt that it must be Mimi, and I was assailed by a sort of dizziness.

Then I heard Lionel saying, "Bernice! Bless your heart, old girl, but I'm glad to see you!"

As she came up to him, he lifted her to his saddle-bow and kissed her. She was a little thing, with dark flashing eyes and an oval, olive-tinted face.

"This is Jerome Chandler," Lionel said, "familiarily known as Jerry."

She swung herself up to my saddle-bow as she had swung herself up to Lionel's. "Shall I kiss him, too?" she asked, and I was aware of the invitation of her lips and eyes, as years ago I had been aware of it in the lips and eyes of Theresa.

Well, I accepted the challenge. No man could, I am sure, have done differently without creating an awkward situation. Yet I hated it, although I carried it off as easily as any. But I had come, a knight riding to his lady, and I felt that this dark apron had stolen something which I had treasured for another.

"Where's Mimi?" Lionel demanded.

"She went on ahead to meet you."

"We must have missed her."

"Oh, well, we are all going back in a minute," Bernice said. "We caught loads of fish, and we are dying for our dinner."

As we rode back Bernice was beside me. "Why didn't Lionel tell me you were so good-looking?"

"Perhaps he wanted to keep it as a surprise."

She flashed her dark eyes at me. "He should have given us warning."

We laughed together, and I began to feel at ease with her.

"Lionel says you are from New York. I adore it! When I die, it will be my heaven."

"I am not from New York City; my home is in the western part of the State."

Presently Lionel rode back to talk to Bernice, and I gradually dropped behind. I did not want to mingle with that comic opera crowd. From the viewpoint of to-day my youthful arrogance is astounding. They were not so shallow as they seemed, nor was I, indeed, so serious.

I turned my horse to the right and was

presently riding under the great trees, parallel to the road but away from it.

MY horse and I came at last to an open space which was clear of trees. As we approached it, my eye was caught by something which lay directly in our path. It was a woman's hat, a little Alpine-peaked thing of soft green felt, and stuck in the side, so that it slanted above the crown and caught the light in a gleam of iridescence, was a peacock's feather!

I picked up the hat and had it in my right hand when a man appeared suddenly at my right, rounding a great tamarack tree which had hidden him. He was on foot, was very tall, very dark, and wore riding clothes of impeccable style and finish. He frowned when he saw me standing with the hat in my hand.

"Give it to me," he said. "Miss Le Brun lost it."

I did not like his manner, but I handed him the hat, saying: "I am Jerry Chandler, Lionel Clark's guest. The rest of the party have ridden on."

He did not acknowledge my introduction of myself by giving me his own name. "We heard them go," he said, and his words confirmed my belief that Mimi was not far away.

I felt, however, that the presence of the dark man struck a jarring note in my romantic symphony. I would go away at once and leave her to him.

But he surprised me by handing the hat back to me. "You might as well take it to her," he said, "and I'll catch up with the rest."

He had hardly finished his sentence when he strode on to where his horse was hitched, and presently I heard the pounding of departing hoofs.

In a whirl of conflicting emotions I dismounted and went towards the place where the man had emerged. At first I saw no one; then suddenly I was aware of a bright banner flaring against the naked whiteness of a group of birches. I had to look twice, however, to discover that the bright banner was a woman's hair. Her riding clothes were of a rough grey cloth that melted into the background. She was leaning against one of the trees, and her back was towards me.

She was taller than when I had seen her last, but her hair was tied with a black ribbon, just as it had been tied when as a child she had lunched with her grandfather in the senate restaurant.

A twig snapped under my feet, and without turning she said, "I told you not to come back, Andy."

"It is not—Andy."

She flung herself around and looked at me, and it was then I saw she had been crying.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

"Jerry Chandler."

"Lionel's friend?"

"Yes. I found your hat, and the man who came out of the woods said you were here."

"Andy Fuller—" She hesitated, but confessed the truth. "We were having a peach of a quarrel. I told him to go away and not to come back."

I just stood looking at her. It seemed to me incredible that I had met her at last, lovelier than in all my dreams of her, in spite of the tears which stained her cheeks.

"I always cry when I am angry," she said. "It is a silly thing to do, but Andy made me furious. And I told him what I thought of him. I think he was afraid to come back."

"I am sure he must have been," I told her; "he looked it."

She stood up. "We must be going or we shall be late for dinner." She lifted her face to me. "When I get back to the camp will everybody know I have been crying?"

I had to admit, "They might."

"I'll wet my handkerchief in the pool and freshen up a bit."

"Let me wet mine."

I brought it back to her, and she had me hold a little mirror which she fished out of her pocket. She had, too, an infinitesimal powder-puff, and she touched her cheeks with it, and her nose and chin. Her own skin was rose-leaf, and she did not need any artificial aids, yet I must confess that the faint perfume of the powder, and her face so close to mine as I held the mirror, set my pulses pounding. She put on her hat, and we went together to where her horse was tied to a tree.

When we reached the house, there was nobody about. Mimi left me, and I went to my room, where Lionel was getting into white flannels. "We are all going over to the Bradleys for a dance," he told me, "so you'll have to change."

"Where were you?" he asked presently. "When I looked around, you were out of sight."

"I rode through the woods. I met your cousin."

"Andy Fuller said you were with her. What happened to Andy? He was terribly grouchy."

"I think he and Miss Le Brun had quarrelled."

"They are always quarrelling. And don't call her 'Miss Le Brun'; everything here is first names. It's a rule of the camp."

When I came back from my bath, I asked, "Who is Andy Fuller?"

"You wouldn't have to ask that if you lived in St. Louis. His father and his grandfather were at the head of a great coffee house. Money to burn! He wants to marry Mimi—and he'll get her before he is through with it."

My heart seemed to stop beating. "Is she in love with him?"

"No; but the chances are she'll marry him. He isn't used to having people say 'no' to him, and he is very masterful. A man like that usually gets what he wants in the end."

When we were dressed, we went into the great living-room where most of Olga's guests were assembled. I saw Andy Fuller, towering above me. I could match his inches with my own, and I had more than his breadth of shoulder.

Mimi was not there when I first came in, but presently I saw her approaching through the door of the living-room which led to what Lionel called "the harem." Olga had given the men one wing of the house and the women the other. Her own suite separated the two. I was surprised that there were no older people to keep the Ogre company. I was to learn the reason later.

Mimi in the doorway was not the Mimi of the afternoon. She seemed to have grown up in a moment.

From the moment of her entrance she was the centre of things. I did not see her speak to Andy Fuller, but he stood beside her with an air of ownership which I resented furiously.

I was, as it were, on the fringes of the crowd, but at last Mimi saw me and nodded. I did not join her. In her princess-like presence I was gripped by self-consciousness. I felt that I must not presume on her friendliness of the afternoon. I wished



desperately that someone would come and talk to me, so that Mimi would not see me standing there alone.

It was Olga who took me finally under her wing. She approached me in her slow way, waving a great feather fan. She was very gorgeous in spangled silver, and, I must admit, very beautiful.

"You won't mind," she said, "if I put you next to me at dinner? The last arrival always gets the seat of honor. But I know you men would rather be between two pretty girls."

"I wouldn't," I said honestly.

I think she liked that, and we laughed together.

Bernice was on the other side of me at dinner. Mimi was across the table, with Andy Fuller next to her. As the meal progressed I saw them talking earnestly.

Bernice saw them, too. "He is apologising to Mimi," she said, "he is always doing it."

"And—does she forgive him?"

Bernice shrugged her slender shoulders. It was a gesture I had noted among the girls of the crowd. It was, indeed, a subtle reminder of their French ancestry—that, and the darkness of their eyes.

THERE were 10 guests besides Lionel and me. With our hostess we made thirteen at the table.

Bernice was much disturbed. "Something will happen to some of us, you see if it doesn't. And it will probably be Mimi. She can't miss it, with her peacock feathers and thirteen at table. She laughs at me when I say such things, but look at the awful luck she's had with her grandfather dying—and all that."

She caught herself up as Olga turned a little towards us, and changed the ending of her speech skillfully.

"Well, thank heaven there won't be thirteen of us in the cars. Andy Fuller will drive six, and Drake four and the rest will go in Scott Selden's car. I am going with Scott. Far be it from me to ride behind Andy when he's got Mimi on the front seat!"

Remembering the episode of the afternoon, it seemed to me surprising that Mimi should ride with Andy. But she did, wrapped in a wonderful cloak with a fur collar which came up to her eyebrows.

It was just as she was stepping into the car that she turned and saw me.

"Aren't you going to ride with us?" she asked. "We've plenty of room for him, haven't we, Andy?"

Andy nodded, and before I knew it I was sitting on one of the small folding seats in Andy's seven-passenger car, with two pretty girls—the Ammidon twins—in the tonneau, and a stocky little youth, Girard Sylvester, on the other small seat.

I was just behind Mimi so near that by leaning forward a little in the dark I could touch my cheek to the fur of her collar.

The Bradleys' house was more like a country club than a private residence. It was part of a fashionable summer colony, and was furnished with a sumptuousness that seemed out of place in the heart of those wild mountains. Yet it was lovely, none the less—a sort of fairyland—and my heart quickened to the beat of the music.

Lionel danced first with Olga then turned her over to me. I'll confess that I felt sorry for her. She was ill at ease and showed it. I was ill at ease, but I did not show it. I was sure of that, for Lionel said afterward:

"You might have been born to the purple, Jerry."

But I was not born to the purple. I had been born in a parsonage, and the thing had left its marks upon me. I had not inherited, as those other young people had inherited, a tradition of gaiety. It was not until I danced with Mimi that all the stars sang. I knew then that I had never been young, that I had never been happy, that never before had I drunk of the wine of life so that it was warm in my veins, making me mad with the joy of it.

I did not go back in Andy's car. Olga asked me to ride with her. She thought, I am sure, that she was being kind to me, and that I felt as alien as she among those merry-makers. She could not know I was at last recklessly one of them; that the Puritan in me had succumbed to the Pagan; that I meant to grasp at happiness, at whatever sacrifice of previous scruples. I wanted to drink life from a brimming cup.

I am afraid I was not very good company. My thoughts were with Mimi on that front seat with Andy Fuller, and I wondered what he was saying.

When at last we reached the camp, it was after 2 o'clock. I had expected, of course, that we would go at once to bed, but I did not know the nocturnal habits of Olga's guests.

"We can sleep in the morning," Lionel told me, "and they want the play, Jerry."

I found that "they" meant, specifically, Katherine Merrill and Stiles Sanderson. They represented, it seemed, the literary element in Lionel's list of acquaintances. Stiles had written some verse which had been published in magazines of the better class. Katherine had tried to write, and, having failed to do anything significant, she had won a reputation for brilliancy by her ruthless criticism of the work of others.

THE Ammidon twins and Girard Sylvester decided not to sit up for the play reading. They had made plans for an early morning fishing trip, and included in their plans were two house guests whom I have not mentioned—Jimmie Hancock and Luther Dean. They made no apologies for their desertion. Anne Ammidon was dead for sleep and confessed it without shame.

"Run along, Baby," Lionel told her; "you are too young for such late hours—and, anyhow, Jerry's play might go to your head."

"It isn't my play," I objected.

"All the love scenes are yours," he said.

"You wouldn't let me touch them."

Katherine Merrill looked at me. "You don't mean that you are as old-fashioned as that?"

"As what?"

"As to attempt the romantic."

"I haven't attempted it; I have achieved it," I said lightly.

She did not know whether or not I was in earnest, nor did the rest of them, and I felt I had scored a point by my daring. My audience grouped itself about the hearth in a half-circle. Mimi was in Olga's high-backed chair with the bearskin background for her beauty. Andy lay on the rug at her feet. Thus enthroned among the shadows—for there were only the candles and the light of the fire—Mimi took on a mysterious aspect. She seemed less a girl, more a goddess.

Olga had chosen a deep chair a little removed from the others. I think she slept while I read. I am sure she was not in the least interested.

Standing on the hearth-rug, with a tall candle set on the mantel to light my manuscript, I began to read. Now and then, when a sentence was obscure, I lifted the candle. I was perfectly conscious of the picturesque-

ness of my pose. I was conscious, too, of my skill as a reader. I had inherited my father's gifts of a good voice and an impassioned manner. I felt that when Mimi heard that speech in the third act she would see me with new eyes. And the others would see me.

When I finished, there was applause, and Stiles Sanderson said:

"It is very well done."

"How are you going to end it?" Bernice asked.

"Oh, of course, the cobbler will get the girl," Katherine Merrill said, in her clear, high voice. "People must have a happy ending."

And then Mimi flung out: "Oh, I don't want him to get her. It sounds all right in a play, but do you think a girl would be happy without any of the luxuries she loves? What could he give her—that would make up for them?"

And I flung back at her: "The question is, what could she give him? Love doesn't ask—it gives!"

They discussed it hotly after that, but I took no part in it. I was feeling a reaction from my high moment. The cobbler's plea had fallen on dull ears. Mimi had not been touched by it. She had ranged herself on the other side of the argument, and Andy was her advocate. They stood, as it were, together.

We adjourned to the kitchen, and I helped Olga make the coffee. Mimi, with her train always in the way, cut bread for toast. Andy broiled the bacon. Bernice scrambled the eggs, and the rest of the crowd set the table. It seemed all very fantastic to me.

I was not hungry, and when they trooped into the dining-room I did not follow them. I went out of doors, where the wind blew chill. Light was creeping through the forests, but so faint was it that the trees seemed spectral, unsubstantial. I walked under them. I did not know where I was going. I only knew that my mind was in a turmoil; that the events of the day had crowded in upon me until I was tense with conflicting emotions.

Then, through the silence of the woods, a voice called, "Jerry."

I turned, and saw Mimi coming toward me. Suddenly the ghostly forest seemed to enfold us. Only with an effort could I keep myself from holding out my arms to her, so confident did I feel that I had drawn her to me.

"Jerry," she said breathlessly, as she came up, "what made you run away from the others?"

"What made you?"

"I don't know." She was gazing at me in a half-dazed fashion. "I—looked for you, and you weren't there—and I came to find you."

"And now that you have found me—what?"

"I want you to go back with me—it is freezing out here, and everybody is drinking coffee—" She stopped, then went on hurriedly: "But I didn't come to say that. I—loved your play, Jerry." She was close to me, and laid her hand on my arm.

I laid my own hand over it. "Yet you laughed at it."

"No! But it was so true that I hated it... Love might be like that, Jerry, if there were any men in the world like your cobbler."

I stood looking down at her. "There might be a man."

At last Mimi said: "Oh, let's go in. They'll be looking for us."

They were looking for her—or, at least, Andy Fuller was. He came upon us sud-



denly, and when he saw her with her hand on my arm, anger leaped into his eyes. But his voice was unruffled.

"I thought you were lost, Mimi."

"No. I came out to tell Jerry that I liked his play." It was her defiance, flung in answer to that look in his eyes.

THE dawn had come upon us, flooding the forest near the house with rose light, and in the midst of that effulgence, Mimi, with her burnished hair and shimmering gown, seemed a figure of almost unearthly beauty.

And now Andy, who had just joined us, turned to me: "I should think you might have known, Chandler," he said with a touch of insolence, "that it is too cold for her here."

Before I could answer, Mimi interposed. "Jerry had nothing to do with it. I came because I wanted to come. I shall go in when I want to go."

Mimi walked back to the house beside Andy, and I followed. The rose had faded from the sky, and the world was grey.

From that time on, Andy Fuller was my enemy. He had, of course, no definite cause for grievance, but he was conscious, I think, of some subtle influence which I came to exert over Mimi. And I, too, was conscious of it. It was marvellous that it should be so. But she was always kinder to me than to any of the others.

Lionel and I worked in the mornings on our play, and I worked sometimes late into the night. I counted every moment lost that was not spent with Mimi or at my desk.

The play came at last to be my play. Lionel neglected it more and more in his very active pursuit of Bernice—or perhaps, it might be put, in his pursuit of him. Anyhow, the wooing became fast and furious, and on the tenth day after my arrival the engagement was announced.

Oiga gave a party in honor of it. The Bradleys were invited, and other people from the summer colony. It was a dinner party, with the rugs up afterwards in the living-room for dancing.

Andy Fuller ordered from New York's most expensive house a present for Bernice. It came one morning when we were having our midday breakfast. It was a golden bottle for scent, set with pearls and hung on a gold chain.

Bernice was in raptures, and Andy was the hero of the moment. And now with Bernice's gift came a brooch for Mimi—a tiny jewelled peacock in a circle of diamonds. I do not know when he gave it to her, but she wore it for the first time the night of the dinner party, and for the first time I saw her in white—a sheer lace dancing frock—with Andy's pin the only spot of color.

Everybody exclaimed over the pin. "Of course, he shouldn't have done it," Mimi explained calmly, "but he says that it is an advance bridesmaid's present; that there is no reason why the bride should have everything."

I am sure they all felt she was going to marry him, and that the pin was the sign and the seal of their understanding with each other. But my heart was like lead. Either way, the thing seemed unpeppable—if she married him, or if, with no expectation of marrying him, she would accept such a gift from him!

It was when the evening was half over that I had a dance with her. All the windows were open wide, and the moonlight streaming in seemed to dim the candles.

"I have never seen such a moon," I said, as I guided her among the whirling couples; "the night is wonderful!"

She looked up at me. "Let's go out in it,

Jerry." Her voice was so low that I had to lean down to catch her words. "I—I want to talk to you. I must talk to you."

With burning cheek and beating heart I followed her, catching up her cloak which lay on a chair.

We made our way across the road and entered the forest. The carpet of pine needles was like a clean floor for Mimi's silver slippers. The air was so still that we seemed to float in a golden sea.

"I told you," I said, "that it was wonderful."

"Oh," Mimi said, "is anything wonderful?" She spoke hurriedly, sharply. I was aware of her agitation.

"What is it?" I asked. "What has happened?"

"Jerry," she said, and flung out her hands in a little gesture of despair. "I have promised to marry Andy. And I don't know why I did it."

I stared at her, unbelieving. "No," I said, "no! You couldn't do such a thing. You don't love him."

"I love what he does for me," she said. "And to-day, when he gave me the brooch, I—I wanted it. Does that sound silly, Jerry? But I did. And I knew if I accepted it that it would tie me to him. Yet—I took it."

I did a thing then that I wondered afterwards I had dared to do. I bent over and took the brooch from her dress. She struggled, but I held her while I unfasted it. "Jerry!" she said; "Jerry!"

I HAD the brooch I had taken from Mimi's dress in my hand. "You are going to give it back to Fuller," I stated. "Oh, do you think I shall let you sell yourself for a thing like that?"

"Give it to me," she said in a strange little voice.

I put both of my hands on her shoulders. "I will not—until you promise. I shall keep it—and you can go back; and if he asks for it—you can tell him that he can come—and get it! Oh, Mimi, Mimi, if you would only let me show you what love can be!"

Her lips were parted. "What can it be, Jerry?"

I told her in a rush of eloquence. How we would go together to that far country; of the shining palace in which she should rule; of the dawns that would come up over the purple hills; of the nights under the stars.

Well, I have said I was a poet. And I was carried on by my imagination, beyond myself, beyond realities, into that land of fancy in which I had lived since a child.

And when I finished I had her in my arms, under the moon, and she was saying: "Oh, would it be like that, Jerry?"

And I was saying: "It would be more than that. I have no words to tell you all that it would be."

She made me no promise, except that she would give the brooch back to Andy. "I don't know what I shall say to him—but I'll do it."

She could not, she told me, when the first flush of exaltation had passed, think of marrying me. "We can't live on dreams, Jerry."

"I'll make them come true," I assured her, stoutly.

The next morning Andy Fuller did not appear at breakfast—nor Mimi. I learned that she had a headache, and sent her a scribbled note. She wrote back:

"I gave the brooch to him, and he is simply wild. I am keeping out of his way till he gets over it."

As I could not see her, I mounted my horse and rode through the wood.

I went back and found Mimi by the fire, and everybody else down for the late lunch. The mail had come, and a telegram. The telegram was from my father. My mother was, he said, very ill. They wanted me at once.

I CAME to my father's house as a stranger. I cannot express the feeling which it gave me of utter separation from all that had made up the years I had spent there.

The house seemed diminutive, the trees dwarfed; nothing was as it used to be, except the lake and the high arches of the sky.

My mother lay in bed, a waxen figure with silver hair. Yet the rooms were peopled for me by slender energetic ghosts of her, restless, busy, worrying over my little lies, tying my father up in gingham aprons.

Every day my mother was growing weaker. When the pain was not too great she liked to have me sit beside her and talk to her of my future.

"What are you going to do with your life, Jerry?"

"I should like to write, mother."

She pondered that. "What kind of writing?"

"Books."

What I really wanted was to write plays. But I should never have dreamed of telling her. Nor that an almost finished manuscript of one was at that moment in my desk upstairs. To my mother the theatre was a place of evil influences. She would have been shocked and started to know of my ambitions. So I did not tell her.

I T WAS on the day before my mother died that I told my father about Mimi. Confession was easy. I was consumed with a desire to speak her name to someone. I wanted to dwell on her beauty, her remoteness from the rest of the world, her graciousness to me. I was bursting with big thoughts—dreams—hopes—and these things cried for utterance.

We were in the church when I talked to him. It was Saturday night, and we had brought flowers from our garden for the vase by the pulpit.

"I want to tell you something," I said. "Do you remember, years ago, you said that some day I should find the woman who would hold my soul in her hand? Well, I've found her!"

He did not seem surprised. He stood there beside me, tall and stiff in his black coat. "I thought it might be so, Jerry. You are much changed."

I described Mimi, sitting down in one of the pews to do it, and he sat beside me and listened. When I was through, he said:

"She doesn't love you?"

"She says she doesn't know. She's very proud. And they've always had money. And her family is very distinguished."

"And she wants these things in you?"

"Yes, But—I tell her that some day I'll make a name for myself—and that she won't be ashamed of me."

"Love is never ashamed, Jerry."

"But she has a right to expect that I shall give her something in exchange for all she would give me."

"If you give her youth, hope, aspirations, she can give you no more than that."

"I—I have my ambitions, Father—and some day I shall have Uncle Jerry's ranch." His sad, steady eyes met mine. "You are counting on that?"

"Why not?"

"You won't have it until he dies, Jerry. And there is nothing more stultifying than waiting for dead men's shoes."



## PEACOCK FEATHERS

"But I am not waiting. I—I am going to work and achieve—and make her love me—and nothing else will matter."

He stood up and laid his hand on my shoulder. "No, nothing else will matter. And when it comes to marriage, it is best to say 'hands off' to everybody but the two people concerned."

It was on Sunday at dawn that my mother died. I was not with her, and my father came to my room in the grey of the morn and laid his hand on mine.

I opened my eyes, startled, and when I saw his face, I knew what had happened.

"She just fell asleep," he said.

He walked to the window and looked out. The world was very still—with now and then the sweet clear note of some waking bird. "Love doesn't die, Jerry," he said. "Thank God for that."

THE day my mother died my father did not occupy the pulpit. He stayed in his study or in my mother's room, pacing restlessly between them. The rest of the house was taken over by the women of the congregation, who helped Rose Drury get everything in order, and who brought over cooked food of every kind that we might have enough for any arriving guests.

The funeral was to be on Tuesday. We had sent word to my father's mother, whose home was in an adjoining town. She was very frail and was unable to come. She lived with an unmarried daughter, my Aunt Mary, who was also kept away by the need of my grandmother for her.

I stayed on then for some weeks. I could not leave my father when he needed me so much. We had not talked over any plans. I simply drifted; writing to Lionel, writing now and then to Mimi; eager to get back to them both, but held to my father's side by my sense of his dependence upon me.

Finally one night he said, "We must talk about your future, Jerry."

I told him that I had no plans.

"But, of course, you won't stay. I don't expect it. And I have been thinking that it might be well to have my mother live with me, and my sister. Mother will not be with us long, and then Mary and I can go on together. And the home will be here when you want to come, Jerry, and always our warm welcome."

"You must have a wider life than mine, Jerry," he said later.

I told him that I should like to go west. That I should like to live in the same town with Lionel and work out our dreams together. That I wanted to be near Mimi. "Uncle Jerry says he will keep up my allowance. And very soon I ought to be earning something."

"Don't depend too much on your Uncle Jerry."

"I shan't when I once get started."

I told my father good-bye at the door of the parsonage. My grandmother and my Aunt Mary were already settled comfortably under his roof. My Aunt Mary was to occupy my room, and my grandmother the guest chamber. My father kept the room in which my mother had died as his own. My grandmother's taste was like my mother's. Life was for them, I should say, neutral-tinged. Yet in their own way they got a good deal out of it.

I was glad that my father was to have Aunt Mary. Somehow I felt that her spirit would light the bare, clean house, as her cape would have lighted the church. And that my father's life would be brightened by the glow of her fine humanity.

When I left him, standing alone on the little porch, where my mother had stood so

often beside him, I wished, just for the moment, that the old days might come back, when my father had made my world; yet they would never come back. I was being swept on by forces so strong that I could not stem the tide. The world which my father had made for me was to live only in my memory of those high moments which we had spent together.

So I entered the big city on the Mississippi—a boy seeking his fortune! Not as in the old days with a bundle tied on a stick and a shilling in my pocket, but coming none the less to my adventure with high hopes and an eager sense of worlds to conquer.

I had taken a room in a family hotel well out in the west end, where Lionel lived with his father. The price had seemed to me prohibitive; but Lionel had insisted that I must be near him. When the play was accepted, he assured me, there would be money enough and to spare.

It was early in September, and the languorous warmth of the summer season lingered.

Lionel had made many engagements for me. We were to dine that night with Olga. She asked all the crowd that we met at the camp. You are very popular with the Ogre, Jerry. She told Mimi that you were the only one who treated her as a human being and not as a stuffed doll to stick pins in. Not bad, was it? I didn't think she had it in her." He laughed lightly. Neither then nor ever after would he give Olga her due as a rather fine and intelligent creature. She had stolen his money. He could see no virtue in a thief.

"We go to Bernice's this afternoon for tea. Mimi will be there, and Stiles and Katherine and a lot of the others. They are all crazy about you, Jerry. Bernice says it is because you are as remote as one of the old knights in medieval legends. She insists that you ought to wear silver armor." "What nonsense!" Yet he liked it.

Our spirits were at top-notch. The whole world seemed to glow and sparkle as we whirled up at last to the hotel.

As soon as I was alone in my room I called up Mimi. A woman's voice answered—a charming voice, but not Mimi's.

I asked for Miss Le Brun.

"She is not at home. Is there any message?"

"Will you tell her that Jerry Chandler called?"

Did I fancy it, or did a breath of coolness deaden the warmth of that charming voice? "I will tell her."

The hours that followed seemed to me empty, although Lionel took me to his father's club for lunch. After our luncheon Lionel and I motored through the park. We passed a lake with awans on it, crossed a bridge, and took a shaded road overhung by great trees. And under the trees, riding slowly, and deep in conversation, were two people on horseback. The man was tall and the girl's hair under her stiff hat blazed in the sun.

"It is Fuller and Mimi," Lionel said, and stopped the car as we reached them.

Mimi turned in her saddle and saw me, and a light leaped up in her eyes. I needed nothing more than that. Even Fuller's half-insolent greeting. "So you've turned up again, Chandler?" could not rob me of the rapture of the moment.

"I called you up," I told her under cover of the noise of Lionel's quick chatter as he talked to the somewhat sullen Andy.

"I thought you might. Did mother answer?"

"Someone answered who had a charming voice."

"Mother is charming. But I might as well tell you now, Jerry. She is your bitter enemy."

"My enemy?" incredulously.

She nodded. "Oh, Andy has filled her with a lot of things. That you are dangerous to my peace of mind and to his, and that you may interfere with all the well-laid plans for my future. He has mother on his side absolutely."

TO HEAR that Mimi's mother was opposed to me before we even had met loomed as a tragedy. "Do you mean that the latch-string won't be out?"

"Oh, no. I made a bargain with Mother. I told her I wouldn't go anywhere with Andy unless I could entertain you in my own house. And you are to come Sunday night for supper. The crowd will be there. I always have informal things."

We parted to meet that night at Olga's. The Ogre had, Mimi explained, entertained them a lot since they came back. And it wasn't politic to offend her. "You'll know why when you see her ballroom."

I must confess that the thing jarred. I felt that I would rather never accept Olga's hospitality than to do it as the rest of them did, with a shrug of the shoulder and an air of scorn as if she owed them more than they asked.

That night I saw the peacock portrait. I had arrived at Olga's earlier than the others, for Lionel was to call for Bernice, and I walked over.

Olga greeted me with her slow enthusiasm. "It's nice to see you; I want to have a talk with you. Can't you stay for a little while after the others go?"

I promised; and presently when she was called to the telephone, I strayed through the gorgeous rooms until I came to the balcony which Mimi had described in her letter. The picture hung alone on the wall beyond, flanked by a tapestry or two, and lighted by concealed electric bulbs.

Seen thus it fairly blazed with color. Mimi's arms and neck were bare, and the scant blue of her long bodice melted into a train of peacock feathers.

BEHIND me, as I gazed upon the peacock portrait, Olga was saying, "They think I ought to give that to Mimi. But I shan't."

"Why not?"

She blazed. "Oh, if they had treated me fairly. But from the very first they acted as if the whole thing was my fault. I didn't know that my husband had left them out—not until the will was read. I supposed that of course he had looked after them. But they won't believe it. They think I got around him, and influenced him against them. And it has made me obstinate. I'm that kind. The picture is mine and I shall keep it."

She had worked herself into a sort of dull fury. "I shall keep it," she said, and led the way back to the other guests.

When we adjourned to the ballroom, Mimi, to my great delight, gave me the first dance. Andy glowered, but I was the guest of honor. "And he's been as cross as a bear," Mimi told me.

"Even Andy can't spoil my evening," I told her. "Nothing can spoil it. It's Elysium—and you and I are going to dance on—forever—"

Her light, low laughter, answered. "Oh, is there anyone like you, Jerry? Everything with you is a great adventure."

Did anything matter after that?

There were other dances with her, and my rapture increased, so that when the



evening was far advanced, and she was dancing with Lionel, I wandered away from the others, and made my way to the balcony where I could be alone and feast my eyes on the picture. Now and then some couple drifted out of the ballroom and drifted back again, and looking down upon them I felt that it was all like the scene of a play, with the beat of the music coming faintly off-stage.

Then, suddenly, Mimi drifted in with Lionel—a slender slip of a thing in silver with a floating scarf of burnished blue. They were both graceful dancers—and the thing was exquisite—the great ballroom beyond as a background—these two slight figures seeming to float over the polished floor.

Mimi lifted her eyes and saw me—and behind Lionel's back she blew me a kiss from the tips of her fingers—a lovely, impulsive gesture—then they drifted back to the ballroom.

As I stood there mad with the joy of it, a hand came down on my shoulder. I turned and faced Andy!

"You've got to stop it," he said without preamble.

"Stop what?"

"Hanging around Mimi."

"That is for Mimi to say."

"Oh, she won't stop you. She knows how to play the game."

I was possessed by a fury which made me want to crack his head open. "Are you talking of the woman you love?"

"You know whom I am talking about. Mimi isn't any angel. But she's mine. I won't have anyone else butting in."

"How are you going to stop me?"

I think he hadn't expected that. He had, I am sure, thought of me as a country boy without a code. But I had a code, and I had the strength with which to back it. Not for nothing had I spent years in the open and on those hard physical tasks of the farm. I was more than his match and I knew it.

He flung himself down the steps and I saw him making his way towards the ballroom.

His next dance was with Mimi, and I don't know what he said to her. But when she said "Good-night," she asked, "What have you done to Andy? He's got it in for you."

I was tempted to tell her of the things we had said to each other. But I could not spoil the moment. "Oh, he'll get over it," I said lightly. "And why should I care for Andy, when I am to see you to-morrow?"

AS I had promised Olga, I stayed after the others had left her party. I did not want to do it. I wanted to wander out under the stars. I was drunk with dreams.

But it was not a bad substitute to sit in the "Turkish Retreat" and talk about Mimi. It was a ghastly place artistically with its black and gold brocade making a sumptuous background for Olga's pink satin and pearls, but it was cosy in a way, and comfortable.

She came at once to the subject which she had on her mind. "So you're in love with Mimi?"

I flushed. "Do I wear it on my sleeve like that? Everybody seems to know it and talk about it."

"Oh, well, reticence is old-fashioned. Frankness is the fashion, especially if it is unpleasant. That's why I hate them all."

She said it without a particle of vindictiveness—calmly—stating a fact.

"They haven't held a thing back from me," she went on. "I'm an interloper. And they seem to think there's no reason why they shouldn't tell me so."

I did not know what to say. I was uncomfortable. Then suddenly she flung a bomb at my feet. "I want you to marry Mimi."

I sat there staring at her. "I mean it," she went on. "I like her better than any of the rest. And I like you. And I hate Mrs. Le Brun. She's set on having Mimi marry Andy. And—I'd like to disappoint her. Perhaps I can help you a little."

There was, it seemed to me, a touch of treason in her suggestion of an alliance between us.

"I haven't any right to hope," I told her. "Yea," she said, "you have." She leaned forward, a sort of pink and ponderous fairy godmother. "She's in love with you, Jerry."

The next morning I reviewed my experiences of the past twenty-four hours. I had intensified Andy's feeling of animosity. I had gained a somewhat unwelcome ally in Olga, and the kiss wafted from Mimi's fingers seemed to me the sign and seal of her surrender.

I felt that I must see her. And after breakfast I tried to telephone. Her mother's voice answered. Mimi was still in bed. And she had a busy day before her. Would I call up later?

I called up later. Mimi was out. This time a maid answered. She did not know when Miss Le Brun would be in.

Being thus thwarted, I tried to write on the play. But my thoughts fled to Mimi. I was restless, unable to keep my mind on words . . . and words . . . and words . . .

I gave it up and took a walk. I sauntered down a wide and lovely street with the joyous name—King's Highway! There was an old tune which the name suggested. I hummed it under my breath.

"Fair and free, night and day,

Fair and free is the King's Highway . . ."

Turning back again finally to the boulevard, I saw coming straight towards me—Mimi, walking with her free step, and talking to a little woman who pattered along beside her.

"Jerry," she said, when she saw me, "what are you doing down here?"

"Looking up at Juliet's balcony."

"Not really?" but the pink in her cheeks was lovely.

She presented me to the little woman. "Aunt Lucille, this is Jerry Chandler, Mrs. Merrick is helping me with my lovely dresses, Jerry. We have been down town, matching some samples. Aunt Lucille made my christening robe, and I hope that some day she will help me with my wedding things."

The little lady was, I could see at first glance, no ordinary seamstress.

"Cherie," she said, with a charming twinkle, "I shall not make your wedding clothes unless I like the man you marry."

"Then please like me," I implored.

She surveyed me with bright appraising eyes. "You are better than most of them."

"Most of them? Are there then so many?"

"Too many. She will, I am afraid, go through the forest like the girl in the story, and pick up a crooked stick."

I smiled at her. "I shall not let her go too far into the forest."

She nodded gaily, and I had a feeling that she liked me. "Women don't know what they want, and men must show them."

I turned back and walked with them, and when we came to the apartment house, I said, "May I come in?"

Mimi hesitated. "I wish I could ask you. But Mother probably isn't up."

"She answered the telephone."

She flashed a quick glance at me. "Did you call me?"

"Early—9 o'clock."

"She—didn't tell me." She was silent for a moment. Then: "Our mornings are dreadfully haphazard—Mother usually has her chocolate in bed about noon."

I had never known houses whose mornings were haphazard or mothers who drank their breakfast chocolate at noon. Yet these things seemed to add rather than subtract from the glamor of Mimi's exotic existence. "Must you go in then?" I demanded. "Why not walk a bit with me?"

"I'd like it." She returned to Mrs. Merrick. "Darling, you needn't worry Mother by telling her that Jerry is with me."

"I never worry your mother by telling her anything, Cherie. I shall say that you went back to buy a spool of silk."

She was charming with her little air of mystery. "For a spool of blue silk," she emphasised. "You can get it on Deimar. We forgot it, did we not?"

Mimi blew her a kiss. "Angel," she said, "I wish Mother had your imagination."

So on an enchanted errand, Mimi and I swung together down an enchanted street, lined with enchanted houses, marked by enchanted lamp posts, and traversed by enchanted motor vehicles.

Swinging along by her side everything seemed possible. The sun shone on us, the world moved towards our twin destinies—the future was ours.

Well, we bought the spool of silk. We bought, indeed, two spools. One for me. "I shall carry it in my pocket, Mimi, in memory of this morning."

I took her finally to her corner, and we parted with a handclasp which left us tingling. Then I stood and watched her until the big door of the dingy house closed upon her.

IT was on Thursday that I had walked with Mimi, and I did not see her again until Sunday night when we were entertained at supper, although I talked with her by telephone, and on Saturday sent her violets.

Her time was, she said, much taken up by dressmakers, tailors, milliners. She was to be maid of honor at the Veiled Prophet's Ball—that superlative event of the autumn carnival which links a modern city with the light-hearted festivals of past centuries. Each year the people of St. Louis forget the workaday world, and give themselves gaily to the mystical celebration.

Since I could not have Mimi, I settled myself to work, shut myself up in my room at the hotel, and finished the play.

I read it to Lionel on Saturday morning, while he lay in bed with his coffee on a tray beside him.

"It's great," he said, when I finished.

"I'm not sure. It all depends on whether we can get our idea over."

He lighted a cigarette with nervous fingers. "We've got to get it over, Jerry. I'm desperately hard up for money. I've had such damned luck lately. Dad can't help me out, and Bernice's father is acting like the heavy villain in a melodrama . . . He dug his cigarette in a tray to get rid of the ashes. "If he drives me too hard, I'll marry her, and come back and say, 'Here we are. Give us your blessing.'"

"But suppose he shouldn't give it?"

"He wouldn't be willing to see Bernice suffer."

"Oh, but look here . . ."

"Well?"

"Wouldn't the whole thing be hard on Bernice?"

He did not answer for a moment, then



he gave me a straight glance. "It was she who suggested it."

Well, we sent the play off that afternoon to an agent who had promised to do his best for us. Then we went on to Bernice's. Mrs. Barry was having two tables of bridge. Bernice and I did not play. But Lionel did, while Bernice and I sat in the window-seat of the card-room and talked.

"I believe Lionel loves cards better than he does me," Bernice said wistfully. "I wanted him to ride this afternoon, but he wouldn't."

"I'll ride with you."

She shook her head. "It would be too late by the time I dressed."

"And anyhow you want Lion."

"Yes. And that's not saying anything against your charms, Jerry. But your eyes are all for Mimi. . . Oh, it is every Jack for his Jill, isn't it? And I am taking the wrong attitude with Lion. I know it, but I don't seem to be able to help it. Somehow I can't play the game with him as I do with other men. Yet it might do him good."

I FELT very sorry for Bernice. And I felt, I'll confess, a bit uncomfortable. I had been bred to reticence. And it seemed to be astounding that Bernice could pour out her heart to me about Lionel. I knew that she suffered.

On Sunday night, for the first time I met Mimi's mother, and from the moment I saw her I knew that it was war between us. She greeted me pleasantly enough, but there was no real warmth in her manner. She was a slender little woman, so young-looking that it seemed incredible she should have a grown daughter.

The little apartment in spite of its cramped six rooms was most attractive. The furniture was excellent—inherited treasures. And Mimi's colors were evident in the blue of the draperies; the burnished green of old porcelain; the copper of certain bowls and candlesticks. There were little saffron roses in the copper bowls. Andy had, I learned, sent them.

But she wore my violets.

Andy—as there, of course, and while he had little to say to me, his manner had in it nothing of open enmity.

At supper I sat beside Mimi. It was a most informal meal—Lionel presided at one chafing dish, and Mrs. Le Brun at the other.

Mimi told me of her adventures since the morning we had walked together.

"I am worn to a frazzle, Jerry. I've had to stand for hours, trying on. But my things are beautiful."

"You are beautiful," I told her. "You'd be lovely in calico."

She shivered. "I shouldn't. I need silky things, Jerry, and shiny, sparkly things, and flippy-flopping trains. You ought to see my maid-of-honor dress."

"Show it to me," I said promptly.

"Shall I?" she considered it a moment, then raised her voice to command the attention of the others.

"I am going to show you my new gown," she proclaimed.

"Mimi," her mother protested, "you're not."

"Yes, I am. Everybody who wants to see them, hold up their hands."

All the hands went up. There was much laughter.

She pressed all of the men into service and formed us into a procession from the living-room to her own room, and we came back with fragrant silken armfuls, making

half a dozen trips before all of the boxes were emptied.

Being mere man, how am I to describe what followed? The lovely robes heaped on chairs and tables—Mimi in the midst, of them—holding this one up so that we might see the lines of it—arraying herself in splendid cloaks and capes, spreading out the train of the maid-of-honor dress—pearl-embroidered, fur-edged. Andy's eyes on her, glowing. Mrs. Le Brun smiling, but watchful and intent.

For Mimi kept saying, "Do you like this, Jerry?" and "This is a design of silver peacock feathers, Jerry," and "The ermine on this cape was Mother's, Jerry. She wore it when she was queen of love and beauty over twenty years ago."

YET in spite of her friendliness I was oppressed by it all. Perhaps my face showed something of what I felt, for while young Sylvester in gorgeous cloak and feathered hat, amid the laughter of the crowd, was giving an imitation of Mimi making her first bow to society, she left the centre of the stage, and came and sat beside me.

"You are as solemn as an owl, Jerry. What is the matter?"

"I am not used to such grandness. It makes me feel miles away from you."

Her voice was sharp. She was tired, excited. "You know I am not miles from you. But I shall be if you don't want me to enjoy pretty things."

"I do want you to enjoy them."

"No, you don't. I am afraid you are a prig, Jerry, and a Puritan."

If she had struck me in the face she could not have more astounded me.

Sylvester was calling her, and whirling away from me, she was again the centre of the crowd. Yet I was aware presently that the best of the thing was ended for her, and at last she threw up her hands in a little gesture of despair. "Isn't everybody tired of me? I know I'm tired of myself. Let's do something else."

Her mother exclaimed, "Not with everything in such confusion, Mimi."

"I adore confusion, Mother."

"But, Mimi—"

"Oh, well, I'll let the boys work for us. They can put everything back in the boxes."

"I shan't work," Sylvester declared, "unless I know what the prize will be."

They gathered around her—Andy and Lionel, Stiles and Sylvester, with the other youths who made up the crowd. Mimi was sitting on the arm of a carved mahogany sofa—swinging a slippers foot, a shining lovely figure with her burnished blue dress, and red-gold hair.

She glanced across at me, glanced away. I had not moved from my seat. She spoke in a high hurried tone. "I'll give a—kiss . . . to the one who does the best work . . . and Jerry shall be one of the judges . . . and Katherine . . . and Bernice . . ."

In the midst of a roar of laughter, I said "I shall not be a judge. I shall compete." I laughed with them. I flung it off lightly. None of them should know my awful sense of disillusionment. It was as if the Blessed Damocel had battered her favors.

WE worked feverishly, all of us, putting Mimi's dresses and things back in their boxes. I knew that absolutely I had the best chance of winning. Not for nothing were all the years when my mother had trained me in orderly habits. I had always brushed my own clothes and folded them. I had helped her with the putting away of winter things

and the getting out of the summer ones. And these young sybarites had had no training—especially Andy. His man had done things for him. He worked awkwardly, ineffectively, while I packed boxes with the regularity of a machine. And as I packed I wondered what I should do with the prize when I had won it.

At last the boxes were filed—the judges inspected them; were given slips of paper on which they wrote their decisions; handed them to Mimi.

She read them, lifted her head and looked at me.

"Jerry wins," she said.

I don't know what she expected. I don't know what any of them expected. Some banal scene, no doubt, in which she paid her debt!

But I stood there in the middle of the floor, laughing a little, carrying it off. My sense of drama had come to my aid. I felt like a man in a play!

"This is not the time or the place," I told her. "I want your I.O.U. Mimi." I picked up a pencil and slip of paper which one of the judges had discarded. "Write on this—I promise to pay—on demand . . .!"

Her hand when she took the pencil was cold. But she, too, carried it off. She scribbled for a moment, folded the paper and handed it back to me.

I opened it, read it, folded it again, and with apparent calmness put it in my pocket.

But my blood was racing madly, for this was what she had written:

"Oh, Jerry, I am such a little fool. And you are such a darling!"

That was always the charm of Mimi—the delicious unexpectedness of her. Her moments of surrender made up for all the tempests which preceded them. A touch of arrogance was her inheritance. A loving heart was her endowment. The two warred with each other endlessly.

As the days went on I became more and more convinced that she cared for me. Yet she would promise nothing.

"I can't marry you, Jerry. I can't. Let's live for to-day, and not look ahead."

Well, we lived for the day. I saw her everywhere. I danced with her, rode with her, talked in terms of burning eloquence.

With it all, however, I never claimed the kiss that I had won. We never spoke of it. It was a lovely secret which lay between us . . .

Thanks to my friendship for Mimi and for Lionel, I was invited everywhere. I found myself swept on by a tumultuous tide. Staking everything on the success of the play, I refused to look my financial future in the face. From morning to night I was whirled from one excitement to another, gaily, continuously.

AT the Velled Prophet's ball Mimi carried a fan of peacock feathers—the one which had been painted in the portrait, and I heard a woman behind me say, "Mimi Le Brun must want bad luck. I wouldn't wear peacock feathers for anything in the world."

"I am not superstitious," was the cold response.

"It means death, my dear, or some dreadful trouble. Oh, you may think I am silly. But I had an old black Mammy . . ."

They passed on . . . and I smiled to myself. Death and Mimi? . . . the thing was preposterous . . . She was as brilliantly alive as a spring morning! And as beautiful.

I made my way through the crowd. The Queen had been crowned, and in a few moments there would be dancing. I wanted



to get as soon as possible to Mimi. I had been promised a dance.

Mrs. Le Brun sat with a group of matrons, many of whom like herself had been former Queens. I spoke to her, and to my surprise she rose and drew me away from the others. "I want to talk to you a bit, Jerry," she was sparkling, secure, dangerous, "about Mimi."

I was at once on guard; but I said with an effect of composure, "Not any of them could hold a candle to her, could they? She should have been Queen."

"She might have been had her grandfather lived."

"She should have been anyhow."

She did not continue the theme. She had other things on her mind. Her voice was clear, incisive, as she said, "Jerry—you mustn't fall in love with her."

"I have already fallen in love."

"You know, of course, that she can't marry you."

"I know that whether I marry her or not, my life is at her feet."

"It isn't quite fair to Mimi, Jerry, for you to talk high romance when you can't talk marriage."

"I would talk marriage if she would listen."

"But you haven't anything to marry on."

"I have my allowance from my Uncle Jerry, and I am his heir."

I fumed the statement at her as I had fumed it at Lionel in college. I felt that it might modify her attitude. And in a sense it did.

"Is he very rich?" she demanded.

"He hasn't millions, if you mean that," I admitted. "But there would be enough."

"Enough for what? Not for Mimi's future. And anyhow it may be years before you inherit. Don't you see how impossible it is, Jerry? Poverty is dreadful. I won't have Mimi poor."

The music was sweeping in great waves over us. The dancing had begun. A distinguished and grey-haired man came to claim Mrs. Le Brun. She did not present me to him. She left me high and dry on the shores of her displeasure!

The next morning I had a letter from Mimi. She sent it by messenger and I opened it with a premonition of disaster.

"Mother has made me promise not to see so much of you, Jerry. She says it can't come to anything, and that it is simply unsettling me. And perhaps she is right. I don't know. Anyhow, she came into my room last night and begged me to give you up. I wouldn't promise that I wouldn't see you at all. But I agreed not to ask you to come here, and not to make engagements with you."

"It has been wonderful to have you for a friend. It will always be wonderful to remember. And of course this isn't 'Good-bye, forever'—like Tosti's song. Only you mustn't hope any more, and I mustn't dream—and that's all there is to it. It won't be the same, but it will be something."

In desperate despair I turned to my work. I shut myself up in my room and wrote. I refused invitations. It seemed to me that if I saw Mimi I should fall on my knees and beg her to give me hope. Yet I would not ask again for what she would not give. And always I waited for the moment when the acceptance of the play would make it possible for me to lay my laurels at my lady's feet.

Then, suddenly, like a crash of thunder from a clear sky, or the sickening swing of an earthquake on a golden day, a letter came from our agent. He was sorry, he said, but a reading of the manuscript had convinced him that it would have no

chance whatever with producers, and he did not feel justified in offering it to them. It had merits, but it showed plainly our lack of technical knowledge of the stage. And he was returning it!

LIONEL raged when he read the agent's letter rejecting the play. "After all his promises."

"He didn't promise anything, Lion, except to give it a reading, and to push it if it was worth it."

"But it is a good play, Jerry."

"Is it? I am not so sure. As he says, we need experience."

"Lots of first plays get by—" he flung back at me.

We were in Lionel's room, and I stood at the window looking out. It was raining—a dreary, autumn rain, with a thick smoky sky above it. In the park across the street the storm had swept the trees bare—some blight seemed to have fallen on the golden city which I had entered with such high hopes.

"I'll have to leave the hotel," I said, "I can't afford it."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," Lionel exploded, "I want to go on with the play."

"I can't live on rejected manuscripts."

He turned on me in a sort of fury, "Why should they be rejected? Don't you think I can do it?"

I did not answer at once. I knew he was asking of me what he had so often asked, implicit belief in his powers.

I was glad when, breaking in on our silence, the telephone rang. We had been, I felt, on the edge of a quarrel. Any interruption was welcome.

It was Bernice, wanting Lionel to have tea with her.

He demurred. "I should simply weep on your shoulder, Honey. The play has been rejected, and Jerry and I are throwing bricks at each other."

She argued with him, evidently, and his voice took on a softer note. "You are a darling . . . Yes . . . at 4 . . ."

He hung up the receiver. "She's too good for me, Jerry," he said, soberly, and stood beside me looking out at the streaming rain.

I laid my hand on his arm. We did not speak. But the anger had gone out of us.

When Lionel left me I faced the facts. I must find some way to retrench.

I decided, that, all else failing, I would ask a loan of my father. I could pay him at my leisure. I sat down and wrote to him. It was not the letter of a prodigal. There had been, of course, no husks and swine. I admitted I had been foolish. I had lived beyond my means; but the temptation had been great and there was still much at stake.

When I had posted the letter my spirits rose. It was 5 o'clock and still raining. I wanted more than anything in the world to see Mimi. I felt that if she knew my plight she would be moved to tenderness. Yet I dared not call her up.

Restless, yearning for a confidante, I telephoned to Olga. "May I come over?"

"Jerry? But you have neglected me shamefully. I don't know whether I ought to forgive you."

"I have been up to my ears in work, writing a play with Lionel, and this morning it came back to us. It was an awful blow."

She melted at once. "Come, tell me about it."

I went, and found it comforting to have Olga's sympathy. Even the awful Turkish Retreat seemed to glow with a pleasant brightness after the dreariness outside.

"Of course you mustn't leave town," she said, when she had heard my woeful tale,

"we'll have to find some other way out of it."

I told her that I had written to my father. "If he lends me the money, I'll be all right."

"If your father won't lend it to you," she said at last, "I will."

I flushed. "I couldn't do that."

"Why not?"

"Well, I couldn't."

She turned that over in her mind, and said at last, "If you leave here you'll lose Mimi. How can you expect to hold her when you are 1000 miles away? A girl like that, with men swarming about her like bees? They all have money, and the things she wants, and you haven't anything to offer but a pack of dreams—"

I knew what she said was true, but I wasn't willing to admit it. "If she is the woman I think she is, she'll wait."

Olga made an impatient movement.

"Jerry, she won't. Don't fool yourself. I know more of life than you do. Mimi hasn't time these days to think. She hasn't time for anything. She is swept on from one excitement to another. She is caught in a tide too strong to resist."

"She will resist," I said. "Underneath it all she loves me. I know that she loves me."

"Well, let her prove it," said Olga. "I will make it possible for her to marry you. We'll see if she will do it."

I looked at her in astonishment. "Make it possible?"

"Yes, I'll offer her a share of her grandfather's money. It won't be such a fortune as Andy could give her. But it will save her from marrying him—if she wants to be saved."

I was a strange

and rather spectacular thing for Olga to do—offering Mimi part of her grandfather's money if she would marry me. But I was sure she was right when she said that her inheritance had made her uncomfortable, and she took this way, in part, to square things. "I shall tell Mimi that she can have it if she will marry you."

I protested, "Don't tie any strings to it. She must be free to decide."

"Are you afraid to put her to the test, Jerry? If she loves you, she won't question any conditions I may make."

"But her pride—"

"Pride?" With scorn, "Peacock feathers—! Vanity—! Everyone in that family has been willing to take things at my hands. If they had been proud, they would have worked their fingers to the bone before they would have accepted a favor."

I know that what she said was true, and that I, too, had wondered that they could take so much and give so little.

Yet I argued with her. Defended them. And at last said, desperately, "I will have nothing to do with it, unless she is left free."

She was as obstinate as I. "Then I shan't offer it, Jerry. I am giving it to you as much as to Mimi. And I won't have Mrs. Le Brun sharing it."

At last I weakened. "I want her to be happy. And I can make her happy."

"Of course you can. Shall we call it settled then?"

There seemed nothing else to do but acquiesce, yet I was still doubtful when she announced her plans.

Mimi was to make her bow to society in ten days. Invitations were already out to the dance in the rose ballroom.

"I shall tell her then, Jerry. In the library. And you shall be there."

Before the night of the ball, two things happened—I had a letter from my father in which he refused to lend me money,



and I discovered that Lionel had paid his debts by pawning Bernice's pearls.

The letter from my father was so like him that I felt no sense of indignation or of anger at his refusal to grant my request.

"I can't do it, Jerry. The thing that I want for you is strength, and I pray every night on my knees that it may be given you. You will never have it as long as you lean on me. You have been more than fortunate—although I am not sure even yet that it is good fortune to have an income provided which will permit you to go on with your chosen work. If that income has not been sufficient it is because you have not learned the first lesson a man has to learn, to live on what he has, no matter at what sacrifice."

"Does that sound harsh? My dear boy, you know my love for you. So I shall not offer any excuse. Except, perhaps, this one—that to let you have the money would be to deprive your grandmother and your aunt of the things I had hoped might make them comfortable this winter. And I know you too well to believe that you would want me to do that. There must be a new heating plant of some kind, if we are to be warm. Our old stoves are not adequate. If I send you the money, I am afraid your grandmother's ancient bones will ache."

"I have this to say, however. Why not come to us for a few months? You ought to be able to do some writing here in this quiet place, where you will be undisturbed by outside forces. Spend your Christmas with us, Jerry, and our hearts will be glad. Then, if you want to go back—God speed you."

I answered at once, and told him that I understood, but that I could not be sure of coming to him at Christmas time. Things must work out for me a bit before I made my decision. I did not tell him that my fate hung in the balance, and that if I came to him my hopes would be dead.

The picture which the rose ballroom presented on the night of the crowning event was an unforgettable one of loveliness and luxury. It was the last time that I was to take part in such festivities. I did not know it then, but in a few days I was to leave behind me, forever, this world of siren shining beauty, of rosy effulgence, of care-free indulgence, of gay assumption that nothing in the world mattered but a good time.

Olga had let me come early, and I was at the door when Mimi arrived. The fur of her gorgeous wrap reached to her ears, and above the fur was the radiance of her glance, the beauty of her hair. For once she had forsworn her favorite colors, so that she matched the ballroom in her rosiest. As her cloak fell back, I caught my breath—she was exquisite, so absolutely a creature of the world which encompassed her—silver slippers, silver butterflies on the rosy tulle.

She gave me her hand and it went to my lips. Neither of us spoke, yet my heart cried out to her, and I think the cry was answered.

We had only that moment, for Mrs. Le Brun, who had stopped to speak to Olga, came up to us. "The guests are arriving, Mimi," she said, "you'd better run in and be ready for them—"

Then she spoke to me with an air of maddening patronage. "You've been a good boy, Jerry. You can see her now as often as you wish. The danger is over."

MANY single incidents stand out in my memory of that night, yet, except for the final dramatic

climax, none more vividly than my talk with Bernice.

We had danced together, and afterwards had wandered out into the great sunroom, which, with its Italian marbles, its gay tropical birds on perches, lent itself perfectly to the decorative scheme of a rose garden, overtopped by a sky of turquoise silk.

Bernice had seemed to me quite like the girl I had first met, gay, irresponsible, audacious.

"SOMETHING has happened to you," I told Bernice after our dance. "You act as if you hadn't a care in the world."

"I haven't." Then, with a sudden change of tone: "Jerry, what is your idea of heaven?"

"Oh, a place of happiness, I suppose. Why?"

"If it is a place where we get what we want . . . well, I'm in heaven, Jerry . . . I am going to marry Lionel . . ."

I was startled, and I confess, dismayed.

"When?"

She hesitated. "To-morrow. Oh, Jerry, I shouldn't have told you. But it slipped out. We meant it to be a secret."

"Do you mean that your father and mother don't know?"

"We couldn't tell them. . . . Do you think we are wrong? Do you?"

"I think you are taking great chances."

"But why? We've got to do something. Lionel needs money. And he can't get it. And—and I have some property in my own right—"

"And you will let him have it, as you let him have the pearls?"

Her cheeks were hot. "You knew that?"

"I saw them on Lionel's table. He doesn't know that I saw them."

All the brightness went out of her glance.

"I've had an awful time keeping it from mother. She wanted me to wear them to-night. I told her the clasp was broken . . . and I hate—lies."

I knew she was an honest little thing, sound and sweet under the overlay of frivolity. I tried to warn her. "Don't you see what a net you are drawing about yourself? And it isn't helping Lionel."

"Why not?"

"A woman doesn't help a man when she encourages him to do things like that . . . Lionel is my friend, and I should hate to see you marry him, Bernice."

"Jerry, don't—"

The truth came to me then like a blow. "You are married already, Bernice?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"This morning. I am going to tell mother to-night. If—she and father don't forgive us, we are going away, and they'll want us back. They won't hold out."

"But suppose they should hold out, Bernice?"

"Then Lionel and I shall have each other."

The look in her eyes stopped the words that were on my lips. Why talk of a thing which was done.

I took her hand, "God bless you both, my dear."

I saw her later dancing with Lionel—her face was raised to his, and its radiance swept it clear of doubts.

My second dance with Mimi came just before midnight, and it was then we had our chance to talk. That we might be absolutely alone, we fled to the Turkish Retreat, where Mimi sat like a rose among the puffy and gold cushions, and where one of Olga's awful screens hid us from any wandering guests who might drift into the room.

"What did your mother mean by saying that the danger was over?" I demanded.

"She thinks I am going to marry Andy."

"What makes her think that?"

She flashed a challenging glance. "Andy thinks so, too."

I stood over her. "But you're not. Oh, you couldn't do a thing like that, Mimi?"

"Why couldn't I? Jerry, listen. What other way is there out of it? I don't love him as I might—love you. But it isn't possible for me to marry you. It won't be possible for years."

She sat there looking up at me with lovely wistful eyes, and I found myself saying, "If it were possible for you to marry me, would you be glad, Mimi?"

"It would be—all that I have dreamed, Jerry."

I caught her hands in mine and drew her up from the cushions. "Mimi, perhaps if we dream hard enough—"

She escaped from me and perched herself on the arm of a chair at some distance. We mustn't be silly, Jerry."

I was reckless, filled with the thought of the revelation which was to come to her before the evening was over. "Mimi, you say that I mean more to you than Andy. Prove it."

"How?"

"Give me two of his dances to-night—"

Her breath came quick. "But he'd be furious."

"Who cares?"

I could see that she shared my excitement. That to some extent I dominated her. "Say that you will," I insisted, yet was surprised when she yielded.

M

Y remembrance of the rest of that night of the ball is of an excitement which drove me on and on madly.

At supper, Olga's planning had placed me at the debutantes' table, with Mimi opposite me. My blood ran wildly, I found myself the gayest of the gay, making a ringing speech when toasts were drunk, winning tumultuous applause.

The supreme moment came at last when Olga and Mimi and I met in the old library—a picture to carry through the years that followed—Mimi's beauty, Olga's opulent loveliness, my own ecstatic youth.

She plunged at once into the thing she had to say. "I asked you to come, Mimi, because I have something important to talk over with you and Jerry."

Mimi's smile was charming. "It sounds delightfully interesting, Olga."

"I think it will be." Then in a crisp and business-like manner Olga stated the case; for a long time she had been thinking she would like to do what she was sure her husband would have been glad to have her do. She had money enough and to spare, it would be perfectly possible for her to share it without any hardship to herself.

She ended this preamble with, "I want you to have some of it, Mimi."

I was aware of Mimi's complete amazement. "Do you mean that you are giving me a part of grandfather's money?"

"Yes."

"But—how dear of you, Olga."

I wish I could make you see her as I saw her then, leaning a little towards Olga, her bare arms as white as milk against the dark wood of the table, her eyes lighted. "Are you giving Lion his share, too?" she asked.

"No."

Mimi was frankly puzzled. "Why should I have it if he doesn't?"

Olga flushed. "It is enough, isn't it, if I



give it to one of you? I like you better than I do the rest, Mimi. And I want you to marry Jerry."

I saw Mimi's hands open and shut in a tense moment. "What has my marrying Jerry to do with it?"

"I am giving it to you to make your marriage with him possible."

"And it isn't to be mine unless I marry him?"

"No."

In the dead silence which followed I knew that the thing was done for—Olga's bluntness, Mimi's pride—the two would no more mix than oil and water.

Mimi turned towards me—"Did you know this, Jerry?"

"Yes."

"And you were—willing?"

"Not at first. But there didn't seem to be any other way out."

She stood up. "Oh," she said, "did you think this was a way out? That I should take, as a gift from Olga, that which belongs to me—the money my grandfather meant me to have—so that you might live on it?"

Scorn in every line of her, in her stormy eyes, in her high held head. So might some small duchess far back in her family line have arraigned a lout who had insulted her.

But I had my pride, too. "You can take that back," I said, "you know it isn't true. I don't want Olga's money. I don't want anybody's money. I want you. I'd want you if I had to live in an attic for the rest of my life."

She was white. "Oh, I wish you'd stop talking of attics—I hate them—And I meant what I said. I won't take anything back."

We faced each other, stormy eye meeting stormy eye. "This is the end then—," I told her. "No man could stand a thing like that and keep his self-respect."

She flung up her hand in a gesture of disdain. "It should have been the end long ago," and before we could speak or try to stop her, she swept her radiant presence from the room and left it dark.

Neither Olga nor I spoke for several moments. Then Olga said gloomily, "Well, we've made a mess of it. But I must say that I tried to do my best for both of you."

I could see that she was hurt, thrown back upon herself, and I was sorry. "You have been more than kind, Olga," I said. "I must seem to you ungrateful, but I'm not."

"All that I can say is that you are both very foolish, Jerry. Such a chance may not come your way again . . ." She rose and stood by the table. "You mustn't think that this will make any difference in my feeling for you. . . . And as I told you, I'll be glad to let you have some money any time you need it."

"I couldn't take it. Thanks, just the same."

"But what will you do?"

"My father wants me at home for Christmas."

"And after that?"

"Heaven knows."

The next day I started back to my old home. It snowed all the afternoon, and through the night, and the flakes, falling steadily, seemed to bury my dead hopes.

My father met me at the station, his little mare hitched to a small sleigh. As we rode along, the jingle of the bells made a cheerful accompaniment to our conversation.

But I was not cheerful. My mood was melancholy. I at once poured my story into my father's sympathetic ears. "I've lost her."

"You can't be sure of that, Jerry."

"I am sure."

"Youth is always final. It may be only the first act. To-morrow the curtain may go up, and you'll see the rest of the play."

In spite of my pessimism, I found myself warmed by a faint hope. He was so wise, so steadfast, I was soothed and sustained by the strength that was in him.

IT was good to be home with my father, Aunt Mary and my grandmother, to feel their affection and their delight in my presence. I was hungry, too, after my long abstinence, for I had eaten nothing on the train, and I was glad of the hearty food.

When it was time for bed, my father showed me to my old room. It seemed to have shrunk in the time I had been away, and I missed the comforts of the great hotel—my bath, the warmth, the electric lighting. Yet I was glad of the silence and old associations—the little house seemed wrapped in peace.

As time went on, I found myself living two lives, an outer one in which I shared in the affairs and interests of the people of the parsonage, and an inner one in which I talked continually to Mimi, explaining my point of view, accusing, excusing, coming in the end to no conclusions, held back by my pride from writing to her, yet having moments when it seemed as if pride were nothing, and that love were the only thing.

So the weeks passed. Three of them. I did some writing in my father's little study in the church which he had occupied since my grandmother and aunt had been a part of his household.

Aunt Mary said, "There's some mail for you on the kitchen table, Jerry. One of the neighbors went to the post-office."

She sat by the fire while I looked over the envelopes. I found a letter from Lionel! The rest seemed to be Christmas cards—many of them with the St. Louis postmark. My heart seemed suddenly to stop beating as I saw Mimi's angular individual script.

She had sent me a card—and across one corner she had scrawled, "I am sorry, Jerry. Let's be friends."

And out there in the night I had said there were no miracles!

I laughed aloud and Aunt Mary turned and looked at me. "Something pleasant?"

With the card in my hand I thung myself on the floor beside her. "Aunt Mary," I asked, "were you ever in love?"

"A long time ago, Jerry."

"Then you know what this means to me—," I thrust the card into her hands. "I thought the thing was all ended. And now you see what she says."

She read the scrawled words and smiled down at me. "And it has made you happy?"

"I could shout it from the housetops," I hugged my knees. "If you only knew how adorable she is."

"I can guess," she replied.

Sitting there by the fire, I told her of Mimi—her beauty, her pride, the peacock colors that she wore. "She is different from anyone else. And if I had half a chance I could win her. She has been used to luxury, but Father says if she really cared that wouldn't count."

"Your father is a dreamer, Jerry."

I said, sharply, "You mean that luxury does count?"

"With such a woman? Yes. She is what her life has made her. It would be an experiment to transplant her. Only a great passion would make it possible . . ."

"Some day I'll make her care enough to do it."

She sat looking into the fire, a little smile

on her lips, but I was sure she was not smiling in her heart.

AFTER my talk with Aunt Mary about love and romance, I went upstairs to write a letter to Mimi. I could not wait—I wanted to pour out my heart to her.

I wrote pages which I tore up. I wrote other pages which I copied. It was not to be, I had decided, a love letter. Mimi had asked for my friendship. I would assure her of its eternal quality. I would be her friend though the heavens fell. It took 12 sheets in which to tell her!

I heard my father come in. He and Aunt Mary talked for a time and then the house was silent.

And in that silence, I read, at last, Lionel's letter. I had not heard from him or from Bernice since I left St. Louis, though I had written them.

He said that things were not going as well with him and Bernice as he had hoped. Mrs. Barry had forgiven them, and Mr. Barry was making them a small allowance. He had not been willing, he had told his daughter, to entirely support her husband. "He doesn't realize," Lionel complained, "that a little help now would do the trick."

He wanted to come back. He and Bernice were to leave the hotel, where they had been staying since their honeymoon, and to take an apartment. They would be glad to let me have a room, and he and I could go on with our work. "I need you to tell me I can do it, Jerry. We are a bit hard up, but we are not regretting our marriage. The game is worth the candle, and having Bernice is greater luck than I deserve."

"We are all expecting the news of Mimi's engagement to Fuller. He is rushing her no end. So far she has held him off. But you know how her mother feels about it, so it is probably only a question of time. She called me up this morning to ask your address, so I fancy you'll be hearing from her. I wish you had Andy's money, old chap. I'd tell you to go to it, and cut him out."

Money, money, MONEY! I had none to lay at the feet of the woman I loved. And of what use to dally with a friendship which must end with her marriage to another? Why should she torture me with the offer of it? To see me flutter like a butterfly on a pin?

I tore the letter which I had written her into bits. I opened the window and flung the scraps of paper out into the night—they went whirling off on the wings of the wind. The wind, too, buffeted me, and blew the hair back from my face. Yet I did not feel it. The only thing I felt was the sharp stab of the thought that friendship with Mimi would be futile—I wanted more than that—I should always want more.

My answer to her overture was silence. I know now that it was the most potent reply I could have made. Had my letter gone to her, she would have rested in the certainty that I was hers forever. Failing that assurance, she thought of me, wondered, made Andy no promises.

I wrote to Lionel and told him I was doing good work, and should stay with my father. I sent news later of the acceptance of one of my stories. I hoped that he might pass the news of my little triumph on to Mimi. But I did not ask him to do it.

I came home late one night from my chair practice.

WHEN I arrived at the house everyone was in bed. My letters were on the table. I read them standing by the sitting-room lamp. The last one I opened was in a long legal envelope, and there were papers enclosed.



The letter was from a Denver lawyer, and told me of my Uncle Jerry's death. I was informed me, my uncle's sole heir. The papers had to do with my inheritance! When I read the lawyer's letter a second time I went into my father's room. I had the lamp in my hand, and the light waked him. He sat up at once, looking rather young and boyish, with his ruffled hair and open collar.

"What is it, Jerry?"

"Father, I shouldn't have waked you, but I wanted you to see this."

I held out the letter to him, then, conscious for the first time of the shock it might be, I stammered, "It is very bad news of Uncle Jerry."

"Is he dead?"

"Yes, father."

"Let me see the letter."

I gave it to him. So absorbed was I by the vista which was revealed to me by my inheritance that I could not grasp, at the moment, the tragic significance of the statements which must have struck my father like a blow. Uncle Jerry had died alone in a hospital. He had been suffering for several years from an acute trouble. He had asked to be buried on the side of the mountain above his ranch. He had left me, because I was his namesake, his house, and all properties, real and personal, of which he died possessed. The lawyer enclosed a copy of the will. He was not sure, he explained, how much income I would receive. Uncle Jerry's affairs were somewhat complicated. He thought the house was free from mortgages. He would let me know as soon as possible.

When my father had read it all, he got out of bed. "We can't talk here. Our voices will disturb your aunt and grandmother. I'll dress and come to you, Jerry."

When he came, we left the house and walked under the moon. And as we walked we talked of Uncle Jerry.

"This will be a sad blow to Mother and Mary," my father said. "Jerry went out of their lives long ago. But they will mourn the boy he used to be."

"Somehow it doesn't seem fair that he should leave everything to me, Father."

"He talked that over with us when he was here. We wanted him to do it. He could give you the opportunities which none of the rest of us could give."

"I have something now to offer Mimi. I am going back to St. Louis. I shall make her see what life can give us out there on Uncle Jerry's ranch."

"What do you know of life on his ranch?"

"The things he told me."

"You mustn't depend too much on that." Your uncle Jerry saw everything through the eyes of his own optimism. He loved life, and he grasped at every experience that came to him. I am not sure that it paid. I should not like to think that you must lose so much to get so little. The chances are, Jerry, that his ranch is not luxurious, and that your income will be small. I should advise you to go out there and see what you have to offer before you ask a woman to share it."

"But why wait . . . ? It may be too late."

"Too late?"

"She may be married. I can only hope . . . Father, I've got to go to her."

A cloud was over the moon; his voice came to me out of the darkness: "Go if you will, and God go with you."

I married Mimi Le Brun just 24 hours after I arrived in St. Louis. The thing,

as I look back upon it, seems incredible. It is hard even now to recall the moves in the game I played. For it was a game, with the highest stakes in the world—my own future and Mimi's.

I had written to her—a short note—telling her it was imperative I should see her. And that I would call her up as soon as I reached St. Louis.

"I ought not to speak to you, Jerry," was the first thing she said to me over the telephone, "after the way you have treated me."

I ignored that. "May I come now? I can't wait."

"Not until I o'clock. Mother has a luncheon engagement, and she will be out by that time."

"Can't you lunch somewhere with me?"

"No. I have a seamstress working for me—and anyhow I am not quite sure that I have forgiven you, Jerry."

But I knew that she would forgive me. I would admit no thought of failure.

My train had arrived at 11.30. I went to a downtown hotel, made myself spick and span, and found a florist. I bought an armful of roses, paying an unspeakable price for them, but I felt that my prospects justified the extravagance. I had saved the money I had received for my story, and after paying my debts there had been two months' accumulated allowance. This would serve for immediate needs, and there was affluence ahead of me.

As I left the florist's it began to rain, a June shower, with a wild bit of wind at the beginning and then a heavy downpour. I took a taxi and reached Mimi's at the appointed time.

She was not in the little living room to receive me. So I sat on one of the chintz-covered chairs, with the box of flowers on the table beside me, while the maid went to announce me.

As I sat there, the silence was broken by a faint ticking sound in the room beyond. It stopped and began again, speeding up until the air was filled with the humming vibration.

It was the seamstress, of whom Mimi had spoken, at her sewing machine. Presently the noise ceased, and from behind the curtains, which separated the living room from the dining-room, appeared the charming little Frenchwoman, Lucille Merrick, who had once sent Mimi and me on a quest for spools of blue silk.

She came forward and spoke with a sort of smiling breathlessness. "I must say something to you before you see Mimi. She has just had a fitting and is getting dressed. When you see her you will be shocked. She has suffered. Her mother and Andy Fuller are like wolves—tearing her."

## L

LUCILLE MERRICK, the little Frenchwoman, clasped her hands.

"Do you think you can save Mimi?"

"I know I can. Things have happened which make it possible," I replied.

Her wise eyes studied me for a moment, then she said, "Do I dare tell you something?"

I looked down at her. "Please."

"She loves you."

"You are sure?" My pulses were pounding.

She nodded. "You must never let her know I have spoken of it. . . ." She made a quick movement towards the other room. "Would you like to see her pretty dresses?"

We were just in time, for when Mimi entered a second later Mrs. Merrick was holding up a crisp gown of apple-green and saying, "It is to have a silver sash."

Silver sash . . . silver rain . . . a golden

world . . . Mimi with shadows under her eyes trying to say in an unconcerned fashion, "It was too bad to keep you waiting, Jerry."

I caught her hands in mine. "Don't you know I'd wait for a thousand years?"

She was obviously self-conscious. She turned a little toward Mrs. Merrick. "Aunt Lucille, were you showing him my pretty things?"

But Mrs. Merrick had disappeared as suddenly as if an earthquake had swallowed her up. There was a swinging door which led to the kitchen, and she must have used that, but the thing had the effect of her being taken up in a cloud or removed by some other miraculous means of transportation.

## M

MIMI and I stood, a little apart, looking at each other, and the things that Mrs. Merrick had told me gave me courage.

"Mimi," I said, "are you glad to see me; are you?"

I knew she was glad. And I took her in my arms, wondering a little at my temerity. She clung to me; hid her face against my coat. She was crying.

I smoothed her hair. "Don't," I said, "my dearest. Suppose I should tell you of a dream which can come true, Mimi? Of a long low house set in a circle of mountains? Of wide acres that are mine—of the days that we shall ride together, of the nights when a great fire will blaze on our hearth—"

I delighted in the amazement with which she regarded me. "Did you say that it might come true, Jerry?"

"It is true, my darling. Uncle Jerry is dead, and everything that he had is mine . . ."

"Do you mean that you are—rich?"

"Not measured by such fortunes as Andy Fuller's. But there's the house and the land, and plenty of people on the place to do things for us. You'd be like a little queen, and I a king."

That was the way Uncle Jerry had pictured it, so was I, after all, greatly to be blamed if I made her see it as a shining palace?

It was Mrs. Merrick who helped us make our plans. We called her in and found her an enthusiastic fellow-conspirator.

"If I didn't trust you, Jerry," she told me at the beginning, "I couldn't do it. But I won't have Mimi sacrificed."

We decided it was best that no one should know of my having called on Mimi. I was even to carry the roses away with me, that all traces of my presence might be removed. The little maid was reticent, and masculine callers were too frequent to cause any comment.

Mimi's trunk was to be packed and waiting when the expressman should arrive late that night. It was the maid's evening out, and Mimi and her mother were going to a dance at the Woman's Club. I would whisk Mimi away from the dance long enough to let the expressman in and then whisk her back before she was missed. I had suggested that she content herself with a bag and leave her trunks, but she was scornful. "I have a thousand things to take with me."

We were to be married at Mrs. Merrick's. We still had the hours of the afternoon to get the licence. We had, I think, a sense of breathless hurry, as if something might happen if we delayed. Yet at my moment of leaving her, Mimi demanded: "What shall I do if I ever regret it, Jerry? How do I know that I'll be happy?"



"But you do know it, don't you?"  
"I'm not sure."  
"I'll make sure. When you are mine—forever."

**I**T was when I went to the club that night to call for Mimi that I had an encounter with Andy which threatened to spoil everything. It was raining so hard that I braved a possible recognition, and stood just within the awning that led up the steps to the big front door. My taxi moved on a bit to make way for a big car—and out of the car stepped Andy, tall and dark and with his conqueror's air, which I hated. He saw me and stopped like a shot.

"Chandler, when did you get back?"  
"To-day."  
"Are you going in?"  
"I am not invited."  
He still lingered. "Are you waiting for someone?"

"Yes. For Mimi."  
I saw that he was puzzled. "She is not leaving so soon. I have a couple of dances with her."

"She will be back in time for them."  
And now at the top of the steps at the end of that long tunnel of canvas we saw Mimi. She was wrapped to the ears in her splendid cloak, and her hair above it burned with a russet flame.

I was aware, as she came towards me, of her trepidation. I spoke at once. "I have told Fuller that you'll be back in time to dance with him."

She recovered herself, met his sudden eyes squarely, and said, "Isn't it a lovely night for a ride?"

"It's a perfect flood—Mimi. My car nearly floated. You are very foolish to go out in it."  
"Am I? But I want to ride with Jerry—and he's going away to-morrow."

I saw a look of relief flash across his features. For how could he know, poor fellow, that when I went Mimi would go with me?

Mimi passed him, and I helped her into the taxi. "If you don't smile before I come back, Andy," she said to him, "I shan't dance with you—" she waved her hand as we drove off. Then she turned to me and said sharply, "Jerry, he'll tell Mother you're here."

"I know. It was foolish of me to show myself. But if she ever asks questions, you can say as you said to Fuller, that I am going away to-morrow."

I was to hear later of that last heart-breaking argument between mother and daughter. Mrs. Le Brun came into Mimi's room when they returned from the dance, and taxed her with having seen me, with having offended Andy, with being heartless, with being selfish, with being ungrateful, with being cruel.

And Mimi had listened white-faced and had said, "You know how I hate Andy. Do you call it selfish to refuse to marry a man I don't love?"

We were married, as I have said, in Mrs. Merrick's old house. Most of it was rented to lodgers, but she had retained the long front room in the English basement, and had made a parlor of it, with her meals served at the other end on a shining square of dark mahogany. With the kitchen, and a bedroom on the floor above, she was very comfortable, and an old colored maid, Jinny, cooked for her, and prepared our wedding breakfast. One of Mrs. Merrick's lodgers was a clergyman. It was he who performed the ceremony and made the fourth at the breakfast.

It was at the moment of parting that Mrs. Merrick said to Mimi, "Remember you are going to be happy, cherie. And Jerry must remember that you and he are not a god and goddess on the peak of Mount Olympus.

You'll find each other's faults. And you must love because of the faults as well as of the virtues."

Mimi clung to her. "You've been such a darling, Aunt Lucille. Some day you shall come and see our happiness."

Then the taxi—the train. It seemed to me that I must wake from my dream and find myself alone and wanting Mimi. Yet there she was in the seat beside me, a little low hat with a peacock's feather on her lovely head, the daughter of a proud race, yet with her pride submerged for the moment in her sense of romance, and in her faith in the future that my love had promised her.

And now we were in the midst of our great adventure. If Mimi had been adorable amid all the distractions of her own gay world, what shall I say of her when I had her to myself?

We were to motor from Denver. With fast driving, and by starting early, we could do it in a day. I had considered buying a car. But an interview with Uncle Jerry's lawyer had revealed that there was practically no ready money at my disposal. The attorney repeated what he had said in his letter, that Uncle Jerry's affairs were involved. He would make me an advance if I wished, taking part of the ranch land as security.

I had had a sudden sense of foreboding. "Do you mean that there won't be any income?"

"I can't tell. But the ranch ought to yield fairly good crops. If you are anything of a practical farmer you should be able to work it."

I was immediately reassured. "My boyhood was spent on a farm."

"In the west?"

"In New York state."

"It isn't quite the same thing. But you may get away with it."

**M**IMI and I were to leave Denver the next morning for the ranch. I made arrangements for a hired car and went up to our rooms to find Mimi dressing for dinner. I told her about the cherry orchards—of the bloom of them, of the trees dripping red.

"Could anything be more beautiful?" I demanded.

"I like it much better than cows," she said. "I hate to think that things have to be killed."

We lingered, talking about it. Then she said, "You aren't dressed, Jerry, and I'm simply ravenous. Is it romantic to be hungry, dearest?"

"Fair princesses can be anything," I assured her, "and get away with it."

She was to me, indeed, a fairy princess surrounded as she was at the moment by belongings which seemed to my crude, country-boy experience almost too exquisite for use. There were brushes of silver and bottles of crystal, a travelling case of fine leather, delicate laces, clinging silks and satins, little shoes which matched her gowns.

On everything, where it could be engraved or stamped or embroidered was a peacock's feather.

I had asked her how it happened that she had chosen it. "One of my great grandmothers had peacock feathers on her lips and on her silver. She owned an estate in France, and there were peacocks on the terrace, and she was so proud that she refused to marry a member of the royal family because he had plebeian blood in his veins."

"I am glad," I said to her, "that you are not like that."

"Why?"

"You wouldn't have married me."

"Perhaps she wasn't in love with him—her blush was burning."

"You have an air, Jerry, as if you owned the word," she told me later, "and you are so awfully good-looking. Everybody stares at you in the dining-room."

But it was Mimi who drew their glances. There was one man who recognized her and came to our table. "I left St. Louis yesterday," he said. "Your elopement is creating a great sensation."

We had seen the papers. And I told him so. Mimi's manner of carrying it off was charming. "It was my fault. I have always wanted to do something different. Jerry doesn't like clandestine things. But it was easier than the other—bridesmaids and a trousseau—and all the rest of it."

He laughed. "Andy is in mourning. I saw him just before I left. He was like a thundercloud."

When the man went on a few minutes later, neither he nor Mimi had mentioned Mrs. Le Brun. But the paper had said that Mimi's mother had treated the matter as the whim of a spoiled child. It was, we thought, rather sporting of her to put it as she did.

It was towards noon of the next day that we came to the great hills which rose higher and higher as we proceeded on our way.

Neither Mimi nor I had ever been among those western mountains, so that our first view of the towering battlements of pink sandstone which guard the valleys gave us the feelings of entering enchanted ground. The man who drove our car told us the names of the various formations, but we knew them only as magic gateways to those higher peaks, silver-topped and touching the sky.

The roads as we left the highway were rough and narrow—little travelled. We passed through small settlements which were huddles of unlovely houses. Here and there we came upon crude hotels, where we stopped for meals, finding the food, as a rule, well-cooked and hearty, but served with a lack of formality which shocked Mimi's fastidiousness.

Yet she took it all rather easily. "It is like something in a book, Jerry. But I am glad our house will be different."

Looking back upon it, I wonder why doubts did not then assail me. But they did not. The splendor of the hills and of those shining peaks had woven a spell about me; I felt that I could ride on forever, with Mimi by my side.

"About half-way up that mountain is your house," the driver told us, "there isn't a better view anywhere."

My hand went over Mimi's. Her fingers curled themselves about mine in a quick understanding clasp. We leaned a little forward, trying to pierce the gloom.

**S**O we came to our home at night. My imagination had seen it as we swept up to the door—the light streaming out; within a leaping fire, a glowing board, eager hands to help us!

My lawyer had told me that there were a half dozen laborers on the place, and the superintendent, Hayes, and his wife.

As we stepped in front of the house, I was clutched by a chill sense of impending disaster. The only illumination was a faint glimmer through a small, square pane. The driver honked, a door opened, and a dark form emerged.

"Is that you, Chandler?" a voice demanded.



Resenting fiercely the familiarity of the address, I answered "Yes."  
The man came forward. "I'm Hayes, the superintendent."  
I shook hands with him and presented him to Mimi.  
"Glad to see you," he said. "My wife wants to know if your driver's going to stay to supper?"  
"No, he has to get back."  
I helped Mimi out. Her ungloved hand as I touched it was cold. She had not spoken. The men behind us were busy with the bags. Together we crossed the little porch and went through the open door.

THE room which we entered was utterly without charm. There was no fireplace. A great high-shouldered black stove gave out waves of heat which were grateful after the chill of the mountain air, but there was no glowing welcome of flames—only a sickly flicker of yellow and blue through the mica squares.

The furniture was expensive but hideous—golden oak and maroon brocade. The lamp on the table had a painted china shade. The pictures on the walls were of photographs.

At the far end of the room a long dining table was set for two. Above it hung a lamp with a chain mechanism by which it could be raised or lowered. A plump woman in a checked gingham dress was setting a huge platter on the table. She wiped her hands on her apron and came forward.

"I am Mrs. Hayes," she said. "I told Hayes I'd better get your supper. I thought Mrs. Chandler would be too tired to do anything herself."

My voice seemed to come from far off. "Where is the cook?"

"There ain't been any hired girl since your Uncle Jerry left. They're hard to get. He had some Indian help. The men about the place cook for themselves, and I look after Hayes."

Again that far-off voice which was mine. "This is Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. Hayes. If you will show her to her room she can get ready for supper."

Without a glance at me, Mimi followed her. And I stood in that dreadful place, stunned by the impact of realities.

The men brought in the bags. Mrs. Hayes came back. The food was steaming on the table. "You'd better hurry or things will get cold," the good woman warned me.

"I'll call Mrs. Chandler." I found it hard to speak. I went towards the room into which Mimi had disappeared. The door was open.

I stood on the threshold. "Mimi," I said, and my tongue seemed thick, "supper is ready, my dearest."

She turned and faced me, and I saw then that the radiance, which had been here, was gone. "I am not dressed, Jerry," she said.

"You needn't dress, my darling."

"Why not? I've always dressed for dinner, Jerry. Do you think I'm going to give it up?" her voice was tense; "do you think I am going to give it up . . . just because I am married? Just because you have dared to begin our married life with a . . . lie?"

"Mimi," I implored, "it isn't my fault. Uncle Jerry told me it was wonderful."

"I know what he told. But you had no right to bring me here until you knew the truth. If I had dreamed I would find this—the wave of her hands seemed to include the room in which we stood and the dreadfulness beyond, "do you think I would have come?"

She turned from me and began to lay out her things on the dresser—the crystal bottles and the silver brushes—"You'd better get ready, too, Jerry," she said in a cool little voice. "Your bags are in the other room."

I don't know what my superintendent and his wife thought of us when we finally appeared. Mimi with her bare neck and bare arms, her wisp of hair, the glittering comb in her russet hair. I, miserable in my dinner jacket, drew out a chair for her. "We are sorry to be late," I said, "but we had to freshen up a bit."

At last our guests rose. "I told Mrs. Chandler to leave the dishes and my daughter, Dora, will come over in the morning. I'd come, but it is baking day and I bake all my own bread. I'm going to send a few leaves to you. Dora ain't much of a cook—but she can help with the hard work. And Mrs. Chandler don't look strong."

"I am strong enough," Mimi said, "but I am not very experienced." She was smiling, and a faint hope warmed my heart.

At last we were alone. I came back from seeing the friendly couple to the door and found Mimi standing in front of the high-shouldered stove. I put my arms around her. She shivered, but did not draw away. "My dearest," I said, "I am sorry . . . But we've got to make the best of it . . ."

She gave me a little push and stood back. "If you hadn't said that, Jerry, I—I might have forgiven you. But there isn't any best to make of it."

Mimi and I ate breakfast the next morning under the amazed eyes of Dora Hayes. In a sort of daze of admiration she set on the table the hot rolls which her mother had sent over, the ham and fried eggs, a great bowl of fresh cherries. She had never, I am sure, seen anyone like Mimi, slim and white in short skirt and sweater, her hair an off-brunne in the morning sun.

Mimi played her part, as mistress of the house, pleasantly. She asked if she might have an egg boiled instead of fried, and she ate cherries while she waited.

"The cherries are from our own orchard," I told her.

Her eyes met mine coldly. "Are they?"

"Yes, I picked them. I've been out looking over the place." I tried to speak easily. "It isn't so bad."

Hot color flamed up into her cheeks, but she said nothing. And presently Dora came back with the egg, and Mimi asked her a question or two—whether her mother had really risen so early to bake the bread, and the name of the collier, who stood waving his plumed tail outside of the screen door.

The collier, Dora said, had missed and mourned my uncle. "Mr. Chandler had been travelling before he died, you know, and he didn't live long after he came back here. Mother and I nursed him. And Jason never left him. He goes up the mountain every day and sits a long time by Mr. Chandler's grave, and then he seems to be satisfied. And he always stays in this house. We can't get him to come to us—we don't try any more . . ."

"Let him in, Jerry," Mimi said, and I rose and unlocked the screen. The big dog, with a flash of his eye for me, went straight up to Mimi and stood by her side, his ears cocked. He seemed to be waiting for her to make the first move in the affair of their friendship.

Jason from that day was Mimi's dog in a way he was never mine; although he gave me an unwavering devotion. He became her guardian, the companion of her walks, her protector—there were times when I envied him the hours he spent with her, and from which I was shut out.

The question of a maid became a burning one. Dora Hayes was, it seemed, to

go in a day or two to a summer hotel on the other side of the mountain. I offered her equal wages, but she wanted the excitement of the change of scene and of the company she would meet. It was, in a sense, for Dora a social opportunity. There were young men employed about the hotel—other girls in other seasons had found their mates.

On the day that Dora left us we annexed the half-breed wife of one of the farm laborers. Her name was Sally, and she came up twice a day and did the heavy work. She could cook nothing, however, except the coarse food which her husband demanded. So I supplemented her efforts, and became the family chef. It was easy enough in a way, and a relief from my writing. When Mimi protested, I laughed. "It will be a great game, just the two of us—and with Mrs. Hayes' bread, and plenty of fruit and vegetables. And I've written to Denver. They ought to get a maid to us in a week or ten days, perhaps before that. It will be easy enough until she comes."

Mimi entered whole-heartedly into the spirit of it all. We lived picnic-fashion, and thought of the arrangement as temporary. Except when the weather was bad we ate our meals on the porch, which overlooked the valley. I boiled the eggs and made the toast and coffee, and Mimi set the table—giving it a festive look with fruit and flowers.

Those out-of-doors feasts were a matter of great curiosity to the five small Hayes children. They ranged in ages from two to eleven, and they were all as tow-headed and as freckled as Dora.

Their names were Jimmie Hayes and Johnnie Hayes and Mary and Suzie Hayes, and the oldest one was Timothy.

Except for the Hayes family and the farm laborers, we saw practically no one from week-end to week-end. The nearest ranches were several miles away, and two of them were owned by upstanding Scandinavians, practical farmers with whom I found it easy to be neighborly, but whose wives had absolutely nothing in common with Mimi.

"I don't see what they get out of life," Mimi stated, as we rode home one day from brief calls at the two places.

"Perhaps," I said, "they love their husbands and their children enough to make up for all the rest."

Mimi tilted up her chin. "They are happy because they don't know any better," she said scornfully.

We rode one day in the little automobile which was used about the farm, to the summer hotel, 20 miles away, where Dora worked. It was high up on one of the highest mountains, and was a charming, rambling structure, built absolutely in accord with the landscape. Its timbers were rough-hewn, there were great stone fireplaces, and the simple furniture was beautified and brightened by Indian rugs and pottery.

We stayed for dinner and danced afterwards. The hotel had a fashionable mid-western patronage, and I am sure that Mimi was recognised. We were much observed. "When you get your affairs settled we can buy a good car and come often," Mimi said happily, as we rode home.

OUR honeymoon progressed in a sort of maze of haphazard housekeeping. Sally's ministrations kept us from actual chaos, and when the ugliness of golden oak and maroon brocade got too much on Mimi's nerves she found refuge in our own rooms, which shone with the crystal and silver which she had



brought, and from which she had banished everything but the walnut furniture and our own belongings.

I had a desk by my window, and Mimi always kept flowers on it. I had believed that the view of the mountains and Mimi's presence would inspire me to write masterpieces—but I was doomed to disappointment. I found it, indeed, difficult to write anything at all. For some reason my pen lacked fire. It was as if in living so avidly I had robbed myself of the power to express that vividness on paper.

There was always that haunting thought of the other side of things, and the crash came in a letter from my lawyer. There were, he said, practically no funds at my disposal. If I could make the farm pay I might tide over the present crisis. Otherwise, he would advise me to sell.

There was a letter, too, from the employment agency at Denver. They gave me little hope—they might be able to send a cook if I was willing to give very high wages. There was much objection on account of the remoteness of the ranch. The sum they named as wages took my breath away. I had never dreamed of such rewards for domestic service.

I had made up my mind when we were first married I would have no secrets from Mimi. In an ideal singleness of soul, a man and his wife should bear their burdens together. But it seemed to me now that I would better let well enough alone. Why worry Mimi with things which might straighten themselves? I would give more time to the management of the ranch and less to writing.

It was in August that we heard from Lionel—a jubilant letter. He had done a set of stories for one of the big-paying magazines, and he had been asked for as many more as he could write.

"Everybody has forgiven us, Jerry. They have killed the fatted calf, and Bernice is having the time of her young life saying 'I told you so' to her parents. Nothing succeeds like success. I wish we might come out to see you and Mimi, but Bernice and I are thinking of Paris."

I read Lionel's letter to Mimi as we rode home from the little post office at the cross-roads. She made no comment when I finished, but there was a flush on her cheeks.

I had had another letter which I did not show Mimi. It was from the employment agency, and it gave me no encouragement. At this season of the year women preferred work in the hotels to that on ranches. They might be able to do better for me later.

The news seemed at the moment appalling. That very morning our half-breed, Sally, had left us. She and her husband had felt the call of the open road, and she was going back to visit her own people until cold weather came on.

I suggested later that we ride back to the house—get the little car and motor to the hotel for luncheon. When we returned that night we could have a picnic supper—there would be no dishes, no cares until the next day.

Mimi was at once lighted by anticipation. "You're a darling, Jerry?" And so young was I, so ready to be happy, that I flung all foreboding away from me, and took my holiday with a will.

When we entered the hotel, we were much observed. We still wore our riding clothes, and we created, as always, a sensation. I was picturesque in corduroys and broad sombrero, whilst Mimi, in grey, with her peacock feather, was like a gallant boy.

I asked for a room, that we might make ourselves presentable, and when I had

signed for it I cast my eyes idly over the names on the register.

Then, suddenly, the world turned black. There was a scrawled signature which seemed to have a sinister significance; a name I should never have looked for in that place.

I lost my nerve completely. I wanted to pick Mimi up and fly with her back to our ugly red-painted house and shut her in.

I controlled myself, however, and followed the boy to our room.

We went down, finally, to the dining-room. We were late, and most of the guests had eaten and gone. I had little appetite, but Mimi was hungry, and enjoyed the really delicious food. She was as gay as you please, and talked and sparkled. I responded as best I could. To people at the other tables we must have seemed at our ease and care-free. And how could they know that the sight of every tall man who entered the room drained the blood from my face and made my heart beat madly?

Three days later we were riding up the trail towards the lake in the cup of the mountains. The ascent was steep, but our ponies knew every inch of it.

We came at last to a plateau, where our horses rested. From this height we could survey the trail below. We could see the faint line of it, lost here and there among the trees, but emerging always in a zig-zag descent towards the valley. Not a soul was in sight. I lifted Mimi from her horse, and held her in my arms. "This is our world, my dearest. Say that you love me, Mimi."

She said it. She seemed all mine in that moment. My doubts fled. She was mine; no one could take her from me.

We had brought our lunch with us, and when I brought it from our bags, I saw that Mimi was again staring down the trail.

"There's someone coming up," she told me. I crossed the intervening space and stood beside her. Far down a horseman was ascending.

Higher he came, and higher. I was aware of the horseman's height, of his length of limb. Then suddenly my breath seemed to leave me! I knew who it was. The thing had happened. Here was the man whose name had been scrawled on the register. Andy Fuller was riding up the trail!

It was too late, of course, to avoid Andy Fuller. There was only one path, and he must take it. Even if I made some excuse for flight, he would be upon us before we could get away.

But I would not watch him come. I bent over a rock, and set out our box of sandwiches and Thermos bottle of coffee. Nearer and nearer echoed the "tic-tac" of his horse's hoofs. Waves of hot blood seemed to flow over me as I stared out towards the mountains.

I knew that if Mimi saw my face she would be aware of my agitation, so I kept my back to her. I tried to whistle, and managed a few faint notes of a popular tune. I heard a gasp, and knew that he was upon us. "Andy," Mimi was saying incredulously, "where did you come from?"

I whirled around to see him leap from his horse and catch both of her hands in his. "I've found you at last, Mimi."

"Were you looking for me?"

"Why else should I be in this God-forsaken country?" he was smiling down at her. "I've been staying at the hotel at Eagle Lake—" he broke off to say, "Hello, Jerry," as I came forward.

"This is—unexpected," my voice was cool. "Rather, isn't it? I intended to ride over to your ranch and surprise you. But the first day on these roads put my car out of commission. And while I was waiting to have it fixed I thought I'd try some of the trails. This is great luck—"

I simply loathed his air of assuming a welcome. I stood there, stiffly, saying nothing.

And Andy was asking questions? "Are you're happy, Mimi?"

"Of course."

"But after the honeymoon, what? I can't quite see you contented in these surroundings."

"Can't you? Why not?"

"Oh, there's nothing here but sky and mountains."

She laughed, with her chin tilted and her eyes lighted. "Nothing but the sky and mountains—and Jerry."

"So that's it," dryly. "I see."

WHEN we finished our lunch I gathered up the papers, and burned them carefully on the bare rock, stamping out the fire. Then I said briefly, "It's going to rain."

The sky had grown dark—the air was filled with the strange unquiet which comes before a storm. Leaves danced madly against the murky grey—there was the rush of wind in the pines.

Mimi hated storms. She turned on me her startled glance. "Isn't there any place we can run for shelter?"

I helped her to her horse, and led the way. Andy brought up the rear, with Mimi between us. The whole thing had the effect of unreality—that the three of us should be high up in this mountain world alone—I and my wife, and the man who loved her.

The trapper's hut had been empty for years. The country had been hunted over until there were few animals left whose furs were valuable. But the hut was built of good sound logs, and was in the centre of an open grassy space. Within were a few broken chairs, a rickety table—cobwebs were woven in fantastic draperies across the windows—there was the rustle of field mice among the dried leaves that had drifted in through the open door.

We had a race for it towards the end. Mimi's hat was off, and blowing back from her face. Andy's hat was off too, and mine—the blood was red in our cheeks where the wind had buffeted them. "Some ride!" Andy said.

"I adore it," Mimi was breathless.

We sat down on the rickety chairs, and gradually our faces emerged like white masks in the uncertain light which blurred the rain-washed, cobwebby windows.

Then, after a moment's silence, "I came with some news for you. But it can wait. You are going to ask me to dine, aren't you, Mimi? I want to see your earthly paradise."

I held my breath. My mind was filled with the vision of that ugly, red-painted structure. Of the cluttered kitchen, of dead flowers in the vases, the hopeless untidiness and commonplaceness of it all.

Then, amazingly cool and controlled, Mimi's voice beat against my consciousness.

"But I am not going to ask you to dine with us, Andy, nor to see our Paradise."

Fuller was, I know, as surprised as I when Mimi announced she would not ask him of dine with us. "You aren't? Why not?"

"Because up here in the mountains, where men are red-blooded," there was laughter



in her voice, "real men, you know, there might be danger."

"What kind of danger?"

"You and Jerry would be at each other's throat before the evening was over. Isn't that the way it is always in novels?"

The roll of the thunder grew fainter, the darkness lifted. I opened the door and the sweet fresh air rushed in.

Andy resumed the subject where our silence had seemed to end it. "Now that I can see your face," he said to Mimi, "I am going to find out if you really meant it, when you told me I was not to visit you."

"Of course I meant it. Don't you know that no human being has a right to interrupt a honeymoon?"

"Oh, well," he said gloomily, "if you are going to look at it like that."

"How else can I look at it?"

"Yet you said it was 'heavenly' to see me."

"It is. But—you and Jerry aren't terribly keen about each other, are you?"

I had a feeling of unreasonable irritation. "We wouldn't fly at each other's throats, if that is what you mean, Mimi, or scratch each other's eyes out."

Andy quite surprisingly agreed with Mimi. "Perhaps, she is right, Chandler. When she was afraid and turned to you, I could have seen you hanged with joy. You've got her, and I might as well give her up. But I've seen what I wanted. If you hadn't made her happy, I should have tried to find a way to do it."

It was a frank declaration of his motive in coming. My voice was full of suppressed fury as I answered, "I am sorry to seem as inhospitable as Mimi."

He stared moodily out on the lovely world that the storm had left behind—there was a sort of silver radiance—the mountains were swept with emerald light.

We mounted our horses and rode until our paths parted, about halfway between our ranch and the hotel, which meant a ride of at least 10 miles for all of us. When Andy left us we shook hands with him. We bade him a final "good-bye." Mimi and I stood for a moment, looking after him, then we whirled our horses about, and rode down the trail in the darkening light.

During the ride home, Mimi had little to say to me. She seemed tired and disappointed.

"I had to keep him away, Jerry," she said at last. "It sounded—silly. But it was the best I could do."

"Why not have told him, Mimi?"

"Do you mean about—the house?"

"About ourselves. That we could be happy in spite of the ugliness. That because we have each other we can be happy."

I laid my hand on her shoulder. "Couldn't you have told him that, dearest? And have let him come?"

She turned a little in her saddle. "Jerry, you're not facing it. You didn't want him any more than I. Not really. You're just trying to make yourself think that you did."

I dropped my hand from her shoulder, and we rode on.

I THOUGHT we had heard the last of Andy, and I tried to put him, as much as possible, out of my mind. His coming had in a way formed a turning point in our domestic relations. The morning after we met him, Mimi had walked into the kitchen while I was making her chocolate, and announced that she was going to help me get the breakfast.

"I have yours almost ready, dearest."

She stood on tiptoe, and brushed my

cheek with her lips. "I am not going to have my chocolate in bed any more."

"Why not?"

"I am going to be the angel of the house, Jerry." There was a new look in her eyes, as she stood in front of me, beating a tattoo with her slender fingers on the breast of my flannel shirt. "You take care of your job, and I'll take care of mine. I'll get Mrs. Hayes to show me things."

"Mimi," I protested, "I hate to have you do it."

"You mustn't hate it, Jerry. It weakens me," her lips trembled. "I—I have the feeling that, perhaps, you can't stand realities—That if you see me without my war paint—you won't love me."

"I shall always love you."

When breakfast was over, I could not settle down to my desk. "Let's ride for an hour," I proposed, "and come back and do the work."

We rode for more than an hour, and came back and washed the dishes; and ate lunch, and washed more dishes. I sat down at my desk at three, and another storm came up; the thunder roared and the rain swept across the valley, the lightning was like a conflagration. Mimi was afraid, and ran into my room, and I comforted her. Then it was time for dinner—and we washed more dishes—; we again mounted our horses and rode up and up the trail to see the moonlight on our little lake.

When we returned, I said, "My dearest, I am going to sit at my desk for an hour or two. I haven't written a half-dozen lines."

"Oh, you're too tired tonight, Jerry. And to-morrow you can do better."

But tomorrow was much the same, and the day after, and at last a letter from my lawyer brought disquieting news of inadequate finances.

I WENT to work in earnest after my lawyer wrote of inadequate finances. I bent over my desk for hours. I left the housework, largely, to Mimi and to Timothy Hayes. Timothy had entered upon the domestic scene as a substitute for Sally. He had helped his mother he could help Mimi. He would have adored doing it for nothing. But I insisted on a wage. He was not an expert, but he was industrious. He could wield a broom and wash dishes, and save Mimi a thousand steps.

Mimi was taking her housekeeping seriously; there were things to be canned, things to be preserved, and things to be pickled. Mrs. Hayes initiated her into all of the mysteries.

No matter how tired she was, our dinner had always an effect of formality. She even taught Timothy to serve, so that he could change plates and pass the bread and vegetables. His ecstasy was complete.

Things jogged along with some effect of harmony and happiness through September and into October. I had finished a story and had sent it off. Mimi had organised, of all things, a dancing class for the tribe of small Hayeses! They had their lessons out of doors, and she had contrived costumes of home-dyed cottons and of autumn leaves. Timothy was a faun, and the bacchante of small Susie Hayes was an amazing achievement. Her purple and russet draperies, the wreath of vines, the bunch of grapes held high, brought a fleeting memory of Theresa's grace and beauty.

"Isn't she adorable?" Mimi asked, with her eyes on Susie. "She is so utterly in earnest and so oblivious of her freckles—"

"You've worked a miracle, Mimi."

If anyone had told me, when Mimi and I watched the dancing children, that 24 hours

later we would face chaos, I would have laughed at them. I was in a mood of quiet content. I had finished my story and felt it was good. Mimi's hand was in mine—God was in His heaven—!

I had planned to spend the next day up on the mountain. There was wood to be cut, and I was to take two of my men with me to decide on the trees which must be sacrificed.

Mimi decided to stay at home. "There are tomatoes spoiling on the vines," she told me, "and Mrs. Hayes is going to show me how to make catsup and chili."

Mimi had promised to prepare a simple dinner. That meant, perhaps, a chicken roasted by Mrs. Hayes, a vegetable or two, which Timothy would cook, there was delicious late corn in the garden; and there would be melons for dessert. I found myself anticipating it all as I set my face, that night, toward home. Mimi, rested and radiant, would welcome me, and the moment would come when I would tell her of the high thoughts I had had of her.

But it was not Mimi who welcomed me but Timothy.

He came out of the kitchen door, as I dismounted, and said: "I'm frying some ham for your dinner, and do you want your eggs turned?"

"Where's Mrs. Chandler?"

"She ain't well, and she's lying down. And she don't want anything to eat."

"Not well?"—I was startled.

"No, sir. She came into the kitchen after the gentleman called, and told me what to get for you, and then she went in her room and she ain't been out."

"What gentleman, Timothy?"

"Well, he came in a big car, Mr. Chandler—while Ma and I were carrying the kettles up to our house, and he was just going away when I got back."

I did not wait to hear more. I strode through the living-room, and opened the door beyond. Mimi lay on her bed, face downward. One arm, thrown out, clutched the pillow. Her hair was in disorder, and she wore one of the big gingham aprons which Mrs. Hayes had loaned her. I thought she was asleep. But she opened her eyes as I came in, and said: "I don't want any dinner, Jerry."

"Mimi," I demanded, "what's the matter?"

She sat up, and I saw then that she had been crying.

"Andy has been here," she said. "He found me in the kitchen, cutting up cabbage, and with things boiling over on the stove. He—he thought I was the maid, and asked me the way to the Chandler ranch—and I turned around—and he recognised me—"

I gave a quick exclamation, but she did not seem to hear me. "He—stood staring at me. And then he said, 'Good heavens,' and began to laugh, to laugh—" she bent a tight little fist on the pillow, "and—and after a while he said, 'So this is why you wouldn't let me come—'"

"The cad—"

She pushed the disordered hair back from her face with both hands. "Why shouldn't he laugh, Jerry? Why shouldn't he? I had talked of—high romance, and he found me a drudge, among my pots and pans."

After a tense silence, I said, "How did he happen to stay on? I thought he had left this part of the country long ago."

"He did go—and he came back. He leaves for France in two weeks—he wanted to say 'Good-bye' to me, Jerry."

Jealousy flamed. "He dared?"

"Yes."



"How long did he stay?"

"An hour, perhaps." She got off the bed, and began to brush her hair. Her cheeks showed white in the mirror and there were deep circles under her eyes.

"What else did he say, Mimi?"

She turned and faced me. "I might as well tell you. He—he asked me to go with him, Jerry."

"Mimi—"

She nodded, her lips were dry. "It—it was dreadful. It was like a nightmare—from which I shall never—wake up."

If I had taken her in my arms then, and comforted her! But I was raging. Andy with his money, with his insolence, with his air of a conqueror.

"And you let him stay—and make love to you—?"

Her hand went up to her throat. "Do you really think that, Jerry?"

"He stayed an hour. You should have sent him away at once."

I hardly knew what I was saying. I was mad with the pain of it all. I could see Andy standing in the kitchen door—graceful, perfectly groomed, and Mimi in her gingham apron!

I was overthrown in that moment by the facts I had never faced. Mimi was not a fairy princess. Our house was not a shining palace. And Andy had found it out—and he had laughed!

I wish I might forget the things Mimi and I said to each other that night.

It ended by her shutting the door on me, and for a long time after that I could hear her crying.

I dread to write of the days which followed. Mimi and I met like strangers. Neither of us could forgive the hot words we had flung out in our anger. We hardened our hearts—nursed our grievances.

At last I could stand it no longer. I resolved to send Mimi back to her mother. Anything would be better than this—to live under one roof like enemies.

I had enough money to make my plans possible. My story had been accepted and well paid for. "I want you to take this cheque," Mimi, I said to her, "and go to St. Louis. The winters up here are hard—and the change will be good for you."

"But what will you do, Jerry?"

"Stay on the job and write. I can get my meals at Mrs. Hayes's, with the rest of them."

"Oh, how silly, Jerry." The way she said it sounded more like the old Mimi than any words she had uttered since that awful night. "You couldn't stand it to be alone. And, anyhow, I'm not going."

She spoke with an air of obstinacy. And she stuck to her decision. I felt, however, that she was held by pride, rather than by love or loyalty. She would not return to her own people with the effect of failure.

The autumn days came on quickly. There were some golden ones and others which were dreary and dark. At last the first snow drove the white flakes over the valleys.

I could see months ahead of us of isolation. I had a feeling of desperation. I could stand it for myself, but what of Mimi?

I was writing now, in dead earnest. I had kept Hayes on, and it added greatly to the expense. The men were hewing and hauling timber. I hoped that by intense industry I might relieve the financial situation. I had a feeling that I must make good, that I must win my own self-respect, before I could demand respect of Mimi.

For the thing which stung most was the knowledge that Mimi held me lightly as a dreamer of dreams. I was a lad who had loved, and had not known how to hold what I had won! I was a poet, not much to be depended on in practical affairs!

One day as I sat at my desk I reached into an inner pocket for some papers. In taking them out I brought with them a small spool of sky-blue silk!

I set it before me on the desk, and remembered the day I had bought it. That golden day when Mimi and I had walked together and when she had said, "I have saved all of your letters in a little box—and I had called her 'Dearest.'"

I wondered if she, too, remembered. I wanted to go to her, and ask. I was on my feet to do it when the door opened. "Lunch is ready, Jerry," she said.

I held out the little spool. "I was thinking of the day I bought it."

She looked down at it, as it lay in my hand. Not a muscle of her face changed. She was serene, indifferent. "Oh, what a romantic boy you are, Jerry!" I wondered secretly if she had meant "romantic fool."

I came home some weeks later after a ride to a neighboring ranch, to find such a change in our living room that I stood, petrified, on the threshold.

The awful rug was gone, and some of the awful furniture. Gone were the awful pictures on the walls. As there was nothing to take their places, the room had a sort of grim emptiness.

Mimi, coming in, announced: "I couldn't live with it any longer. I thought we could sandpaper some of the pieces that are left, and put on a dark stain—and we can do the floor. The children want to help—You don't mind, do you?"

I didn't mind in the least. I even ventured: "There ought to be a fireplace. Perhaps we can manage that."

"It would be heavenly," Mimi was standing in front of the high-shouldered stove. "And, anyhow, we've made a beginning."

It was some time after that looking up from the barn, where I was at work, I saw a band of Indians approaching the house. I sent one of the men at once to Mimi—lest she be startled, and as soon as I could I followed.

I found one or two braves and a half dozen squaw women assembled in the kitchen. Mimi, with a flush on her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes, was bargaining for the blankets they had brought, the baskets and beadwork.

"Jerry," she said, as she saw me, "aren't they charming? Look at these blankets."

They were most attractive in their blacks and greys, with touches of flaming red—there were baskets in all shapes and colors, a pair of antlers—a bearskin rug.

Mimi was buying everything—giving in exchange certain trinkets—a sparkling brooch, a tiny jewelled watch. The Indians knew the value of the jewels. They were no longer trustful savages. They had dealt long enough with white men to be shrewd.

"This for this," Mimi would say, and they would weigh the matter, and consider. When she produced at last a string of coral beads carefully carved, the eyes of one of the women brightened. She said something to the old chief. He held out his hands for the beads.

"Mimi," I said, "don't sell them. Let me pay."

She shook her head. "I'm doing this, Jerry."

I sat down and watched her. She drove a sharp bargain with the old chief—two of the lovely blankets, or no beads. At last he gave in, and presently the band went away, having had a drink of our new cider and some of Dora's doughnuts.

Mimi danced ahead of me like a child. "Everything is going to be simply darling."

she assured me, and for an hour after that we were busy putting the things in place—transforming the living room into delightful harmony—with the greys and blacks and reds. "I'll put grey covers over that awful brocade," Mimi exulted—"and we'll tear the paper off the walls and tint them."

It was a task which took some weeks, and the climax came when I set Hayes and all his men to work on the fireplace—building a great stone chimney, and making the mantel of a split oak log.

Hayes grumbled while he was doing it. "You'll freeze," he assured me. But we compromised by putting the big stove in the dining-room where its heat overflowed, and kept the living room at even temperature.

And now a fire blazed on our hearth, and Mimi and I sat in front of it night after night, I with my books and writing pad, and she with her eternal knitting. We had the effect, at least, of domesticity, although she knew and I knew that the thing which makes a hearth sacred was lacking.

The knitting which kept Mimi busy was for the men who were at war in France. America was being called upon to do what she could for the refugees from Belgium and other invaded territory. Letters from Bernice told us that Andy had gone, and that Lionel was going. "And I am going with him," Bernice said, "the blood of our ancestors calls us, Mimi."

Mimi had read the letter, and had sat with her eyes fixed on the fire. "I know how Bernice feels," she said; "it was the home of our grandfathers."

It had been the home not only of the grandfathers, but of the grandmothers with the ball-gowns—the ones who had danced with Lafayette. No such blood flowed in my veins—yet I, too, was thrilled by the thought of Lafayette.

It was, I think, early in December that the idea began to form in my mind of going to France. I would win Mimi back by a heroic defence of her land, the land she loved. With my fatal sense of dramatization, I began to make pictures of myself with the battlefield as a background. I could fight for Mimi's love. I might even die for it. I might, thus, redeem myself. I had become less than a hero in my own eyes. I might prove more than a hero in the eyes of the world.

**T**HERE is no telling what I might have done while the idea of going to France possessed me if Hayes had not fallen ill, and two of the men left because of the loneliness.

I could get no one to take their places, so I was forced to do double duty, going shuttle-like from my desk to the work of the farm. My stories suffered because of my divided mind, and there were fewer acceptances from the editors. I came in at night dead-tired, beaten sometimes by storms, to find Mimi by the fire, quiet and composed, a purring cat or two on the hearth-rug, the table charmingly set, its orange and grey and black colorful against the golden background of flames.

So December came, and Christmas. We were to have a tree for the small Hayes', Hayes' illness had made Dora the only wage-earner in the family. The ranch supplied food and to spare for everyone, but if there were to be Christmas presents for the children, Mimi and I would have to provide them.

"I've a lot of little things," Mimi told me, "and there are yards and yards of silver ribbon on a dress I shall never wear. And



we can make cherry clusters of cranberries, and pop-corn balls and chains."

"And on Christmas day, we will have the dinner here. Mrs. Hayes will come over and cook it."

"Do you mean that you'll invite them to dine with us?"

"Of course," easily, "why not?"

Why not, indeed? But it was her initial introduction to democracy. In our first days on the ranch Mimi had looked upon the Hayeses as a queen might look upon her vassals. That she called them now, her friends, was an evidence of a revolution in her social ideals.

"We want the biggest turkey ever," she informed me.

I laid my hand on her arm. I wanted to tell her how I adored her. She drew away, smiling but unapproachable. "We want the biggest turkey ever," she repeated, and I dropped my hand from her arm. "You shall have it," I said.

"And the biggest tree, Jerry."

"Yes. I'll cut it myself."

But it was not, after all, the biggest tree. We chose the one we wanted several days later, as we rode over a new trail to get our first wide view of the snow-capped range.

It was late afternoon, cold, stimulating, and with the sun beginning to slant across the mountains, when we came upon a little tree, which stood apart from the others on the very top of a hill. It was a spruce, perfect in its proportions, and tipped with silvery growth. But it was not mere symmetry which caught our eyes. It was, rather, the effect given it by the sunset sky back of it—through every tip and twig and branch blazed a red glory, until they shone and sparkled as if lighted by a thousand candles.

"Jerry, look!" Mimi cried. "Did you ever see anything so—wonderful?"

We watched until the light faded, and the little tree was stripped of its splendor.

"How lonely it seems," Mimi said, "perhaps it will never be lighted that way again. That was just its moment."

"Why not give it another moment, Mimi? Why not make it our Christmas tree?"

She caught at that. Our imagination met. We saw the tree triumphant in its Christmas beauty.

**I**n the evenings which followed Mimi dressed a doll for Sue Hayes and one for Mary Hayes, and with these finished she produced a doll which so resembled herself that I stared at it in amazement.

"I am going to make it look like my peacock picture," she told me, "and send it to Bernice to be sold at the French bazaar. Sue wrote to me about it. And since then I've been trying to think of something that would create a sensation, and this will. They'll auction it off. I sent to Denver for a doll with hair of the right color, and I have put some of my own with it."

So artfully had she mingled her own hair with the hair of the doll's wig that the effect was that of the head-dress of the painting. Lacking a jewelled comb, she had made one of the eye of a peacock's feather. With water colors she had given the doll's insipid countenance something of her own vividness.

When the peacock gown was finished, Mimi sent the doll away, and in due time a letter came from Bernice.

"My dear, you should have seen the bidding. It sold for a thousand dollars. Olga got it, or rather the man she is to marry

got it. It stood on a table in front of the portrait, and everybody was simply mad about it. I wanted it more than anything—but I hadn't the money."

When Mimi looked up from the letter, I saw that her eyes were blazing. "So Olga got it," she said, in a stifled voice. "Olga. She gets everything. She got—grandfather."

She was like a hurt child. The memory of her grandfather was always a poignant one.

That night I wrote to Olga. I told her that I wanted the doll. And that I would mail her the cheque for it. The next morning, by telephone, I sold a piece of timber land to a neighbor who had wanted it, for a thousand dollars.

Two days before Christmas I went up into the woods to cut the little tree. I had decided to walk and to take no one with me, for the men were busy, and the tree would be a light weight for my young strength.

It was clear when I started, but with a heavy slate grey sky which seemed to press close to the mountain tops.

"It looks like snow," I said.

"Why not cut a tree nearer home, Jerry?" Mimi asked me.

"You liked that one, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, that settles it," I stood smiling at her, wrapped to the ears with Jason at my heels.

The big dog wanted to go with me, but I would not let him. Mimi and Dora were alone, a storm was coming on. I would feel safer if Jason were in the house.

I came at last to where our little Christmas tree stood. It was half-wrapped in a blanket of snow, but I knew it by its isolation, and by its perfect lines.

I stripped off my outer jacket and went to work. The sound of blows echoed dully in the snow-laden air. I worked with a will, and at last the tree surrendered. It came down with a sort of rushing sigh, which smote my heart. Would, after all, the glory we would give it compensate for the years it might have lived radiant on the mountain side?

The storm was increasing when I started down with my load. The snow, like a thick, white curtain, hid the high hills, hid everything, indeed, so that at last I began to fear I was not following the unfamiliar trail.

I think, then, I must have stumbled; a gopher hole, perhaps, or a sliding rock. I was aware of a crashing fall, of grinding sickening pain, then the white curtain came down upon me, and shut out the world.

I came out of my long moments of unconsciousness to find the scene lighted by a pearly glimmer. Only a few flakes of snow were flying, and as I raised myself on my elbow I could see that the tree which I had carried had been pitched by my fall over my head, and at some distance down the hill. It was held from further descent by a dry old pine which had rotted long ago, and had been blown to the ground. There the two trees lay, the living and the dead, locked in each other's arms.

The pain in my leg was intense. I tried to raise myself and could not, although I strove with teeth set, and the blood pounding in my temples. At last I gave it up, and dropped back, the cold enveloping me like an icy sheet. My situation was desperate. If I called there was no one to hear. My one hope was that my delay in reaching home might make Mimi anxious, and that she would send the men to search for me.

Well, I had at least my box of matches.

With my mind working feverishly, I planned what I would do. If they came—timber wolf or coyote—I would build a fire. A burning bunch of dry grass dropped down on that old dead tree, and it would become alive again. The little Christmas bush backed by such a conflagration would burn, too—and the resin in its veins would snap and snarl.

Prowling beasts would draw away from it—and something of its warmth would reach me. I needed that warmth, I ached with the cold, yet delayed to strike a match lest in some way my plan might fail and I should be left without hope.

As I waited my mind seemed cleared, suddenly, of the cobwebs which had cluttered it. I was facing death, and what did all the things matter which had meant so much to me a little while ago? Nothing really mattered now but Mimi and my father, and the memory of my mother. And what would my death do to Mimi, if it came? She would be free—free to marry Andy.

Again I looked at my watch. It was after six. Mimi would at last be wondering if I had returned to the farm. Five might, at this very moment, be telephoning to the men. They would be starting out. A fire would guide them.

With sudden energy I tore up great handfuls of the dried and brittle grasses, put a match to them, and flung them down on the two trees. There was a hiss as the snow melted, a sharp crackle as the branches caught, then a bright banner waved against the blackness of the night. I felt its heat—stretched out my hands. The light cut a wide circle in the shadows. Under it the snow was pink, a great rock was bathed in gold, the trunks of the trees were like pillars of ebony.

Thus, was our Christmas tree again illumined. Not with the holiday glitter of silver balls and tinsel chains, but as a flaming beacon!

For a moment my mind was free from all distress, the warmth was comforting, hope was in my heart, high up on the hills that banner would be seen and help would come.

I think after that I fell into a sort of stupor. I fancied I sat by my own hearth, and warmth came from it; that Mimi and I talked together, and I told her all that had been in my mind.

I opened my eyes at last to find the fire had died down to a steady glow, which lighted the aisles between the ebony pillars, so that the whole scene was like the setting of a play. Then, against that background, showed, suddenly, a sinister shape. It swept silently towards me, revealing, on near approach, a bushy tail, a pointed nose, eyes that were mere slits of liquid green.

The fire halted the creature for a moment, but it skirted the fire. I tried to rise, but fell back. I shouted, but the sounds I made seemed faint and hollow. I reached for my knife and could not get at my pocket. I shielded my face with my arm, as I felt, finally the impact of the great body.

I thought then that the end had come. What chance had I against this panting brute and the others which would follow? Again, I tried to get at my knife, and, thank Heaven, I could not, for at that moment there rang in my ears a glad bark which was never born in the throat of a wolf, the bark of a dog which had found its master. It was Jason who stood over me, quivering, whining, trying to lick my cheek, loving me.



Mimi had begun to be uneasy early in the evening. From the window of her own room she could, in clear weather, see the trail which I had followed, but now the mountain was hidden by a thick curtain of snow. As the storm increased Dora tried to reassure her. There were many such storms, she said. Mimi called up the men at the barns, and learned that I had not come in. Timothy, arriving at the moment, offered to go and look for me. Mimi would not let him, so he built a great fire on the hearth and she told him stories. Jason would not stay by the fire. He put his nose to the crack of the front door and refused to leave. At six he sat up, cocked his ears, and barked and whined.

"I thought he heard you, Jerry, so I let him out, and he was away like a shot. Then we waited. Tim and I, but you did not come or Jason either. The snow had stopped, so I went to my room and looked out. It was too dark to see the mountain, but there seemed to be a great star hanging low in the sky, and as I watched it grew bigger and bigger, and then I knew it must be a fire and that you had lighted it, so I called up the men and sent them after you."

The men met Jason halfway. I had tied my handkerchief to his collar; and it was he who led them back to where I lay.

They made a rude stretcher of the blankets they had brought, and placed me on it; then with the carefulness of those who are the guardians of the forest, they beat out the fire, and heaped snow on it. Thus, the little tree which was to have lighted our Christmas lay alone under a white pall.

I fainted again before they got me home, and opened my eyes to see Mimi's face above me. It was very white, and the eyes were frightened. And it was those frightened eyes which I took with me into my dreams.

For I was very ill. My leg was broken, and the exposure had brought on pneumonia. I came out of my delirium now and then to worry about Mimi, and to try to tell her of the things I had thought while I lay half-frozen on the mountain side. I was always trying, too, to tell her about the ranch, and what Uncle Jerry had said of it. "He told me it was a shining palace," I kept saying. "I didn't know it was a shack like this."

And she would soothe me: "Perhaps it is a shining palace, Jerry," and try to smile at me, but always her eyes were frightened.

As the pneumonia held me in its clutch, I drifted away from realities into a world which had to do with appalling heights which I could never scale—a world in which a thousand Christmas candles burned with a heat which consumed me, a world in which Mimi, with her frightened eyes, receded, and two women in white took her place.

Nurses! They did for me the things that Mimi had not known how to do. Made me unspeakably comfortable with their expertness. There were doctors, too, besides the one who looked after the sick of our community. These visiting doctors were rather dominant and splendid, and the nurses jumped at a word from them. They listened to my breathing with tubes which they stuck in their ears; they tapped my chest and back with expert fingers, to catch the dull echoes from my congested lungs.

It seemed to me that with the coming of these doctors and nurses everything in the house had changed. There was an air of luxury—conveniences for the sick-room magically appeared—when the door of the

living room opened, it glowed with a new brightness. Mimi drifting in and out wore some of her silken negligee. It was all puzzling, and I did not try to solve the puzzle. These things were, perhaps, but a part of my dream, and I should wake to find squalor and ugliness still about me.

It was at this time that I lost the nurses, lost the doctors, lost Mimi, lost all consciousness of the room I was in, the rooms beyond, and the mountains that encompassed us. I seemed to wander on the shores of a vast blue sheet of water, shouting desperately to the skies, "Father!"

And when I had shouted until I was hoarse, and was too tired to struggle on, suddenly my father answered, "Jerry, my son."

Of course, it was only a dream, but it quieted me. I leaned on his strength as I had leaned as a boy. I seemed to hear his voice saying the simple prayers, the lovely grace.

He seemed, too, to talk to Mimi. Yet I knew they had never met—that what I heard were phantom conversations.

"I wrote to Olga—and she sent me the money."

Had I dreamed that? Oh, I must have dreamed it.

And again: "If there is a God, why doesn't He let Jerry and me be happy?"

And that long talk which seemed to drift in from the other room out of a long silence.

"He was always a fanciful child, Mimi."

"I thought he lied to me."

"His mother thought that, too, in his early years. His imagination embroidered everything."

"Well, I blamed him."

"It hurt him as much as you."

"How do you mean?"

"All his castles tumbled. There was only you left, Mimi."

"And I failed him."

"Do you think you did?"

"Yes. I stayed because I was ashamed to go back."

"Yet you do love him?"

"I know it now. Oh, he was such a darling, always. Trying to fit me into this life when he wanted me, more than anything, to be a princess in a castle. Don't you see that was the trouble? I knew he wanted the castle and the princess in it. And I couldn't be that, not up here. So I shut him out of my life."

Her voice died away in a whisper. I was aware of the nurse coming in. I opened my eyes and said, "I have been dreaming."

She had a pleasant throaty laugh. "I should say you had waked up while I was gone." She laid a finger on my pulse, smoothed my pillow, went to the door, and said, "He is conscious. Do you want to come in?"

And there was my father, no longer a figure of fantasy, but in the flesh, and he was saying, "Jerry, my dear son—"

And Mimi was on her knees beside the bed. "Oh, Jerry, you peach—to come back like this—I thought you had drifted away from me forever."

ONE day I said to Mimi, "Did you really ask Olga for money? Or did I dream it?"

"I did. She wrote a note to you on Christmas day, Jerry, and sent back the doll, and I read the note because I thought it might need an answer. Would you like to have me read it to you now?"

She brought it, presently, to my bedside. "My dear Jerry," Olga said, "I want Mimi

to have the doll, and I don't want you to pay for it. I wish we might all be friends. I am going to be married soon, and I think I have never had quite this kind of happiness before. It makes me want to reach out and take the hand of everyone I have seemed to harm, or who has been my enemy."

"May the New Year bring you your heart's desire, Jerry, as I am sure it is bringing mine, and will you give my love to Mimi? Perhaps she doesn't want it, but I'll send it just the same, and if there is anything I can ever do for either of you, let me know."

Mimi laid down the letter. "It came on Christmas morning, Jerry, when everything was dreadful. A blizzard was raging, and the doctor said you ought to have nurses, and I was almost frantic. Then one of the men brought the mail, and Olga's letter was in it, and the doll. And somehow, as I read the note, I began to feel that Olga meant what she said. That she really wanted to help. So I just sat down and wrote to her—and I told her the truth. All about how things are here."

"My dear girl—"

"It had to be the truth, Jerry, or nothing. I simply couldn't accept things under false pretences. And pride doesn't amount to much when death stares us in the face. Do you know, Jerry, that in a way I was glad to tell her? It was like drawing a long free breath after being in a stifled room."

There was a radiance about her which was like that of the old days.

"Oh, Jerry, Jerry," she said, "if I had only faced the truth before!"

"If we had both faced it," I said.

She curled her fingers about mine. "Well, all that's over now, isn't it? And we'll start straight."

But we didn't start straight. For what she said after a moment's silence altered the whole aspect of things for me.

"You see, Jerry, there was no one else I could ask. Mother was in Florida with Aunt Bernice, and I couldn't have told her, anyhow. I insisted that it must be a loan. I thought when you were well that we might pay it back—"

Dense blackness seemed to engulf me. How could I pay anything? Once more my worries weighed me down.

I heard Mimi saying, anxiously, "Oh, I'm afraid I've talked too much."

I managed to smile at her. "Not a bit, my dearest. But I'll try to sleep."

I couldn't sleep, however. Questions of ways and means beat against my brain. I must, of course, sell the ranch. And why not? It had brought me nothing but poverty, humiliation, unhappiness. Mimi and I would seek some other field.

I was not, it seemed, ever again to play the part of hero on the stage of life. My leg would mend, but not for me would be the glory of war. Four manuscripts had come back to me during my illness. I had made Mimi tell me, although she had tried to hide the truth.

So, what was I after all? Neither warrior bold, nor budding genius. I was simply a sick boy who, with eyes fixed on the stars, had lost the road.

The way seemed very dark before me, and in the darkness I found myself whispering, "Give me courage. God, give me strength—" and strength seemed to flow into me before I slept.

The next day I talked the situation over with my father.

"I want to sell the ranch."

"Why think about it now, Jerry? Wait until you are well."



"I must think about it. Mimi and I can't stay here. I can't work, and I can't afford to hire Hayes."

"I can work," my father said, "and I can stay on. I am not needed at home."

"What about your church?"

"They ought to have a younger man. They do not know it, but my absence will give them a chance to find out."

"And you are willing to let go so easily?"

"It will not be easy. But it may be best. My people are loyal, but my day will soon be over, and I'd rather leave them while they love me."

He was as strong and steadfast as a fine old oak. I envied him and said so. "I wish I could face life as you do, father."

He smiled down at me. "We learn to face things as the years go on."

"Yet you don't seem to be unhappy."

"We are never really unhappy if we stop thinking of happiness as the goal."

"What is the goal?"

"The happiness of others."

I was impatient at that, and told him so.

"I mean to have happiness for myself."

"I cannot tell how much, in the days that followed, my inaction fretted me. As soon as I could sit up the nurses went away. Timothy played the part of valet, fetching and carrying for me, tirelessly. Mimi and my father went down each morning to look after the affairs of the farm. They were a picturesque pair, for my father had doffed his black coat and was in corduroy, with a fur jacket and a fur cap that covered his ears. Mimi, too, wore riding clothes. She seemed eternally busy, and my father sang her praises."

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"I mean to have happiness for myself."

Oh, the thing to do would be to stay here and learn the lore of the land, and then some day to write about it—as those old poets of England had written. And I must write so that the people who had imprisoned themselves should come streaming out from their crowded cities to find the beauty of which I sang!

I was filled with the idea. I did not reflect that I was again building castles. I forgot the drudgery, the sordid things, the discouragements. I wanted to talk it over with Mimi. I wanted to tell my father that I would stay on the ranch and work, and out of my working build the structure of my masterpiece!

But my father was not at home. He had been asked to preach in a schoolhouse some miles away. And Mimi came in tired.

She stood at one side of the fire and looked down at me.

"I ought to dress, Jerry. But I am worn out. I think it is my punishment for calling you a barbarian when you didn't want to put on your dinner coat. I haven't even energy enough to comb my hair."

"I like it as it is."

"Really, Jerry?" her voice was wistful.

"Really."

At dinner she tried to make conversation, but found it hard to keep awake. Dora had set the table on the hearth, between us. There were no flowers or fruit for decoration. Mimi had been too busy for such details, and I had been too indifferent. As for Dora, she had no time for the aesthetic. And she liked to fry our steaks and chops. I had an invalid's appetite, and wished for something more delicate. But Mimi ate with the zest of one who labors in the open air.

After dinner Mimi crumpled up in her big chair on the hearth and went to sleep. The kittens were asleep, too, and the old cat, in their Indian basket. Only I kept lonely vigil.

A log fell on the hearth, and Mimi opened her eyes. "I am as bad as the pussy-cats," she said, "I can't keep awake when it is nice and warm."

"Go to bed, dearest, and get your rest."

"But I like it here with you and the cats—"

she sat up and untied the ribbon that bound her hair. "The only time I want a maid is when I am tired. I'd like to be brushed and combed without having to raise a hand to do it," she shook out her red-gold mane.

"You ought to have a maid. You ought to have everything to make life easy."

Mimi spoke with a touch of impatience when I told her she ought to have a maid. Oh, no, Jerry, why should everything be easy for me, when it is so hard for others? I've had a letter from Bernice. She is scrubbing floors in a canteen in France—with men going by the door, dead and dying, yet I cried to-day over a dead—lamb."

"It—it is dreadful over there, Jerry. I can't bear to read about it. And we ought to be helping them, and we aren't. And why should I worry if I have to work?"

"But I worry."

"Don't, please. Do you think if I were not up here I should be playing around in St. Louis? I should be in France, Jerry, scrubbing floors with Bernice."

I stared into the fire. "I might have gone if it hadn't been for my leg. I had planned to do it, Mimi."

"And leave me?"

"Not here, Mimi. At that time, I thought it might be a solution of our problems. You could go back to St. Louis, and no one need ever know that our dreams had not come true—"

Dead silence, then she came over and knelt beside my chair. "I—I am glad you broke your leg, Jerry, if you were thinking such thoughts as that. And you might have died—for France."

"I'd much rather live for you, Mimi. But it doesn't sound very heroic to say it."

"I don't want you to be a hero. I'm not a heroine. It is much nicer to be just—human," she laid her cheek against mine.

After a moment she drew away from me. "Do you see this letter?" She flicked a finger towards the breast pocket of her silk shirt, from which an envelope protruded.

"Yes."

"It's from Andy. Shall I read it to you? Perhaps you won't like all of it. Perhaps I shan't read all of it. But I felt you ought to know what he had written."

Andy had, it seemed, sent her his picture—Lafayette Escadrille—and he was, in his uniform, very cocky and handsome. He wrote with the effect of an apology, but I could see behind the words all of his egotism, his assurance. "I am afraid I offended you, Mimi. But I wanted to make you happy. Perhaps Chandler can do it, but I doubt it. You're a good sport. I'll say that. To stick it out—"

Mimi stopped there, and sat back on her heels. "Oh, I'm going to burn it and not read any more. I wonder what he thinks he is? King Cophetua?"

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Dead silence, then she came over and



swim, and the darling old hens fussing over their chicks, and our precious pussy-cat and her kittens. And I never knew, Jerry, I sometimes feel as if I were a Columbus discovering a continent."

As she leaned towards me, bright as the dawn, I was aware of her, for the first time, as a goddess-woman, one who belonged to ripe fields and fruitful orchards, to the sea, the sky, the stars!

In May my grandmother died, and in June my father came back to us, and brought with him Aunt Mary. The cherry orchards were red with fruit when they arrived, and I told Aunt Mary, "The cherries match your red cape. You must wear it often."

Aunt Mary and my father were not to return to the parsonage. Aunt Mary took entire charge of the household, and Mimi was thus left free to ride with me, to work with me, and as the fall days gave more leisure, to sit by the fire and put infinitesimal stitches in yards of fine white muslin.

So winter came once more, and the snow shut us in. And on Christmas morning we lighted a candle on a tiny tree, in honor of our small son—Stephen.

We named him after my father. I wanted him to be like my father. And like his mother. What better inheritance could he have than that?

It was after our son was born that Mimi wrote to her mother. They had had little correspondence. But now that she had a child of her own, my wife felt there should be between herself and her own mother, if possible, sympathy and understanding. "I want her to know the truth," she said, "that we haven't any money. She has a right to feel hurt that we haven't helped her."

An answer came back immediately. Mrs. Le Brun was married to a man of large fortune whom she had met in Florida. The announcement came in the same mail. "I did not tell you before, Mimi, because you seemed to have no interest in my affairs. I was much surprised to find that you were not rolling in wealth."

It was when the spring came that we began to feel the pressure of the great war. Foodstuffs were needed. We tilled and planted. We harvested. Our crops sold. I had no time to write. I was down among my men, leading them, and at the same time learning. Mimi's hens and ducks went regularly to Denver. And the trademark on her boxes of fresh eggs was a peacock's feather!

We had a pair of peacocks now—the forerunners of the future appendages to our palace! They trailed their gorgeousness on what would some day be our terraces. Mimi made a screen of their feathers, set between glass, and it winked at our fire with all its scintillating eyes.

**A** YEAR passed—two, and our country went into the war. More need now for planting, for harvesting. Our ranch assumed, all at once, a national importance. The patriotism of the men who tilled the soil was set side by side with that of the men who fought in the trenches.

Another year of it, and then the Armistice. There was time now to take stock of ourselves, to find that out of our dynamic energies we had won experience. We could go on with security. The future held for us no fears.

The letters which came from overseas told us that Bernice and Lionel were still staying on in Paris. Lionel's stories were attracting much attention. It was, indeed, not long before he wrote the book which brought him fame. Andy had been wounded, and had been decorated for dis-

tinguished service. Olga's husband, although he had a German name, had fought on the side of the Allies.

We had paid Olga what we owed her. She had not wanted to take it, but we had insisted. Since then we had heard nothing from her.

In June, following the Armistice, my wife and I rode up one day from our morning's work, and found Aunt Mary in a flutter.

"A lady telephoned," she said. "She and her husband are coming to dinner."

Dinner meant to us, at that time, our midday meal. We had, during the war, sacrificed some of our formalities, and had adopted the mountain customs.

We often had unexpected guests. So Mimi took the news lightly. "Who is it?"

Aunt Mary's eyes danced. She was anticipating the sensation her words would make. "It is your step-grandmother."

"Olga?" Mimi's tone was incredulous. "Yes. And Dora has stewed chicken and dumplings."

A huge limousine lumbered, presently, up the hill. The roads were, at that time, rough, and the chauffeur's face wore a look of extreme exasperation.

As he came at last to a stop before our modest domicile, the look of exasperation gave way to one of ill-concealed contempt. He touched his hat in a perfunctory manner, and got down to open the door of the car.

But I was before him, and was saying with all my heart, "Olga, how good of you to come!"

Her florid countenance was set in more mature lines than when I had last seen it, but she was beaming as she held out her hand to us.

"Aren't you surprised, Jerry? And you haven't met Max?"

The face of the man beside her was as beaming as her own. There was something very appealing in their eager friendliness.

I am sure that Mimi saw it as I did. For she put her arms about Olga and kissed her. And Olga's eyes filled suddenly with tears. "You are a darling," she said, "to give me such a welcome."

"I'd be a beast," said Mimi, and meant it, "if I didn't."

Our guests swept into our ugly house and did not see its ugliness. They saw only its hospitality.

**A**FTER dinner, my father and Aunt Mary left us with our guests. Stephen went with his grandfather, Jason following. The old dog adored the child, and was his constant companion. And when we were alone, Olga said, "Max and I have come to ask you to take some of the money, Mimi."

The set of Mimi's head gave her a startled air, like a young deer come upon unawares. "I thought we had settled that long ago, Olga."

"No. We have more than enough, Max and I. And I want to divide it between you and Lionel. I have always felt you ought to have it, even when I wouldn't admit it."

"If Grandfather had wanted me to have it, Olga, he would have said so."

"He did say so," some of the pink had faded from Olga's cheeks. "I came across an old diary of his the other day. Max has it. Show it to Mimi, Max."

Her husband brought out of his pocket a small book bound in black leather. He turned the pages until he found a certain date, then handed it to my wife.

"She read it, flushed and paled, then read aloud what the Senator had written. "I

ought to change my will. Mimi must have her share. Tomorrow I will speak to Olga."

"He never spoke to me," Olga explained. "Oh, I hope you will believe that. He died the next day."

We did believe it. Whatever other faults she might have, Olga was not dishonest. She had laid the diary away without looking in it, and it was only by chance that she had gotten it out again, hoping to find certain memoranda which might relate to other affairs.

Mimi, holding the little book close, said, "It isn't the money which matters so much, but the fact that he thought of me."

She was finding it very hard to get control of herself, and I knew that tears were near the surface. So I spoke to her.

"We are very happy here. I am not sure that money could make us happier."

"Well, it could make life easier," said the practical Olga, "you know that, Jerry."

And then Mimi flung a question at her, "Why should life be easy?"

"Oh, well, everybody knows," Olga informed her, with a certain complacency, "that it is much nicer that way."

She knew it at any rate. She came of a stock which measured its felicities by feather beds and rocking chairs and huge feasts four times a day.

The money which Olga at once made over to us changed, to some extent, our mode of living. We have a long, low house, as enchanting as the one I pictured when as a boy I listened to Uncle Jerry's glowing eloquence. We have books and a big car, which keeps us in touch with the outside world. My wife wears shimmering silken evening things, and Aunt Mary, for the first time in her life, owns a dinner gown—it is like a flame and she loves it. My father preaches in a little church which we have built for him on the mountainside, and its bells call the people from far and wide to worship.

Yet our days are, as a rule, busy ones. Mimi and I manage the farm. We have blood stock and pedigreed poultry, our little ducks still go down to the water to swim; Mimi still coddles her old hens, looks after the lambs, and feeds the pigeons.

And our small Stephen grows sturdily—a lad who belongs to the hills and sky, to the forest and streams. He has no thought of his inheritance. He has a thousand things to do. As for the rest, we can only pray that God will keep him.

Our happiest days are those when Mimi and Stephen and I ride up into the mountains—Mimi in grey tweed or corduroy, in her hat the tip of a peacock's feather as when I first saw her. Sometimes we ride for days, seeking some high, clear lake—reaching timber-line, breathing the thin upper air. We have nights under the stars, when, with Stephen asleep, we talk of the things my father said to me long years before, by a lily-scented pool.

"No one can be rich, Jerry, with a starved soul."

We know, Mimi and I, that it is not our money which makes us rich, nor is it, indeed, our achievements. It is, rather, our aspirations, and our love of each other and the boy.

Some day I am going to write the book which I have planned. But the time has not yet come. Meanwhile, I have penned these simple chronicles—of a boy who dreamed, and of a girl who made his dreams come true.

#### THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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## More Designs For The Smart Matron

*Frocks for morning, for  
town, for five o'clock  
wear and a top-coat*

### Practical

WW2070. — Smart frock suitable for practical everyday wear, and finished with contrasting front. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### Pleated Skirt

WW2071. — A pleated skirt and neat turned-back collar of lace are smart finishes on this frock. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 4 5/8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard lace, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



### Scarf Finish

WW2072. — A contrasting scarf acts as a collar and softening jabot to bodice. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-8 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### For Five O'Clock

WW2073. — Graceful gown for late afternoon or dinner wear, with softly gathered neckline. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### Smart Topcoat

WW2074. — Neat and slenderizing coat suitable for general wear. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-8 yard of 36in. contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



The five distinguished models featured on this page are cut on slim-making lines for the fuller figure.





## For Dining or Dancing



### Modes for Smart Sophisticates

#### Little Sleeves

WW2100.—Attractive evening gown with square neck and tiny sleeves, and finished with long sash at waist-line. Bust sizes, 32 to 42 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

#### Graceful Coat

WW2101.—Lovely evening coat cut on long, flowing lines, fitted into waist and buttoning up high to neck in front. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

#### Brilliant Trimming

WW2102.—Truly glamorous evening gown suitable for dining or dancing, and trimmed with diamante. Bust sizes, 32 to 42 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

#### Evening Coat

WW2103.—Smart evening coat in three-quarter length. Suitable for heavyweight taffeta. Bust sizes, 32 to 42 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

#### Youthful

WW2104.—Evening jacket smartly belted and finished with high, upstanding collar. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 20.



# New Lines For After Dark

## Matching Jacket

WW2096. — Smartly-cut evening frock with matching coat. Suitable for either dining or dancing. Bust sizes, 32 to 42 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 61 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## Glamorous and Flattering



## Alluring Line

WW2097. — Exquisitely graceful is this slim-waisted evening frock with tiny sleeves and full, flowing skirt. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 61 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

2096

## Bolero Style

WW2098. — Charming evening gown with matching bolero. High-fitting waistline and full skirt. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## Evening Coat

WW2099. — Unusually lovely evening coat. Notice the flowing fullness fitted into the skirt at the back and the long, tight sleeves. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 61 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



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FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 20.



# CREATED FOR GAY YOUNG MODERNS



## Youthful

WW2075.—Glamorous style for the youthful sophisticate. Suitable for plain or figured taffeta. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## Simplicity

WW2076.—Evening frock of classic simplicity. Full bodice and skirt and slender waistline. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## Modish

WW2077.—Something new in smart evening wear. Notice the contrasting material used in the bodice and slenderizing skirt. Bust sizes 32 to 42 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## Romantic

WW2078.—Evening frock with flowing romantic lines and bodice in the new brassiere style. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

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FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 20.



# Enchantingly Lovely-Gloriously Youthful



## Classical

WW2079.—Slender classical lines make this evening frock one of the smartest. Suitable for plain or figured materials. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## Enchanting

WW2080.—Another romantic style with very full skirt and slender shoulder straps holding bodice in place. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## Attractive

WW2081.—Attractive because of its very simplicity, this evening gown adds grace to the figure. Bust sizes, 32 to 42 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## Girlish

WW2082.—Sweet, feminine design with matching bolero coat suitable for making up in soft lace. Bust sizes, 32 to 42 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



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**Blouses and Skirts by Artist Petrov**

Cut On Trim, Smart Lines

**Waistcoat Style**

WW2144.—Waistcoat blouse in crepe with contrasting white buttons, collar and cuffs. Bust size, 32 to 34 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust, 3 1/8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1/4 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

**Smart Design**

WW2145.—Smart design for a blouse in red and white striped, fastens with black buttons. Bust size, 32 to 34 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust, 3 1/8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

**Laced Top**

WW2146.—Skirt in new design. Cut with box pleat in front and with laced corset top. Hip size, 38 to 42 inches. Material required, 2 1/4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

**Chic Skirt**

WW2147.—Made with semi-circular pocket flaps and buttons over pleats and slit buttons down front. Hip size, 38 to 42 inches. Material required, 2 7/8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.



ww 2143

For Evening

WW2148.—Beautiful evening blouse with puff sleeves and fitted bodice. Suitable for lams. Bust size, 32 to 34 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust, 2 1/4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

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## Sports Wear By Petrov...



### For Golf

WW2153.—Plain buttoned blouse tucked in at waist under plaid culotte. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust, 2 1-8 yards, 38 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.  
WW2148.—Culotte skirt for golf wear. Hip sizes, 36 to 42 inches. Material required, 2 1/4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Cycling Suit

WW2149.—Cycling suit with raglan shoulders, zip front and pockets, inverted pleat in centre back of jacket. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust, 5 yards 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### For Tennis

WW2150.—Sleeveless blouse and box-pleated shorts in traditional white. Ideal for tennis. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust, 3 1/4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

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## For Little People

## Practical Styles For Everyday Wear



### Dainty

WW2091.—Girl's frock with contrasting bolero. Unusually attractive style. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Material required: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide for frock, and 1 yard for bolero. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Girlish

WW2090.—Smart frock for cool weather wear for the small girl. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Material required: 1 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Cosy Coat

WW2094.—Attractive, dressy style in coats for your small daughter. Trim it with fur fabric. Sizes: 4 to 10 years. Material required: 2 1-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Sports Style

WW2095.—Practical coat in chic sports style, with double-breasted front. Sizes: 4 to 10 years. Material required: 2 1-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Practical

WW2092.—Sensible yet attractive style for the small girl. Sizes: 4 to 10 years. Material required: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide, for the frock, and 3-8 yard black and 1 yard white for contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Charming

WW2093.—Sweet and simple, yet very charming for the little girl. Sizes: 4 to 10 years. Material required: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-8 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. SEE ADDRESSES ON THIS PAGE.



To obtain patterns of any of the garments illustrated in this book, write to our Pattern Department at any of the following addresses, careful to state the size you want.

ADELAIDE: Box 228A, G.P.O.

BRISBANE: Box 4007, G.P.O.

MELBOURNE: Box 185, G.P.O.

NEWCASTLE: Box 41, G.P.O.

PERTH: Box 4010, G.P.O.

SYDNEY: Box 4209YY, G.P.O. If calling, 108 Castlereagh St. or Dalton House, Pitt Street, City.

TASMANIA: Write Melbourne office.

Should you desire to call for the patterns, please see address of our office, which will be found at the top of page 3 of The Australian Women's Weekly.



# For Tiny Tots, Young Masters, and Misses

## Individual Styles in Sensible Coats, Frocks, Suits & Shirts

### Trim Suit

WW2082.—Practical suit for everyday wear for your young daughter. Sizes, 6 to 12 years. Material required: 3 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Blouse and Skirt

WW2084.—Smart blouse with long sleeves, high neck and pleated skirt. Sizes, 6 to 12 years. Material required: 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide for blouse, and 1 1/8 yards for skirt. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.



### Tiny Tot's Coat

WW2085.—Dainty and cosy little coat for the tiny tot. Trim with fur fabric. Sizes, 2 to 8 years. Material required: 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 3/8 yard fur fabric. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Warm Topcoat

WW2086.—Ideal style in warm topcoats for a tiny tot. Finished with contrasting fabric. Sizes, 2 to 8 years. Material required: 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 3/8 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Shirt and Trousers

WW2087.—Practical hard-wearing garment for your young son. Sizes, 4 to 10 years. Material required: 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide for shirt, and 1 yard for trousers, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Boy's Coat

WW2088.—For the young master, a smartly-cut topcoat finished with belt and pockets. Sizes, 6 to 12 years. Material required: 2 3/8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Dressy Frock

WW2089.—For your growing daughter, a light-weight wool frock in dressy style. Sizes, 6 to 12 years. Material required: 2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.



## Day and Night Time Attire For The Younger Set

Captivating Designs for your Daughter:  
Manlike Suits for Your Small Son

WW2119.—Your little girl will love this dainty nightie. Sizes, 4 to 10 years. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

WW2120.—Practical one-piece pyjamas for the small child. Sizes, 1 to 6 years. Material required: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Petticoat

WW2121.—Straight petticoat with buttons on shoulder for tiny tots. Sizes, 1 to 6 years. Material required: 5-8 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Bloomers

WW2122.—Practical little bloomers for wee girls. Sizes, 1 to 6 years. Material required: 5-8 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.



ww 2118

### Petticoat

WW2118.—Dainty little petticoat for small girl. Sizes, 2 to 8 years. Material required: 1 1-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.



ww 2120



ww 2123

### Apron

WW2123.—Your little girl would love to play in this pretty apron. Sizes, 2 to 8 years. Material required: 1 1-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Dressing-gown

WW2124.—Useful dressing-gown for the son of the house. Sizes, 4 to 10 years. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Pyjama Suit

WW2125.—Boy's pyjama suit in two pieces. Sizes, 4 to 10 years. Material required: 3½ yards, 26 inches wide, and 3-8 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Girl's Pyjamas

WW2126.—Dainty pyjamas for the young lady of the house. Sizes, 10 to 16 years. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Girl's Dressing-gown

WW2127.—A smartly-cut dressing-gown suitable for the growing girl. Sizes, 10 to 16 years. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.



ww 2124

ww 2125



ww 2126

ww 2127

ALL PATTERNS OBTAINABLE FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT. FOR ADDRESSES SEE PAGE 28.



## Designed for Your Trousseau

*Dainty Nightgowns, Dressing-gown  
and other useful items.*

### Bed Jacket

WW2105.—Pretty bed jacket with high neck and long, full sleeves. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2 2-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard lace. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WW2106.—Neat fitting brassiere and matching panties. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 1 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### Lounging Robe

WW2107.—Adorable for your trousseau—a lounging robe or dressing-gown. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 1/2 yards, 38 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### Charming

WW2108.—Nightdress in charming new style. Notice the ruffled bodice. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### Matron's Slip

WW2110.—Slenderizing slip for the matron. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required: 2 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Adorable

WW2109.—Nightdress cut on slender lines with high-fitting waistline. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 5-8 yards, 38 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### Matron's Nightdress

WW2111.—Designed for the matron, a nightdress with high neck and long sleeves. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required: 4 3-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

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## Lovely Lingerie and smart designs for practical pyjama suits

### With Matching Cape

WW2112. — Captivating nightdress with little matching cape. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Tailored Slip

WW2113. — Practical slip cut on slim tailored lines. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### Matching Set

WW2114. — Brassiere and pantee set. Adorable in washing satin with lace trimming. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 1½-3 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Dressing-gown

WW2115. — Smart dressing-gown with high-fitting neck and long sleeves. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### Pyjama Suit

WW2116. — Smartly-cut pyjama suit with short sleeves and contrasting collar. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 4½-5 yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### One-piece Pyjamas

WW2117. — Attractive one-piece pyjama suit with contrasting fabric on collar, cuffs, belt and pockets. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 5-8 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

### Charming Hat

WW2162. — Hat pictured on cover of this fashion supplement. Cut in sizes 21 to 22½ inch head. Material required: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

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PATTERNS  
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ww 2115